

1608/5548.



A

COLLECTION of POEMS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

V O L. I.



Collection of Poems

THE SECOND EDITION

A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY
SEVERAL HANDS.



L O N D O N :
Printed for G. PEARCH, N^o 12, CHEAPSIDE.
M.DCC.LXX.

COLLECTION

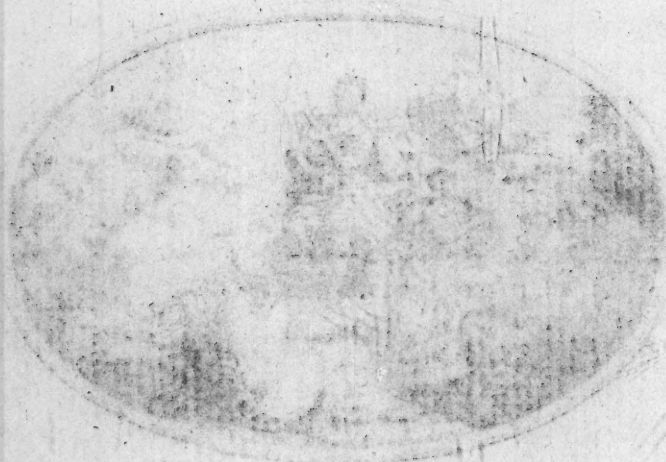
OF

POPULAR

IN FOUR VOLUMES

BY

SEVERAL HANDS



Printed by G. F. A. B. R. O. O. K. E. R. in the City of London



ADVERTISEMENT.

IN an age like the present, wherein literary merit of every kind so much abounds, and is at the same time so much encouraged; many poetical performances which deserve a longer remembrance than fugitive pieces usually meet with, are daily thrown upon the public, and left to perish in oblivion. To select these from the trifling productions of the day, has ever been considered as an useful employment: and the favourable reception which Mr. DODSLEY's elegant Collection of Poems obtained from the public, is sufficient to encourage any person who has the means in his power to continue that deservedly esteemed Miscellany. Several attempts of this sort have been made, but none have acquired so much reputation as to render the present undertaking useless or unnecessary.

Twelve years are now elapsed since the last volumes of that work were published, in which time it is not to be supposed that there has been so great a dearth of genius, but that many pieces have made their appearance which are not inferior to the best preserved in that Miscellany. Of the truth of this observation, the Editor appeals to the following Collection, which is compiled from the best productions published within that time, which Mr. DODSLEY had not the opportunity of seeing, with the addition of many other pieces, which with all his diligence were overlooked by him. With what degree of judgment this Collection is made, the Editor submits to the determination of the public; the greater part of the poetical pieces of the last thirty years have passed through his hands, and as of them the following Volumes are composed, he hopes they will not be considered as an improper Supplement to the work of which they are designed as a Continuation. He flatters himself that he has not suffered private friendship to obtrude any piece into this Collection, which is unworthy of the rest, and great care has been
taken

taken to prevent the insertion of any performance which has not been approved by gentlemen of distinguished reputation; but as he is sensible that the taste of persons is very different, he expects not after all that every piece will meet with equal applause, being convinced of the truth of Mr. DODSLEY's observation, " That it
" is impossible to furnish out an entertainment
" of this nature, where every part shall be re-
" lished by every guest."

A R G U.

(111)

ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa: this occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.



Isaac Taylor del. et sculp.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

BY MR. CAWTHORNE,

MASTER OF TUNBRIDGE-SCHOOL.

AH, why this boding start? this sudden pain,
 That wings my pulse, and shoots from vein to vein?
 What mean, regardless of yon midnight bell,
 These earth-born visions saddening o'er my cell?
 What strange disorder prompts these thoughts to glow?
 These sighs to murmur, and these tears to flow?
 'Tis she, 'tis Eloisa's form restor'd,
 Once a pure saint, and more than saints ador'd:
 She comes in all her killing charms confess,
 Glares thro' the gloom, and pours upon my breast,

VOL. I.

B

Bids

Bids heav'n's bright guard from Paraclete remove,
And drags me back to misery and love.

Enjoy thy triumphs, dear illusion! see
This sad apostate from his God to thee;
See, at thy call, my guilty warmth return,
Flame thro' my blood, and steal me from my urn.
Yet, yet, frail Abelard! one effort try,
Ere the last lingering spark of virtue die;
The deadly charming forcerefs controul,
And spite of nature tear her from thy soul.

Long has that soul in these unfocial woods,
Where anguish mutes, and where horror broods,
From love's wild visionary wishes stray'd,
And sought to lose thy beauties in the shade,
Faith dropt a smile, devotion lent her fire,
Woke the keen pang, and sanctify'd desire;
Led me enraptur'd to the blest abode,
And taught my heart to glow with all its God.
But oh, how weak fair faith and virtue prove!
When Eloisa melts away in love!

When her fond soul impassion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
No joy forgotten, and no wish conceal'd,
Flows thro' her pen as infant softness free,
And fiercely springs in ecstasies to me.
Ye heavens! as walking in yon sacred fane
With every seraph warm in every vein,
Just as remorse had rous'd an aking sigh,
And my torn soul hung trembling in my eye,

In

In that kind hour thy fatal letter came,
 I saw, I gaz'd, I shiver'd at the name;
 The conscious lamps at once forgot to shine,
 Prophetic tremors shook the hallow'd shrine;
 Priests, censors, altars from thy genius fled,
 And heaven itself shut on me while I read.

Dear smiling mischief! art thou still the same,
 The still pale victim of too soft a flame?
 Warm, as when first with more than mortal shine
 Each melting eye-ball mix'd thy soul with mine?
 Have not thy tears for ever taught to flow,
 The glooms of absence, and the pangs of woe,
 The pomp of sacrifice, the whisper'd tale,
 The dreadful vow yet hovering o'er thy veil,
 Drove this bewitching fondness from thy breast?
 Curb'd the loose wish, and form'd each pulse to rest?
 And canst thou still, still bend the suppliant knee
 To love's dread shrine, and weep and sigh for me?
 Then take me, take me, lock me in thy arms,
 Spring to my lips, and give me all thy charms:
 No, fly me, fly me, spread th' impatient sail,
 Steal the lark's wing, and mount the swiftest gale;
 Skim the last ocean, freeze beneath the pole;
 Renounce me, curse me, root me from thy soul;
 Fly, fly, for justice bares the arm of God,
 And the grasp'd vengeance only waits his nod.

Are these my wishes? can they thus aspire?
 Does phrenzy form them, or does grace inspire?

Can Abelard, in hurricanes of zeal,
 Betray his heart, and teach thee not to feel?
 Teach thy enamour'd spirit to disown
 Each human warmth, and chill thee into stone?
 Ah, rather let my tenderest accents move
 The last wild tumults of unholy love!
 On that dear bosom trembling let me lie,
 Pour out my soul, and in fierce raptures die,
 Rouze all my passions, act my joys anew,
 Farewell, ye cells! ye martyr'd saints! adieu:
 Sleep, conscience, sleep! each awful thought be drown'd,
 And seven-fold darkness veil the scene around.
 What means this pause, this agonizing start?
 This glimpse of heaven quick-rushing thro' my heart?
 Methinks I see a radiant cross display'd,
 A wounded Saviour bleed along the shade;
 Around th'expiring God bright angels fly,
 Swell the loud hymn, and open all the sky:
 O save me, save me, ere the thunders roll,
 And hell's black caverns swallow up my soul.

Return, ye hours! when guiltless of a stain,
 My strong-plum'd genius throbb'd in every vein,
 When warm'd with all th'Ægyptian fanes inspir'd,
 All Athens boasted, and all Rome admir'd;
 My merit in its full meridian shone,
 Each rival blushing, and each heart my own.
 Return, ye scenes! ah no, from fancy fly,
 On time's stretch'd wing, till each idea die,

Eternal

Eternal fly, since all that learning gave
 Too weak to conquer, and too fond to save,
 To love's soft empire every wish betray'd,
 And left my laurels withering in the shade.
 Let me forget, that while deceitful fame
 Grasped her shrill trump, and fill'd it with my name,
 Thy stronger charms, impower'd by heav'n to move
 Each faint, each blest insensible to love,
 At once my soul from bright ambition won,
 I hugg'd the dart, I wish'd to be undone;
 No more pale science durst my thoughts engage,
 Insipid dulness hung on every page;
 The midnight lamp no more enjoy'd its blaze,
 No more my spirit flew from maze to maze:
 Thy glances bade philosophy resign
 Her throne to thee, and every sense was thine.

But what could all the frosts of wisdom do,
 Oppos'd to beauty, when it melts in you?
 Since these dark, cheerless, solitary caves,
 Death-breathing woods, and daily-opening graves,
 Mis-shapen rocks, wild images of woe,
 For ever howling to the deeps below;
 Ungenial deserts, where no vernal shower
 Wakes the green herb, or paints th' unfolding flower;
 Th' imbrowning glooms these holy mansions shed,
 The night-born horrors brooding o'er my bed,
 The dismal scenes black melancholy pours
 O'er the sad visions of enanguish'd hours;

Lean abstinence, wan grief, low-thoughted care,
 Distracting guilt, and hell's worst fiend, despair,
 Conspire, in vain, with all the aids of art,
 To blot thy dear idea from my heart.

Delusive, fightless god of warm desire!
 Why would'st thou wish to set a wretch on fire?
 Why lives thy soft divinity where woe
 Heaves the pale sigh, and anguish loves to glow?
 Fly to the mead, the daisy-painted vale,
 Breathe in its sweets, and melt along the gale;
 Fly where gay scenes luxurious youths employ,
 Where every moment steals the wing of joy;
 There may'st thou see, low prostrate at thy throne,
 Devoted slaves and victims all thy own:
 Each village-swain the turf-built shrine shall raise,
 And kings command whole hecatombs to blaze.

O memory! ingenious to revive
 Each fleeting hour, and teach the past to live,
 Witness what conflicts this frail bosom tore!
 What griefs I suffer'd! and what pangs I bore!
 How long I struggled, labour'd, strove to save
 An heart that panted to be still a slave!
 When youth, warmth, rapture, spirit, love, and flame,
 Seiz'd every sense, and burnt thro' all my frame;
 From youth, warmth, rapture, to these wilds I fled,
 My food the herbage, and the rock my bed.
 There, while these venerable cloisters rise
 O'er the bleak fudge, and gain upon the skies,

My

My wounded soul indulg'd the tear to flow
 O'er all her sad vicissitudes of woe;
 Profuse of life, and yet afraid to die,
 Guilt in my heart, and horror in my eye,
 With ceaseless prayers, the whole artillery given
 To win the mercies of offended heaven,
 Each hill, made vocal, eccho'd all around,
 While my torn breast knock'd bleeding on the ground.
 Yet, yet, alas! tho' all my moments fly
 Stain'd by a tear, and darken'd in a sigh;
 Tho' meagre fasts have on my cheek display'd
 The dusk of death, and sunk me to a shade,
 Spite of myself the still-impoisoning dart
 Shoots thro' my blood, and drinks up all my heart;
 My vows and wishes wildly disagree,
 And grace itself mistakes my God for thee.

Athwart the glooms, that wrap the midnight sky,
 My Eloisa steals upon my eye;
 For ever rises in the solar ray,
 A phantom brighter than the blaze of day:
 Where-e'er I go, the visionary guest
 Pants on my lip, or sinks upon my breast;
 Unfolds her sweets, and, throbbing to destroy,
 Winds round my heart in luxury of joy;
 While loud hosannas shake the shrines around,
 I hear her softer accents in the sound;
 Her idol-beauties on each altar glare,
 And heaven much-injur'd has but half my prayer:

No tears can drive her hence, no pangs controul,
For every object brings her to my soul.

Last night, reclining on yon airy steep,
My busy eyes hung brooding o'er the deep;
The breathless whirlwinds slept in every cave,
And the soft moon-beam danc'd from wave to wave;
Each former bliss in this bright mirror seen,
With all my glories, dawn'd upon the scene,
Recall'd the dear auspicious hour anew,
When my fond soul to Eloisa flew:
When, with keen speechless ecstasies oppress'd,
Thy frantic lover snatch'd thee to his breast,
Gaz'd on thy blushes arm'd with every grace,
And saw the goddess beaming in thy face;
Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent wishes move
Each pulse to rapture, and each glance to love.
But lo! the winds descend, the billows roar,
Foam to the clouds, and burst upon the shore,
Vast peals of thunder o'er the ocean roll,
The flame-wing'd lightning gleams from pole to pole:
At once the pleasing images withdrew,
And more than horrors crouded on my view;
Thy uncle's form, in all his ire array'd,
Serenely dreadful stalk'd along the shade,
Pierc'd by his sword, I sunk upon the ground,
The spectre ghastly smil'd upon the wound;
A group of black infernals round me hung,
And toss'd my infamy from tongue to tongue.

Detested

Detested wretch! how impotent thy age!
 How weak thy malice! and how kind thy rage!
 Spite of thyself, inhuman as thou art,
 Thy murdering hand has left me all my heart;
 Left me each tender, fond affection, warm,
 A nerve to tremble, and an eye to charm.
 No, cruel, cruel, exquisite in ill,
 Thou thought'st it dull barbarity to kill;
 My death had robb'd lost vengeance of her toil,
 And scarcely warm'd a Scythian to a smile:
 Sublimer furies taught thy soul to glow
 With all their savage mysteries of woe;
 Taught thy unfeeling poniard to destroy
 The powers of nature, and the source of joy;
 To stretch me on the racks of vain desire,
 Each passion throbbing, and each wish on fire;
 Mad to enjoy, unable to be blest,
 Fiends in my veins, and hell within my breast.

Aid me, fair faith! assist me, grace divine!
 Ye martyrs! bless me, and ye saints! refine,
 Ye sacred groves! ye heaven-devoted walls!
 Where folly sickens, and where virtue calls;
 Ye vows! ye altars! from this bosom tear
 Voluptuous love, and leave no anguish there:
 Oblivion! be thy blackest plume display'd
 O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the shade;
 And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend,
 While awful reason whispers in the friend;

Friend,

Friend, did I say? immortals! what a name?
 Can dull, cold friendship, own so wild a flame?
 No; let thy lover, whose enkindling eye
 Shot all his soul between thee and the sky,
 Whose warmth bewitch'd thee, whose unhallow'd song
 Call'd thy rapt ear to die upon his tongue,
 Now strongly rouse, while heaven his zeal inspires
 Diviner transports, and more holy fires;
 Calm all thy passions, all thy peace restore,
 And teach that snowy breast to heave no more.

Torn from the world, within dark cells immur'd,
 By angels guarded, and by vows secur'd,
 To all that once awoke thy fondness dead,
 And hope, pale sorrow's last sad refuge, fled;
 Why wilt thou weep, and sigh, and melt in vain,
 Brood o'er false joys, and hug th'ideal chain?
 Say, canst thou wish, that, madly wild to fly
 From yon bright portal opening in the sky,
 Thy Abelard should bid his God adieu,
 Pant at thy feet, and taste thy charms anew?
 Ye heavens! if to this tender bosom woo'd,
 Thy mere idea harrows up my blood;
 If one faint glimpse of Eloise can move
 The fiercest, wildest agonies of love;
 What shall I be, when, dazzling as the light,
 Thy whole effulgence flows upon my sight?
 Look on thyself, consider who thou art,
 And learn to be an abbess in thy heart;

See,

See, while devotion's ever-melting strain
 Pours the loud organ thro' the trembling fane,
 Yon pious maids each earthly wish disown,
 Kiss the dread cross, and croud upon the throne:
 O let thy soul the sacred charge attend,
 Their warmth inspirit, and their virtues mend;
 Teach every breast from every hymn to steal
 The seraph's meekness, and the seraph's zeal;
 To rise to rapture, to dissolve away
 In dreams of heaven, and lead thyself the way,
 Till all the glories of the blest abode
 Blaze on the scene, and every thought is God!
 While thus thy exemplary cares prevail,
 And make each vestal spotless as her veil,
 Th' eternal spirit o'er thy cell shall move
 In the soft image of the mystic dove;
 The long-lost gleams of heavenly comfort bring
 Peace in his smile, and healing on his wing;
 At once remove affliction from thy breast,
 Melt o'er thy soul, and hush her pangs to rest.
 O that my soul, from love's curst bondage free,
 Could catch the transports that I urge to thee!
 O that some angel's more than magic art
 Would kindly tear the hermit from his heart!
 Extinguish every guilty sense, and leave
 No pulse to riot, and no sigh to heave.
 Vain fruitless wish! still, still, the vigorous flame
 Bursts, like an earthquake, thro' my shatter'd frame;

Spite

Spite of the joys that truth and virtue prove,
 I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love;
 Repent in vain, scarce wish to be forgiven;
 Thy form my idol, and thy charms my heaven.

Yet, yet, my fair! thy nobler efforts try,
 Lift me from earth, and give me to the sky;
 Let my lost soul thy brighter virtues feel,
 Warm'd with thy hopes, and wing'd with all thy zeal.
 And when, low bending at the hallow'd shrine,
 Thy contrite heart shall Abelard resign;
 When pitying heaven, impatient to forgive,
 Unbars the gates of light, and bids thee live;
 Seize on th' auspicious moment ere it flee,
 And ask the same immortal boon for me.

Then when these black terrific scenes are o'er,
 And rebel nature chills the soul no more;
 When on thy cheek th' expiring roses fade,
 And thy last lustres darken in the shade;
 When arm'd with quick varieties of pain,
 Or creeping dully flow from vein to vein,
 Pale death shall set my kindred spirit free,
 And these dead orbs forget to doat on thee;
 Some pious friend, whose wild affections glow
 Like ours, in sad similitude of woe,
 Shall drop one tender, sympathizing tear,
 Prepare the garland, and adorn the bier;
 Our lifeless reliques in one tomb enshrine,
 And teach thy genial dust to mix with mine.

Mean while, divinely purg'd from every stain,
 Our active souls shall climb th'etherial plain,
 To each bright cherub's purity aspire,
 Catch all his zeal, and pant with all his fire;
 There, where no face the glooms of anguish wears,
 No uncle murders, and no passion tears,
 Enjoy with heaven eternity of rest,
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest.



D E A T H :

BY CHARLES EMILY, ESQ.

I.

THE festive roar of laughter, the warm glow
 Of brisk-ey'd joy, and friendship's genial bowl,
 Wit's season'd converse, and the liberal flow
 Of unsuspecting youth, profuse of soul,
 Delight not ever; from the boisterous scene
 Of riot far, and Comus' wild uproar,
 From folly's crowd, whose vacant brow serene
 Was never knit to wisdom's frowning lore,
 Permit me, ye time-hallow'd domes, ye piles
 Of rude magnificence, your solemn rest,
 Amid your fretted vaults and length'ning isles,
 Lonely to wander; no unholy guest,
 That means to break, with sacrilegious tread,
 The marble slumbers of your monumented dead.

II. Permit

II.

Permit me with sad musings, that inspire
 Unlabour'd numbers apt, your silence drear
 Blameless to wake, and with th' Orphean lyre
 Fitly attemper'd, sooth the merciless ear
 Of Hades, and stern death, whose iron sway
 Great nature owns thro' all her wide domain;
 All that with oary fin cleave their smooth way
 Through the green bosom of the spawnny main,
 And those that to the streaming æther spread,
 In many a wheeling glide, their feathery fail;
 And those that creep; and those that statelier tread,
 That roam o'er forest, hill, or browsed dale;
 The victims each of ruthless fate must fall;
 E'en God's own image, man, high paramount of all.

III.

And ye, the young, the giddy, and the gay,
 That startle from the sleepful lid of light
 The curtain'd rest, and with the dissonant bray
 Of Bacchus, and loud jollity, affright
 Yon radiant goddess, that now shoots among
 These many windowed isles her glimmering beam;
 Know, that or e'er its starr'd career along
 Thrice shall have roll'd her silvery-wheeled team,
 Some parent breast may heave the answering sigh,
 To the slow pauses of the funeral knoll;
 E'en now black Atropos, with scowling eye,
 Roars in the laugh, and revels o'er the bowl,
 E'en now in rosy-crowned pleasure's wreath
 Entwines in adder folds all-unsuspected Death.

IV. Know

IV.

Know, on the stealing wing of time shall flee
 Some few, some short-liv'd years; and all is past;
 A future bard these awful domes may see,
 Muse o'er the present age as I the last;
 Who mouldering in the grave, yet once like you
 The various maze of life were seen to tread,
 Each bent their own peculiar to pursue,
 As custom urg'd or wilful nature led;
 Mix'd with the various crouds inglorious clay,
 The nobler virtues undistinguish'd lie;
 No more to melt with beauty's heav'n-born ray,
 No more to wet compassion's tearful eye,
 Catch from the poet raptures not their own,
 And feel the thrilling melody of sweet renown.

V.

Where is the master-hand, whose semblant art
 Chissel'd the marble into life, or taught
 From the well-pencill'd portraiture to start
 The nerve that beat with soul, the brow that thought?
 Cold are the fingers that in stone-fixt trance
 The mute attention rivetting, to the lyre
 Struck language: dimm'd the poet's quick-ey'd glance,
 All in wild raptures flashing heaven's own fire.
 Shrunk is the finew'd energy, that strung
 The warrior arm: where sleeps the patriot breast
 Whilom that heav'd impassion'd! Where the tongue
 That lanc'd its lightning on the towering crest
 Of scepter'd insolence, and overthrew
 Giant Oppression, leagu'd with all her earth-born crew!

VI. These

VI.

These now are past; long, long, ye fleeting years,
 Pursue, with glory wing'd, your fated way,
 Ere from the womb of time unwelcome peers
 The dawn of that inevitable day,
 When wrapt in shrouded clay their warmest friend
 The widow'd virtues shall again deplore,
 When o'er his urn in pious grief shall bend
 His Britain, and bewail one patriot more;
 For soon must thou, too soon! who spreadst abroad
 Thy beaming emanations unconfin'd,
 Doom'd, like some better angel sent of God
 To scatter blessings over humankind,
 Thou too must fall, O Pitt! to shine no more,
 And tread these dreadful paths, a Faulkland trod before.

VII.

Fast to the driving winds the marshall'd clouds
 Sweep discontinuous o'er the etherial plain;
 Another still upon another crouds,
 All hastening downward to their native main.
 Thus passes o'er thro' varied life's career
 Man's fleeting age; the Seasons as they fly
 Snatch from us in their course, year after year,
 Some sweet connection, some endearing tie.
 The parent, ever-honour'd, ever-dear,
 Claims from the filial breast the pious sigh;
 A brother's urn demands the kindred tear;
 And gentle sorrows gush from friendship's eye.
 To-day we frolick in the rosy bloom
 Of jocund youth—The morrow knells us to the tomb.

VIII. Wh

VIII.

Who knows how soon in this sepulchral spot,
 Shall heaven to me the drear abode assign!
 How soon the past irrevocable lot
 Of these, that rest beneath me, shall be mine.
 Haply, when Zephyr to thy native bourn
 Shall waft thee o'er the storm'd Hibernian wave,
 Thy gentle breast, my Tavistock^a, shall mourn
 To find me sleeping in the senseless grave.
 No more the social leisure to divide,
 In the sweet intercourse of soul and soul,
 Elithe or of graver brow; no more to chide
 The ling'ring years impatient as they roll,
 Till all thy cultur'd virtues shall display,
 Full blossom'd, their bright honours to the gazing day.

IX.

Ah, dearest youth! these vows perhaps unheard,
 The rude wind scatters o'er the billowy main;
 These prayers at friendship's holy shrine preferr'd
 May rise to grasp their father's knees in vain.
 Soon, soon may nod the sad funereal plume
 With solemn horror o'er thy timeless hearse,
 And I survive to grave upon thy tomb
 The mournful tribute of memorial verse.—

^a Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, only son to the Duke of Bedford. His death, which happened on the 22d of March, 1767, was occasioned by a fall from his horse a few days before. Mr. Emily was Fellow of Trinity-College, Cambridge, and had been Tutor to the Marquis. He died in the year 1762, being then major of the Surry militia.

That leave to heaven's decision—Be it thine,
 Higher than yet a parent's wishes flew,
 To soar in bright pre-eminence, and shine
 With self-earn'd honours, eager to pursue,
 Where glory, with her clear unfully'd rays,
 The well-born spirit lights to deeds of mightiest praise.

X.

'Twas she thy God-like Russell's bosom steel'd
 With confidence untam'd, in his last breath
 Stern-smiling. She, with calm composure, held
 The patriot axe of Sidney, edg'd with death.
 Smit with the warmth of her impulsive flame,
 Wolfe's gallant virtue flies to worlds a-far,
 Emulous to pluck fresh wreaths of well-earn'd fame
 From the grim frowning brow of laurel'd war.
 'Twas she, that on the morn of direful birth,
 Bared thy young bosom to the fatal blow,
 Lamented Armytage^b!—the bleeding youth!
 O bathe him in the pearly caves below,
 Ye Nereids; and ye Nymphs of Camus hoar,
 Weep—for ye oft have seen him on your haunted shore.

XI.

Better to die with glory, than recline
 On the soft lap of ignominious peace,
 Than yawn out the dull droning life supine
 In monkish apathy and gowned ease.

^b Sir John Armytage, Member of Parliament for the City of York,
 who was killed at St. Cas, in the year 1758.

Better employ'd in honour's bright career
 The least division on the dial's round,
 Than thrice to compass Saturn's live-long year,
 Grown old in sloth, the burthen of the ground;
 Than tug with sweating toil the slavish oar
 Of unredeem'd affliction, and sustain
 The fev'rous rage of fierce diseases fore
 Unnumber'd, that in sympathetic chain
 Hang ever thro' the thick circumfluous air,
 All from the drizzly verge of yonder star-girt sphere.

XII.

Thick in the many-beaten road of life,
 A thousand maladies are posted round,
 With wretched man to wage eternal strife
 Unseen, like ambush'd Indians, till they wound.
 There the swol'n hydrop stands, the wat'ry rheum,
 The northern scurvy, blotch with lep'rous scale;
 And moping ever in the cloister'd gloom
 Of learned sloth, the bookish asthma pale:
 And the saunn'd hag unsightly, that ordain'd
 On Europe's sons to wreak the faithless sword
 Of Cortez, with the blood of millions stain'd,
 O'er dog-ey'd lust the tort'ring scourge abhorr'd,
 Shakes threat'ning; since the while she wing'd her flight
 From Amazon's broad wave, and Andes' snow-clad height.

XIII.

Where the wan daughter of the yellow year,
 The chatt'ring ague chill, the writhing stone,
 And he of ghastly feature, on whose ear
 Unheeded croaks the death-bird's warning moan,

Marasmus; knotty gout; and the dead life
 Of nerveless palsy; there on purpose fell
 Dark brooding, whets his interdicted knife
 Grim suicide, the damned fiend of hell.
 There too is the stunn'd apoplexy pight^c,
 The bloated child of gorg'd intemperance foul;
 Self-wasting melancholy, black as night
 Lowering, and foaming fierce with hideous howl
 The dog hydrophoby, and near allied
 Scar'd madness, with her moon-struck eye-balls staring
 wide.

XIV.

There, stretch'd one huge, beneath the rocky mine^d,
 With boiling sulphur fraught, and smouldering fires;
 He, the dread delegate of wrath divine,
 E'er while that stood o'er Taio's hundred spires
 Vindictive; thrice he wav'd th' earth-shaking wand,
 Powerful as that the son of Amram bore,
 And thrice he rais'd, and thrice he check'd his hand.
 He struck the rocking ground, with thund'rous roar
 Yawn'd; here from street to street hurries, and there
 Now runs, now stops, then shrieks and scours amain,
 Staring distraction: many a palace fair,
 With millions sinks ingulph't, and pillar'd fane;
 Old Ocean's farthest waves confess the shock;
 Even Albion trembled conscious on his steadfast rock.

^c Placed.^d Alluding to the earthquake at Lisbon.

XV. The

XV.

The meagre famine there, and drunk with blood
 Stern war; and the loath'd monster, whom of yore
 The slimy Naiad of the Memphian flood
 Engend'ring, to the bright-hair'd Phœbus bore,
 Foul pestilence, that on the wide-stretch'd wings
 Of commerce speeds from Cairo's swarthy bay
 His westering flight, and thro' the sick air flings
 Spotted contagion; at his heels dismay
 And desolation urge their fire-wheel'd yoke
 Terrible; as long of old, when from the height
 Of Paran came unwrath'd the Mightiest, shook
 Earth's firm fixt base tottering; thro' the black night
 Glanc'd the flash'd lightnings: heavens rent roof abroad
 Thunder'd; and universal nature felt its God.

XVI.

Who on that scene of terror, on that hour
 Of roused indignation, shall withstand
 Th' Almighty, when he meditates to shower
 The bursting vengeance o'er a guilty land!
 Canst thou, secure in reason's vaunted pride,
 Tongue-doughty miscreant, who but now didst gore
 With more than Hebrew rage the innocent side
 Of agonizing mercy, bleeding fore,
 Canst thou confront, with stedfast eye unaw'd,
 The sworded judgment stalking far and near?
 Well may'st thou tremble, when an injur'd God
 Disclaims thee—guilt is ever quick of fear—
 Loud whirlwinds howl in zephyr's softest breath;
 And ev'ry glancing meteor glares imagin'd death.

XVII.

The good alone are fearless—they alone
 Firm and collected in their virtue, brave
 The wreck of worlds, and look unshrinking down
 On the dread yawnings of the rav'nous grave:
 Thrice happy! who the blameless road along
 Of honest praise hath reach'd the vale of death;
 Around him, like ministrant cherubs, throng
 His better actions; to the parting breath
 Singing their blessed requiems: he the while
 Gently reposing on some friendly breast,
 Breathes out his benizons; then with a smile
 Of soft complacence, lays him down to rest,
 Calm as the slumbering infant: from the goal
 Free and unbounded flies the disembodied soul.

XVIII.

Whether some delegated charge below,
 Some much-lov'd friend its hovering care may claim,
 Whether it heavenward soars, again to know
 That long-forgotten country whence it came;
 Conjecture ever, the misfeatur'd child
 Of letter'd arrogance, delights to run
 Thro' speculation's puzzling mazes wild,
 And all to end at last where it begun.
 Fain would we trace, with reason's erring clue,
 The darksome paths of destiny aright;
 In vain; the task were easier to pursue
 The trackless wheelings of the swallow's flight.
 From mortal ken himself the Almighty shrouds
 Pavilion'd in thick night and circumambient clouds.



A
DESCRIPTIVE POEM:

ADDRESSED TO
TWO LADIES*,
AT THEIR RETURN FROM VIEWING THE MINES NEAR
WHITEHAVEN.

BY DR. DALTON.

WELCOME to light, advent'rous pair!
Thrice welcome to the balmy air
From sulph'rous damp in caverns deep*,
Where subterranean thunders sleep,

* Miss Lowthers, daughters of the late Lord Londale.

* *From sulph'rous damp, &c.*] The coal mines near Whitehaven are greatly infested with fulminating damp; large quantities of them being frequently collected in those deserted works, which are not ventilated with perpetual currents of fresh air: and, in such works, they often remain for a long time, without doing any mischief. But when, by some accident, they are set on fire, they then produce dreadful explosions, very destructive to the miners; and bursting out of the pits with great impetuosity, like the fiery eruptions from burning mountains, force along with them ponderous bodies to a great height in the air.

Or, wak'd, with dire Ætnæan sound
 Bellow the trembling mountain round,
 Till to the frighted realms of day
 Thro' flaming mouths they force their way;
 From bursting streams^f, and burning rocks,
 From nature's fierce intestine shocks;
 From the dark mansions of despair,
 Welcome once more to light and air!

But why explore that world of night
 Conceal'd till then from female sight?
 Such grace and beauty why confine
 One moment to a dreary mine?

Was it because your curious eye
 The secrets of the earth would spy,
 How intervein'd rich minerals glow,
 How bubbling fountains learn to flow?

Or rather that the sons of day
 Already own'd your rightful sway,
 And therefore, like young Ammon, you
 Another world would fain subdue?

^f *From bursting streams, &c.*] The coal in these mines hath, several times, been set on fire by the fulminating damp, and hath continued burning for many months; until large streams of water were conducted into the mines, and suffered to fill those parts where the coal was on fire. By such fires, several collieries have been intirely destroyed; of which there are instances near Newcastle, and in other parts of England, and in the shire of Fife in Scotland; in some of which places, the fire has continued burning for ages. But more mines have been ruined by inundations.

What

What tho' fage Prospero attend,
 While you the cavern'd hill descend,
 Tho', warn'd by him, with bended head
 You shun the shelving roof, and tread
 With cautious foot the rugged way,
 While tapers strive to mimic day?
 Tho' he with hundred gates and chains
 The Dæmons of the mine restrains,
 To whom their parent, jealous earth,
 To guard her hidden stores gave birth,
 At which, while kindred furies sung,
 With hideous joy pale Orcus rung;
 Tho' boiling with vain rage they sit
 Fix'd to the bottom of the pit,
 While at his beck the spi'rits of air
 With breath of heaven their taints repair;
 Or if they seek superior skies,
 Thro' ways assign'd by him they rise,
 Troop after troop at day expire
 In torments of perpetual fire;

8 *The dæmons of the mine restrains, &c.*] In order to prevent, as much as possible, the collieries from being filled with those pernicious damps, it has been found necessary carefully to search for those crevices in the coal, from whence they issue out; and at those places, to confine them within a narrow space; and from those narrow spaces in which they are confined, to conduct them through long pipes into the open air; where being set on fire, they consume in perpetual flames, as they continually arise out of the earth.

Tho'

Tho' he with fury-quelling charms
 The whole infernal host disarms,
 And summons^h to your guarded sides
 A squadron of ethereal guides,
 You still, when we together view
 The dreadful enterprize and you,
 The public care and wonder go
 Of all above and all below.

For at your presence toil is o'er,
 The restless miner works no more.
 Nor strikes the flintⁱ, nor whirls the steel
 Of that strange spark-emitting wheel,

^h *And summons, &c.*] Those who have the direction of these deep and extensive works, are obliged to use great care and art in keeping them continually ventilated with perpetual currents of fresh air; which afford the miners a constant supply of that vital fluid, and expel out of the mines damps and other noxious exhalations, together with such other burnt and foul air, as is become poisonous and unfit for respiration.

ⁱ *Nor strikes the flint, &c.*] It having been observed by Mr. Spedding, who superintends these collieries, and to whom the author here gives the name of Prospero, that the fulminating damp could only be kindled by flame, and that it was not liable to be set on fire by red-hot iron, nor by the sparks produced by the collision of flint and steel, he invented a machine, in which, while a steel wheel is turned round with a very rapid motion, and flints are applied thereto, great plenty of fiery sparks are emitted, that afford the miners such a light as enables them to carry on their work in close places, where the flame of a candle, or lamp, would occasion dreadful explosions. Without some invention of this sort, the working of these mines, so greatly annoyed with these inflammable damps, would long ago have been impracticable.

Which,

Which, form'd by Prospero's magic care,
Plays harmless in the sulphurous air,
Without a flame diffuses light,
And makes the grisly cavern bright.
His task secure the miner plies,
Nor hears Tartarian tempests rise;
But quits it now, and hastes away
To this great Stygian holiday.

Agape the footy collier stands,
His axe suspended in his hands,
His Æthiopian teeth the while
“ Grin horribly a ghastly smile,”
To see two goddesses so fair
Descend to him from fields of air.
Not greater wonder seiz'd th' abode
Of gloomy Dis, infernal god,
With pity when th' Orphean lyre
Did every iron heart inspire,
Sooth'd tortur'd ghosts with heavenly strains,
And respited eternal pains.

But on you move ^k thro' ways less steep
To loftier chambers of the deep,

Whose

^k *But on you move, &c.*] The reader may suppose that he hath entered these mines by the opening at the bottom of a hill, and hath already passed through a long adit, hewn in the rock, and arched over with brick, which is the principal road into them for men, and for horses; and which, by a steep descent, leads down to the lowest vein of coal.

Whose jetty pillars seem to groan
 Beneath a ponderous roof of stone.
 Then with increasing wonder gaze
 The dark inextricable maze,
 Where cavern crossing cavern meets,
 (City of subterraneous streets!)
 Where in a triple ¹ story end
 Mines that o'er mines by flights ascend.

But who in order can relate
 What terror still your steps await?
 How issuing from the sulphurous coal
 Thick Acherontic rivers ^m roll?
 How in close center of these mines,
 Where orient morning never shines,

coal. Being arrived at the coal, he may suppose himself still to descend, by ways less steep, till, after a journey of a mile and a half, he arrives at the profoundest parts of the mine. The greatest part of this descent is through spacious galleries, which continually intersect other galleries; all the coal being cut away except large pillars, which, in deep parts of the mine, are three yards high, and about twelve yards square at the base; such great strength being there required to support the ponderous roof.

¹ *A triple story, &c.*] There are here three strata of coal, which lie at a considerable distance one above another. The mines wrought in these parallel strata have a communication by pits, and are compared by the author to the different stories of a building.

^m *Thick Acherontic rivers, &c.*] The water that flows from the coal is collected into one stream, which runs towards the fire-engines. This water is yellow and turbid, from a mixture of ocher, and so very corrosive, that it quickly consumes iron.

Nor

Nor the wing'd zephyrs e'er resort,
 Infernal darkness holds her court?
 How, breathless, with faint pace, and slow ⁿ,
 Thro' her grim fultry realm you go,
 Till purer rising gales dispense
 Their cordials to the sickening sense?
 Your progress next the wondering muse
 Thro' narrow galleries pursues;
 Where earth ^o, the miner's way to close,
 Did once the massy rock oppose:

In

ⁿ *How, breathless, with faint pace, and slow, &c.*] Those who descend into these mines, find them most close and fultry in the middle parts, that are most remote from the pits and adits, and perceive them to grow cooler the nearer they approach to those pits which are sunk to the deepest parts of the mines; down which pits, large streams of fresh air are made to descend, and up which, the water is drawn out, by means of fire-engines.

^o *Where earth, &c.*] The vein of coal is not always regularly continued in the same inclined plane, but, instead thereof, the miners frequently meet with hard rock, which interrupts their further progress. At such places there seem to have been breaks in the earth, from the surface downwards; one part of the earth seeming to have sunk down, while the part adjoining has remained in its ancient situation. In some of these places, the earth may have sunk ten or twenty fathoms, or more; in other places, less than one fathom. These breaks, the miners call Dykes; and when they come at one of them, their first care is to discover whether the strata in the part adjoining be higher or lower than in the part where they have been working: or, (to use their own terms) whether the coal be cast down, or cast up. If it be cast down,
 they

In vain: his daring axe he heaves,
 Tow'rd the black vein a passage cleaves:
 Dissever'd by the nitrous blast,
 The stubborn barrier bursts at last.
 Thus urg'd by hunger's clamorous call,
 Incessant labour conquers all.

In spacious rooms once more you tread,
 Whose roofs ^P with figures quaint o'erspread
 Wild nature paints with various dyes,
 With such as tinge the evening skies.

A different scene to this succeeds:
 The dreary road abruptly leads
 Down to the cold and humid caves,
 Where hissing fall the turbid waves.
 Resounding deep thro' glimmering shades
 The clank of chains your ears invades.
 Thro' pits profound from distant day,
 Scarce travels down light's languid ray.
 High on huge axis heav'd, above,
 See ballanc'd beams unweary'd move!

they sink a pit to it; but if it be cast up to any considerable height, they are often-times obliged, with great labour and expence, as at the place here described, to carry forwards a level or long gallery through the rock, until they again arrive at the stratum of coal.

^P *Whose roofs, &c.*] These colours, with which the free-stone roof of the mines is beautifully variegated in many places, and which have the appearance of clouds, seem to proceed from exsudations of salts, ochre, and other earthy substances.

While

While pent within the iron womb^a
 Of boiling caldrons pants for room,
 Expanded steam, and shrinks, or swells,
 As cold restrains, or heat impells,

And,

^a *While pent within the iron womb, &c.*] The author hath here taken occasion to celebrate the fire-engine, the invention of which does such honour to this nation. He has endeavoured to describe, in a poetic manner, the effects of the elastic steam, and the great power of the atmosphere; which, by their alternate actions, give force and motion to the beam of this engine, and by it, to the pump-rods, which elevate the water through tubes, and discharge it out of the mine. It appears, from pretty exact calculations, that it would require about 550 men, or a power equal to that of 110 horses, to work the pumps of one of the largest fire-engines now in use, (the diameter of whose cylinder is seventy inches) and thrice that number of men to keep an engine of this size constantly at work. And that as much water may be raised by an engine of this size kept constantly at work, as can be drawn up by 2520 men with rollers and buckets, after the manner now daily practised in many mines; or as much as can be borne up on the shoulders of twice that number of men; as is said to be done in some of the mines of Peru.—So great is the power of the air in one of those engines.

There are four fire-engines belonging to this colliery; which, when all at work, discharge from it about 1228 gallons every minute, at thirteen strokes; 1,768,320 gallons every twenty-four hours. By the four engines here employed, nearly twice the above-mentioned quantity of water might be discharged from mines that are not above sixty or seventy fathoms deep, which depth is rarely exceeded in the Newcastle collieries, or in any of the English collieries, those of Whitehaven excepted.

The reader may find an account of Savery's engine in Harris's *Lexicon Technicum*.—Many great improvements have been made to it since,
 and

And, ready for the vacant space,
 Incumbent air resumes his place,
 Depressing with stupendous force
 Whate'er resists his downward course,
 Pumps mov'd by rods from ponderous beams
 Arrest the unsuspecting streams,
 Which soon a sluggish pool would lie;
 Then spout them foaming to the sky.

Sagacious Savery! taught by thee
 Discordant elements agree,
 Fire, water, air, heat, cold unite,
 And lifted in one service fight,
 Pure streams to thirsty cities send,
 Or deepest mines from floods defend.
 Man's richest gift thy work will shine;
 Rome's aqueducts were poor to thine!

At last the long descent is o'er;
 Above your heads the billows roar^r:

High

and are daily making; several of which are related in the Philosophical Transactions. The best account of it, its various improvement and uses, is, I think, in Dr. Desaguliers's course of experimental philosophy, vol. 11.

^r Above your heads, &c.] The mines are here sunk to the depth of one hundred and thirty fathoms, and are extended under the sea to places where there is, above them, sufficient depth of water for ships of large burden. These are the deepest coal-mines that have hitherto been wrought; and perhaps the miners have not, in any other part of the globe, penetrated to so great a depth below the surface of the sea; the
 very

High o'er your heads they roar in vain;
 Not all the surges of the main
 The dark recess can e'er disclose,
 Rocks heap'd on rocks th' attempt oppose:
 Thrice Dover's cliff from you the tides
 With interposing roof divides!

From such abysses restor'd to light,
 Invade no more the realms of night.
 For heroines it may well suffice
 Once to have left these azure skies.
 Heroes themselves, in days of yore,
 Bold as they were, achiev'd no more.
 Without a dread descent you may
 The mines in their effects survey,
 And with an easy eye look down
 On that fair port and happy town.

Where late along the naked strand
 The fisher's cot did lonely stand,
 And his poor bark unshelter'd lay,
 Of every swelling surge the prey,
 Now lofty piers their arms extend,
 And with their strong embraces bend
 Round crowded fleets, which safe defy
 All storms that rend the wintry sky,

very deep mines in Hungary, Peru, and elsewhere, being situated in mountainous countries, where the surface of the earth is elevated to a great height above the level of the ocean.

And bulwarks beyond bulwarks chain
 The fury of the roaring main.
 The peopled vale fair dwellings fill,
 And length'ning streets ascend the hill;
 Where industry, intent to thrive,
 Brings all her honey to the hive;
 Religion strikes with reverent awe,
 Example works th' effect of law,
 And plenty's flowing cup we see
 Untainted yet by luxury.

These are the glories of the mine!
 Creative commerce, these are thine!

Here while delighted you impart
 Delight to every eye and heart,
 Behold, grown jealous of your stay,
 Your native stream^s his charms display,
 To court you to his banks again;
 Now wind in wanton waves his train,
 Now spread into a chrystal plain;
 Then hid by pendent rocks would steal,
 But tuneful falls his course reveal,
 As down the bending vale he roves
 Thro' Yanwath woods, and Buckholme's groves;
 Whose broad o'erspreading boughs beneath
 Warbling he flows, while zephyrs breathe.

Here softly swells the spacious lawn,
 Where bounds the buck, and skips the fawn,

^s Your native stream, &c.] The river Lowther.

Or, couch'd beneath the hawthorn-trees,
In dappled groups enjoy the breeze.

Amid yon sunny plain, alone,
To patriarchal reverence grown,
An oak for many an age has stood
Himself a widely waving wood,
While men and herds, with swift decay,
Race after race, have pass'd away.
See still his central trunk sustain
Huge boughs, which round o'erhang the plain,
And hospitable shade inclose,
Where flocks and herds at ease repose!

There the brown fells ascend the sky,
Below, the green inclosures lie;
Along their sloping sides supine
The peaceful villages recline:
On azure roofs † bright sun-beams play,
And make the meanest dwelling gay.
Thus oft the wise all-ruling Mind
Is to the lowly cottage kind,
Bids there his beams of favour fall,
While sorrow crowds the lofty hall,
That this may fear his awful frown,
And grateful that his goodness own.

If, grown familiar to the sight,
Lowther itself should less delight,

† On azure roofs, &c.] The houses of this country are covered
with a beautiful blue slate.

Then change the scene: to nature's pride,
Sweet ^u Kefwick's vale, the muse will guide.

The

^u *Sweet Kefwick's vale, &c.*] This delightful vale is thus elegantly described by the late ingenious Dr. Brown in a letter to a friend. "In my way to the north from Hagley, I passed through Dovedale; and, to say the truth, was disappointed in it. When I came to Buxton, I visited another or two of their romantic scenes; but these are inferior to Dovedale. They are all but poor miniatures of Kefwick; which exceeds them more in grandeur than I can give you to imagine; and more, if possible, in beauty than in grandeur.

"Instead of the narrow slip of valley which is seen at Dovedale, you have at Kefwick a vast amphitheatre, in circumference above twenty miles. Instead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with a variety of wooded islands. The rocks indeed of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed, and irregular; but the hills are both little and unanimated; and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, morafs, and brushwood. But at Kefwick, you will, on one side of the lake, see a rich and beautiful landscape of cultivated fields, rising to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily dispersed; and climbing the adjacent hills, shade above shade, in the most various and picturesque forms. On the opposite shore, you will find rocks and cliffs of stupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur, some of them a thousand feet high, the woods climbing up their steep and shaggy sides, where mortal foot never yet approached: on these dreadful heights the eagles build their nests; a variety of water-falls are seen pouring from their summits, and tumbling in vast sheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence: while on all sides of this immense amphitheatre the lofty mountains rise round, piercing the clouds in shapes as spiry and fantastic as the very rocks of Dovedale. To this I must add the frequent

The muse, who trod th' enchanted ground,
 Who sail'd the wonderous lake around,

With

quent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories: in other parts they finely retire from it, and often open in abrupt chasms or clefts, through which at hand you see rich and uncultivated vales, and beyond these, at various distance, mountain rising over mountain; among which, new prospects present themselves in mist, till the eye is lost in an agreeable perplexity.

Where active fancy travels beyond sense,
 And pictures things unseen.—

Were I to analyse the two places into their constituent principles, I should tell you, that the full perfection of Kewick consists of three circumstances, beauty, horror, and immensity united; the second of which alone is found in Dovedale. Of beauty it hath little; nature having left it almost a desert: neither its small extent, nor the diminutive and lifeless form of the hills, admit magnificence; but to give you a complete idea of these three perfections, as they are joined in Kewick, would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin. The first should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lake, and wooded islands. The second should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the steepes, the hanging woods, and foaming water-falls; while the grand pencil of Poussin should crown the whole with the majesty of the impending mountains.

“ So much, for what I would call the permanent beauties of this astonishing scene. Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its varying or accidental beauties. I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point out the perpetual change of prospect: the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view: now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimen-

With you will haste once more to hail
The beauteous brook of Borrodale.

From

sions, beautifully dreadful; and now, by a change of situation, assuming new romantic shapes, retiring and lessening on the eye, and insensibly losing themselves in an azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun; the one gilding the western, the other the eastern side of this immense amphitheatre; while the vast shadow projected by the mountains buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom, which the eye can hardly penetrate: the natural variety of colouring which the several objects produce is no less wonderful and pleasing: the ruling tincts in the valley being those of azure, green, and gold, yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the grass, and corn-fields: these are finely contrasted by the grey rocks and cliffs; and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues, and misty azure of the mountains. Sometimes a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills: at others, you see the clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the vallies, as in a vast furnace; when the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns like peals of thunder; then, too, the clouds are seen in vast bodies sweeping along the hills in gloomy greatness, while the lake joins the tumult, and tosses like a sea: but in calm weather the whole scene becomes new: the lake is a perfect mirror; and the landscape in all its beauty: islands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains, are seen inverted, and floating on its surface. I will now carry you to the top of a cliff, where, if you dare approach the ridge, a new scene of astonishment presents itself; where the valley, lake, and islands, seem lying at your feet; where this expanse of water appears diminished to a little pool amidst the vast and immeasurable objects that surround it; for here the summits of more distant hills appear beyond

From savage parent, gentle stream!
 Be thou the muse's favourite theme:
 O soft insinuating glide
 Silent along the meadow's side,
 Smooth o'er the sandy bottom pass
 Resplendent all thro' fluid glass,
 Unless upon thy yielding breast
 Their painted heads the lilies rest,
 To where in deep capacious bed
 The widely liquid lake is spread.

Let other streams rejoice to roar
 Down the rough rocks of dread Lodore^x,
 Rush raving on with boisterous sweep,
 And foaming rend the frightened deep,
 Thy gentle genius shrinks away
 From such a rude unequal fray;
 Thro' thine own native dale, where rise
 Tremendous rocks amid the skies,

beyond those you have already seen; and rising behind each other in successive ranges and azure groups of craggy and broken steeps, form an immense and awful picture, which can only be expressed by the image of a tempestuous sea of mountains. Let me now conduct you down again to the valley, and conclude with one circumstance more; which is, that a walk by still moon-light (at which time the distant water-falls are heard in all their variety of sound) among these enchanting dales, open such scenes of delicate beauty, repose, and solemnity, as exceed all description.

^x *Of dread Lodore, &c.*] A very high cascade here falls into the lake of Derwentwater, near where Borrodale-beck (or brook) enters into it, as described above.

Thy waves with patience slowly wind,
Till they the smoothest channel find,
Soften the horrors of the scene,
And thro' confusion flow serene.

Horrors like these at first alarm,
But soon with savage grandeur charm,
And raise to noblest thoughts your mind:
Thus by thy fall, Lodore, reclin'd,
The cragged cliff, impendent wood,
Whose shadows mix o'er half the flood,
The gloomy clouds, which solemn sail,
Scarce lifted by the languid gale
O'er the capp'd hill, and darken'd vale;
The ravening kite, and bird of Jove,
Which round th' æreal ocean rove,
And, floating on the billowy sky,
With full expanded pennons fly,
Their fluttering or their bleating prey
Thence with death-dooming eye survey;
Channels by rocky torrents torn^y,
Rocks to the lake in thunder borne,
Or such as o'er our heads appear
Suspended in their mid career,

}

^y *Channels by rocky torrents torn, &c.*] For an account of an extraordinary storm in a part of this country, called St. John's vale, by which numerous fragments of rocks were driven down from the mountains, along with cataracts of water, see a letter from Cockermouth, inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine of October, 1754.

To start again at his command,
 Who rules fire, water, air, and land,
 I view with wonder and delight,
 A pleasing, tho' an awful sight:
 For, seen with them, the verdant isles
 Soften with more delicious smiles,
 More tempting twine their opening bowers,
 More lively glow the purple flowers,
 More smoothly slopes the border gay,
 In fairer circle bends the bay,
 And last, to fix our wandering eyes,
 Thy roofs, O Keswick, brighter rise
 The lake and lofty hills between,
 Where giant Skiddow shuts the scene.

Supreme of mountains, Skiddow, hail!
 To whom all Britain sinks a vale!
 Lo, his imperial brow I see
 From foul usurping vapours free!
 'Twere glorious now his side to climb,
 Boldly to scale his top sublime!
 And thence—my muse, these flights forbear,
 Nor with wild raptures tire the fair.
 Hills, rocks, and dales have been too long
 The subject of thy rambling song.
 Far other scenes their minds employ,
 And move their hearts with foster joy.
 For pleasures they need never roam,
 Theirs with affection dwell, at home.

Thrice

Thrice happy they at home to prove
 A parent's and a brother's love,
 Her bright example pleas'd to trace,
 Learn every virtue, every grace,
 Which lustre give in female life
 To daughter, sister, parent, wife;
 Grateful to see her guardian care
 A tender father's loss repair,
 And, rising far o'er grief and pain,
 The glories of her race maintain.

Their antient seats let others fly,
 To stroll beneath a foreign sky,
 Or loitering in their villas stay,
 Till useless summers waste away,
 While, hopeless of their lord's return,
 The poor exhausted tenants mourn;
 From Lowther she disdains to run
 To bask beneath a southern sun,
 Opens the hospitable door,
 Welcomes the friend, relieves the poor;
 Bids tenants share the lib'ral board,
 And early know and love their lord,
 Whose courteous deeds to all extend,
 And make each happy guest a friend.
 To smiling earth the grateful main
 Thus gives her gather'd streams again
 In showers on hill, and dale, and plain.

O may

O may the virtues, which adorn
 With modest beams his rising morn,
 Unclouded grow to perfect day!
 May he with bounty's brightest ray
 The natives cheer, enrich the soil,
 With arts improve, reward their toil,
 Glad with kind warmth our northern sky,
 And generous Lonsdale's loss supply.



E P I S T L E

TO THE

Right Hon^{ble} the Lord Viscount BEAUCHAMP.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXV-VI.

BY THE SAME.

MY LORD,

“**W**HAT is Nobility?” you wish to know,
 The real substance stripp’d of all its show:
 And can you then the honest freedom bear
 Of truths I ought to tell, and you to hear?
 Or shall I say—“ Such beauty, birth, estate,
 “ Must make their owner lov’d, and make him great!

“ Above

" Above the mean restraint of vulgar rules,
 " Your will a law, plebeians but your tools,
 " While mingling with your blood each honour flows,
 " And in each pulse a Percy's ardor glows?—

Not so the muse: she teaches you to know,
 How vain those honours you to others owe!
 Who rise to glory, must by virtue rise,
 'Tis in the mind all genuine greatness lies:
 On that eternal base, on that alone,
 The world's esteem you build, and more—your own.

Tho' Percy, Seymour, mighty names! combine
 To swell your blood, to dignify your line;
 For you tho' fortune all her stores has spread,
 And beauty points to pleasure's rosy bed;
 Yet what avail birth, beauty, fortune's store,
 The plume of title, and the pride of power,
 If deaf to virtue, deaf to honour's call,
 To tyrant vice a wretched slave you fall?
 To vice, paternal laurels you must yield;
 Revers'd each triumph, lost each purple field;
 Your fires no more their captive foes detain,
 You pay the ransom, and you break the chain;
 No more your high-descended fame we view,
 No Hartford fought, no Percy bled for you.

I know, my lord, ambition fills your mind,
 And in life's voyage is th'impelling wind;
 But at the helm let sober reason stand,
 And steer the bark, with heaven-directed hand:

So shall you safe ambition's gales receive,
 And ride securely, tho' the billows heave;
 So shall you shun the giddy hero's fate,
 And by her influence be both good and great.

'She bids you first, in life's soft vernal hours,
 With active industry, wake nature's powers;
 With rising years, still rising arts display;
 With new-born graces, mark each new-born day.

'Tis now the time young passion to command,
 While yet the pliant stem obeys the hand;
 Guide now the courser with a steady rein,
 Ere yet he bounds o'er pleasure's flowery plain:
 In passion's strife, no medium you can have;
 You rule a master, or submit a slave.

"For whom these toils, you may perhaps enquire;"
 First for yourself: Next nature will inspire
 The filial thought, fond wish, and kindred tear,
 Which make the parent and the sister dear:
 To these, in closest bands of love, ally'd,
 Their joy or grief you live, their shame or pride:
 Hence timely learn to make their bliss your own,
 And scorn to think or act for self alone;
 Hence bravely strive upon your own to raise
 Their honour, grandeur, dignity, and praise.

But wider far, beyond the narrow bound
 Of family, ambition searches round;
 Searches to find the friend's delightful face,
 The friend at least demands the second place.

And

And yet beware : for most desire a friend
 From meaner motives, not for virtue's end.
 There are, who with fond favour's fickle gale
 Now sudden swell, and now contract their sail ;
 This week devour, the next with sickening eye
 Avoid, and cast the fully'd play-thing by ;
 There are, who, tossing in the bed of vice,
 For flattery's opiate give the highest price ;
 Yet from the saving hand of friendship turn,
 Her med'cines dread, her generous offers spurn.
 Deserted greatness ! who but pities thee ?
 By crowds encompass'd, thou no friend can'st see :
 Or should kind truth invade thy tender ear,
 We pity still ; for thou no truth can'st hear.
 Ne'er grudg'd thy wealth to swell an useless state,
 Yet, frugal, deems th' expence of friends too great ;
 For friends, ne'er mixing in ambitious strife,
 For friends, the richest furniture of life !

Be your's, my lord, a nobler, higher aim,
 Your pride to burn with friendship's sacred flame ;
 By virtue kindled, by like manners fed,
 By mutual wishes, mutual favors spread,
 Increas'd with years, by candid truth refin'd,
 Pour all its boundless ardors thro' your mind.
 Be your's the care a chosen band to gain ;
 With them to glory's radiant summit strain,
 Aiding and aided each, while all contend,
 Who best, who bravest, shall assist his friend.

Thus

Thus still should private friendships spread around,
 Till in their joint embrace the public's found,
 The common friend!—then all her good explore,
 Explor'd, pursue with each unbiass'd power.
 But chief the greatest should her laws revere,
 Ennobling honours, which she bids them wear.
 A British noble is a dubious name,
 Of lowest infamy, or highest fame:
 Born to redress an injur'd orphan's cause,
 To smooth th' unequal frown of rigid laws;
 To stand an isthmus of our well-mix'd state,
 Where rival powers with restless billows beat,
 And from each side alike the fury fling
 Of maddening commons, or incroaching king.
 How mean, who scorns his country's sacred voice!
 By birth a patriot, but a slave by choice.
 How great, who answers this illustrious end,
 Whom prince and people call their equal friend!
 " Yes, there I'll rest; ambition toils no more,
 " That goal attain'd, sure her long race is o'er."
 Alas! 'tis scarce begun; ambition smiles
 At the poor limits of the British isles;
 She o'er the globe expatiates unconfin'd,
 Expands with christian charity the mind,
 And pants to be the friend of all mankind.
 Her country all beneath one ambient sky;
 Whoe'er beholds yon radiant orbs on high,

To whom one sun impartial gives the day,
 To whom the silver moon her milder ray,
 Whom the same water, earth, and air sustain,
 O'er whom one parent-king extends his reign,
 Are her compatriots all; by her belov'd,
 In nature near, tho' far by space remov'd;
 On common earth, no foreigner she knows;
 No foe can find, or none but virtue's foes:
 Ready she stands her chearful aid to lend,
 To want and woe an undemanded friend;
 Nor thus advances others bliss alone;
 But in the way to theirs still finds her own:
 Their's is her own. What, should your taper light
 Ten thousand, burns it to yourself less bright?
 "Men are ungrateful."—Be they so, that dare!
 Is that the giver's, or receiver's care?
 Oh! blind to joys, that from true bounty flow,
 To think, those e'er repent whose hearts bestow!

Man to his Maker thus best homage pays,
 Thus peaceful walks thro' virtue's pleasing ways:
 Her gentle image on the soul impress
 Bids each tempestuous passion leave the breast:
 Thence with her livid self-devouring snakes
 Pale Envy flies; her quiver Slander breaks:
 Thus falls (dire scourge of a distracted age!)
 The knave-led, one-ey'd monster, Party-Rage.
 Ambition jostles with her friends no more;
 Nor thirsts Revenge to drink a brother's gore;

Fury-

Fury-Remorse no stinging scorpion rears;
 O'er trembling Guilt no falling sword appears:
 Hence Conscience, void of blame, her front erects,
 Her God she fears, all other fear rejects.
 Hence Just Ambition boundless splendours crown,
 And hence she calls eternity her own.

Thus your lov'd ^z Scipio past his glorious days,
 Blest with his kindred's, friend's, and country's praise.
 Nor ended there the human hero's thought,
 Nor in the Roman was the man forgot;
 In the deaf battle hearing nature's call,
 He doom'd with tears a rival empire's fall,
 The world's great patriot he!—by fame inspir'd,
 His youth each art adorn'd, each virtue fir'd;
 He thro' Rome's sons the brave contagion spread,
 Now led to conquest, now to wisdom led;
 Pleas'd, or to still the forum's civil roar,
 Or muse, Cajeta, on thy bending shore;
 Free from affairs, unfetter'd with parade,
 To taste a friend amid the rural shade:
 There deigns to mingle in immortal lays,
 There deep thro' time his country's fate surveys,
 While from his tongue sublimest precepts flow—
 “ How man but sojourns on this spot below,
 “ How mortal fame is to a point confin'd,
 “ Heaven only fit to fill th' immortal mind;

^z Scipio Africanus Æmilianus.

E

“ Fer

" For heaven, how virtue can alone prepare,
 " And vice wou'd find herself unhappy there."
 Hence, loos'd from earth, his pure affections soar
 Where sensual pleasure cheats the soul no more.
 Beneath his feet do nations treasures lie?
 Millions he views with unretorted eye.
 His country's manners does corruption drown?
 He, blameless censor! stems them by his own.
 Did kingdoms groan? he bade oppression cease,
 Stern tyrants aw'd, and hush'd the world to peace.
 Did justice call? he car'd not what became
 Of life, or of life's sweetest breath, his fame:
 For her he dar'd the nobles, peoples hate,
 For her he liv'd, for her resign'd to fate.
 These were his honours, his high triumphs these!
 Oh! how unlike the slaves of wealth and ease:
 With plenty curst, to make their life a void,
 Too great, too noble, to be well employ'd,
 They seek some livery'd friend to drag away
 The heavy, cumbersome, miserable day.

There are, my lord, that with unfeeling ear
 A Scipio's, Sydney's, Falkland's glory hear,
 Unmov'd a Lonsdale's spotless honour see,
 Wise, studious, generous, loyal, just, and free!
 Are proof to every lure of honest fame;
 And yet of sycophants would buy a name;
 Hence birds of throat obscene, and greedy maw,
 The chattering magpye, the tale-bearing daw,

Rooks,

Rooks, vultures, harpies, their vile board surround,
 While frighted merit flies th' unhallow'd ground,
 Flies to the private shade, the pure retreat,
 And to their flatterers leaves the proud and great.
 What, tho' their hands ne'er hold Britannia's reins,
 Nor swords e'er seek her foes on crimson plains?
 Yet, Blount shall own they drive six horses well,
 And Mordington's their bolder courage tell,
 Their name with Mordaunt's Pope disdains to sing,
 Yet with their triumphs does Newmarket ring.
 What tho' (ye fair!) they break thro' honour's laws;
 Yet hence they gain a modish world's applause:
 Receiv'd, repuls'd, their boast is still the same,
 And still they triumph o'er each injur'd name.
 Their vote, we know, ne'er rais'd the drooping state,
 But rescu'd operas from impending fate.
 Their bounty never bids Affliction smile,
 But pampers fidlers with the tradesman's spoil.
 No Goth to learning e'er was foe so fell,
 Yet their bought praises dedications swell;
 Yet White's allows them, in a length of years,
 The first of sharpers, tho' the last of peers.

In vain for such may domes on domes arise,
 With heads audacious, and invade the skies;
 In vain dishonour'd stars dart mimic rays,
 To give their fordid breasts a borrow'd blaze;
 In vain with lordly rule, their wide domains
 Swell hundred hills, and spread an hundred plains:

If mean, still meaner by their lofty state;
 (So statues lessen by a base too great)
 With birth ignoble, poor amid their store,
 Obscur'd by splendor, impotent with power,
 By titles stain'd, with beauty unadorn'd,
 Courted by flattery, but by merit scorn'd,
 The slaves of slaves, corruption's dirty tools,
 The prey of villains, and the gaze of fools.

Rise then, my lord, with noble ardor rise!
 And whilst your fires before your ravish'd eyes
 Pass in a grand review, oh! pant for fame,
 And by your actions dignify their name,
 Transmitting thence, with heighten'd lustre down,
 Honours, that may your future offspring crown!

That sight the muse with pleasing hope surveys,
 While to the blissful hour her fancy strays,
 When in the Hertford of another age
 The same fair virtues shall your soul engage;
 The same soft meekness and majestic mien
 Shall cheer the private, grace the public scene.
 From her, to glad at once your ears and eyes,
 A fair Eliza shall with spirit rise,
 With lively humour, yet devoid of blame,
 And be, with sweet variety, the same;
 O'er some blest heart confirm her lasting sway,
 With reason sprightly, and with goodness gay.
 When to another Beauchamp you shall owe
 Those joys, that with your dawning virtues grow,

In him again be born, again shall live,
 And take that happiness, which now you give.
 Heaven has on you pour'd down his kindest shower,
 Health, riches, honours, blest'd your natal hour;
 At once an elegance of form and mind,
 To please, to serve, and to adorn your kind;
 In manners gentle, but in genius strong;
 Tho' gay, collected, and polite, tho' young.

These bounteous heaven bestows! 'tis your's to raise
 His gifts, and from their use derive your praise:
 His the materials, your's the work must be;
 Your choice, my lord, is fame or infamy.

Oh! should your virtues in pure current flow,
 And wealth and pleasure all around bestow,
 Till earth no more their length'ning stream can bound,
 Nor sinks their fame in time's vast ocean drown'd,
 Say, might the muse to future age declare,
 They were her early honour and her care?
 That by her hand the bubbling fount was clear'd,
 That, following where the mazy rill appear'd,
 She form'd their channel, and their course she steer'd?
 Might then this fond ambitious verse pretend,
 She taught the pupil, yet preserv'd the friend;
 First twin'd the wreaths, that shall your temples crown,
 Still in your glory happier than her own?



E P I S T L E

TO THE

Right Hon^{ble}. the Countess of HERTFORD,

AT PERCY LODGE:

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLIV.

BY THE SAME.

YOU ask me, madam, if the muse
From Colebrooke still my steps pursues:
Take then (but first your patience lend)
Her story thus from end to end.

She, that at Bath, so debonair,
Sung gallant Damon and his fair,
To beauteous Townsend tun'd her lyre,
And did, at Pelham's sight, inspire
Strains, that her Lincoln's self forgives
(You see the daring poet lives!)

She, that at Percy-Lodge so late
From morn to night was us'd to prate,

Almost

Almost impertinent and rude,
 Unbidden would herself intrude
 With tale, and epigram, and song,
 To waft the chearful hours along,
 Whilst I, o'erjoy'd myself to view
 Alive, and with my lord and you,
 Not once could check her merry vein,
 Her unpremeditated strain,
 And did, from heedless joy, neglect
 To greatness every grave respect;
 This muse, I say, inconstant grown,
 Forsook me, when I came to town;
 Friend to my fortune, she withdrew,
 When I left Percy-Lodge and you.

Since then, in vain I ask her aid,
 In vain her cruelty upbraid;
 The town, she says, was ne'er her choice;
 If there she tries to raise her voice,
 Her strains are to their theme unjust,
 Or drown'd in noise, or choak'd with dust.

Her plea is good. The muse's theme,
 Like the pure, bright, harmonious stream,
 Ne'er but in rural channels flows;
 Cities and bards are endless foes.

Resolv'd Parnassus' top to climb,
 * And there to build the lofty rhyme,

* Part of a Verse of Milton's.

I to fam'd Claremont's height aspire,
 To borrow thence poetic fire,
 To waft, like Cooper's-Hill, its name
 On wings of everlasting fame;
 Or, (if that bold attempt be vain)
 Your partial ear to entertain.

I mount my chaise, the space between,
 Fancy anticipates the scene,
 And Vanity, officious maid,
 Thus offers her self-pleasing aid;
 " Poor Vanbrugh's plan is out of date,
 " And Garth but saw its rising state,
 " His verse with tuneful fable rung,
 " But left its real charms unfung;
 " But now, to my transported eyes,
 " In full maturity will rise
 " The bowers, the temples, and the groves,
 " That Kent has plann'd, and Pelham loves.

At length, awaken'd from my dream,
 My eyes behold the real theme,
 And the gay sketch, that fancy drew,
 They find more amiably true.

On a neat structure now they rest,
 Where rural plainness is exprest,
 With harvests stor'd, compact, and warm,
 And, tho' Palladian, yet a farm,
 Whence cars, in rustic order drawn,
 Pass and repass the sloping lawn,

While

While flocks, in fleecy groups around,
 Or, moving, crop the daisy'd ground,
 Or, sunk beneath the tufted trees,
 Turn, languid, to the noontide breeze.
 The lustier herds, in glare of day,
 Bask, and imbibe the sunny ray.

While these I view, on humid wings
 The sultry south a tempest brings,
 Black clouds invest the low'ring skies,
 And all the beauteous vision flies.
 Now from the thick-descending rain
 I drive across the darken'd plain,
 And leave the lovely scene behind,
 That just began to charm my mind.

How rare does pleasure stand the test!
 With patience now I arm my breast,
 And, in a moralizing vein,
 With thoughts like these my grief restrain:
 "The skies are clear, when storms are o'er,
 "Again smooth waves salute the shore,
 "Each sun but sets to rise again,
 "And gild with morn the dewy plain;
 "This hour, perhaps, hope cheats the mind,
 "The next, an equal joy we find."

Just so; the house a shelter lends,
 Within I find the best of friends,
 Spence, whose soft bosom oft has known
 To make another's woe her own;

She

She now, with hospitable grace,
 Compassionates my present case,
 Asks of your health, and hears with joy,
 How you your growing strength employ
 In rural cares and exercise;
 And kind congratulations rise,
 When on my favourite theme I dwell,
 And Beauchamp's rising virtues tell.
 Fondly the vanity I share,
 And recollect my pleasing care,
 That, with parental aid combin'd,
 Founded the structure of his mind:
 So boastful builders call their own
 Works, where they laid the first rude stone.

The storm subsides, the mount I gain,
 Thence dart my eyes across the plain.
 Full swelling to the sight, I found
 First holy Paul's majestic round,
 Thro' wide Augusta's smoky; and now
 Rose lofty Windsor's tow'ring brow;
 Here glitter streams of vulgar names,
 There slowly winds imperial Thames,
 On his green banks, in level line,
 Here spacious Hampton's turrets shine,
 Whose windows kindling at the ray
 Of Sol, beam back redoubled day;
 Towns, villages, and pointed spires,
 And smoky thick-wreath'd from cottage-fires,

And planted villas, intervene,
 To grace the sweetly-vary'd scene.
 O'er all my eyes transported range,
 With every glance the visions change,
 Till, drawn by beauties nearer home,
 Along the lovely park I roam,
 Now skim the walk, descend the glade,
 Then plunge into the deepest shade.
 Here flourish sweets in mingled bloom,
 There (worthy ancient Greece or Rome)
 Fair temples, opening to the sight,
 Surprise each turn with new delight:
 In pleasure lost, I wish to gaze
 At once a thousand different ways,
 Awful or pleasing, every part
 Expands the soul, or glads the heart,
 Great, open, liberal, unconfin'd,
 Just emblem of its master's mind,
 Who knows unequall'd state to shew,
 Yet, gracious, stoops to all below.

Beneath a hill, whose hoary brow
 Ne'er felt the wound of scythe or plow,
 (Along whose wild and heathy side
 Britannia's ^b naval heroes ride,
 When they, with colours wide display'd,
 That proud Iberia's sons upbraid,

^b About that time the crew of the *Centurion* were expected to pass by
 from Portsmouth with the prize-money taken from the *Acapulca* ship.

In tawny troop, from India's shore,
 Guard in rough pomp their captive ore)
 Mid circling waters lies an isle,
 Whose verdant shores reflected smile
 With Flora's painted hues; above,
 Soft-bosom'd in a shady grove,
 A dome, but half reveal'd to sight,
 Chequers the boughs with Parian white.

If chance from hence at evening fair
 The rising song soft steals on air,
 Which to the well-according strings
 The skillful voice sweet-warbling sings,
 The passing swain suspended stands,
 And, wondering, lifts to heaven his hands,
 Doubts if beneath some leafy spray
 Soft Philomela pours her lay,
 Or some blest spirit from above
 Enchants with harmony the grove;
 Nor guesses that the tuneful art,
 Which awes and charms his simple heart,
 Is hers, whose bounty loves to bless
 Sad sickening want, and lone distress,
 And hers the sweet enchanting song,
 To whom the listening groves belong,
 And all, that her Newcastle's art
 In boundless fondness can impart,
 Each level walk, each shelving glade,
 Whate'er employs the labourer's spade,

Whate'er

Whate'er rewards his patient toil,
And makes the barren desert smile.

This isle in tempting prospect stands,
Thither I stretch my eyes and hands,
Eager the farther shore to gain,
But stretch my hands and eyes in vain.
For hark! the threat'ning winds arise,
Again with clouds obscure the skies,
And tell my baffled hopes, that this
Is an enchanted isle of bliss,
Now in near prospect blooming fair,
And now involv'd in black despair!

My chaise regain'd, I cross the plain,
When lo! the sun beams forth again.
Hope, gay impostor, points the way,
Where, near the road, fair Ether lay;
And who at Ether would not stay?
I turn'd. Retiring from the town,
The noble owner just came down.
I saw the gate behind him close,
Then murmur'd at this short repose
From cares for Britain's safety shewn,
Grudg'd his repose, who guards my own!

I now pursue my former way,
And with my journey ends this day
Of hope, and fear, and pain, and pleasure,
Of all my other days the measure!

Yours a more even tenor know,
And scarce perceive an ebb or flow.

The

The cause is plain. To fortune's gale
 You, cautious, never spread a sail;
 Safe in your port, content at home,
 You ne'er for painful pleasure roam,
 And think it folly, if not sin,
 One night to sojourn at an inn.
 Nay, when the Atlas of our state
 Throws off for you a nation's weight,
 In courtly terms your ear to greet,
 And cast himself beneath your feet,
 You (like Egeria) in your grott
 Or seek he must, or finds you not.
 More cautious still, e'en when retir'd,
 By wits nor censur'd, nor admir'd,
 You say, (tho' every art your friend)
 You dare to no one art pretend.
 Your fear is just. Each state and nation
 Assigns to woman reputation,
 While man asserts his wider claim,
 Jealous proprietor of fame.

Yet sure, without offence, you may
 On nature's open leaf display
 Your harmless unambitious skill,
 To sink a grott, or slope a hill,
 A dell with flowers adorn, or lead
 A winding rill along the mead,
 Or bid opposing trees be join'd,
 In hospitable league intwin'd,

Without

Without their leave, whose madness dares
 Rouze human states to cruel wars;
 Or, if the Bourbon of the air
 Against your feather'd folk declare
 Fell war, betake you to th' alliance
 Of net or gun, and bid defiance
 To every robber, small or great,
 That would disturb your calm retreat.

O may kind heaven propitious smile
 On every art that can beguile
 A son's long absence from your sight,
 And render back that just delight!
 From those distracting dire alarms,
 That set a jarring world in arms,
 From tainted air's infectious breath,
 Where flies unseen the dart of death,
 His steps, ye guardian angels, guide,
 And turn the fatal shaft aside!
 Return'd, his parent's bliss to crown,
 And make, all earth can give, their own,
 Like Smithson's, may his manly heart
 Act not the vain, but generous part,
 Call drooping art from her recess,
 With health, and ease, and fame to bless!

O may, like his, his riper age
 With caution tread the civil stage,
 Like him, th' enchanted cup put by,
 And every vain temptation fly,

Of power, or pension, place, or name;
 If meant state-traps, that sink to shame;
 Yet his just Prince, without a bribe,
 Love—more than all the venal tribe!

But from these themes I now refrain,
 Reserv'd to grace a future strain.
 For I have trespass'd on your time,
 And see a tedious length of rhyme.
 What must it then appear to you?
 Respectful most this short adieu.



S O M E T H O U G H T S
 O N
 BUILDING and PLANTING,
 T O
 Sir J A M E S L O W T H E R, Bart.
 O F L O W T H E R - H A L L.
 B Y T H E S A M E.

WHEN stately structures Lowther grace,
 Worthy the owner and the place,
 Fashion will not the works direct,
 But Reason be the Architect.

Ready

Ready each beauteous order stands
 To execute what she commands.
 The Doric grave, where weight requires ^c;
 To give his manly strength aspires;
 The light Corinthian ^d, richly gay,
 Does all embellishments display;
 Between them see ^e, with matron air,
 The Ionic ^f, delicately fair!

^c *The Doric grave, where weight requires.*] In ea æde cum voluissent columnas collocare, non habentes symmetrias earum, & quærentes quibus rationibus efficere possent, ut & ad onus ferendum essent idoneæ, & in aspectu probatam haberent venustatem: dimensi sunt virilis pedis vestigium, & cum invenissent pedem sextam partem esse altitudinis in homine, ita in columnam transtulerunt: & qua crassitudine fecerunt basin scapi, tantum eam sexies cum capitulo in altitudinem extulerunt. Ita Dorica columna *virilis corporis* proportionem, & firmitatem & venustatem in ædificiis præstare cœpit. *Vitruv.* l. iv. c. i. p. 60.

^d *The light Corinthian, &c.*] Tertium vero, quod Corinthium dicitur, virginalis habet gracilitatis imitationem: quod virgines propter ætatis teneritatem gracilioribus membris figuratæ, effectus recipiunt in ornatu venustiores. Ejus autem capituli prima inventio, &c. *Ibid.*

^e *Between them see, &c.*] Junoni, Dianæ, Libero Patri, cæterisque Diis qui eadem sunt similitudine, si ædes Ionicæ construerentur, habita erit ratio *mediocritatis*, quod & ab severo more Doricorum & à teneritate Corinthiorum, temperabitur earum institutio proprietatis. *Ibid.*

^f *The Ionic, &c.*] Item postea Dianæ constituere ædem quærentes, novi generis speciem, iisdem vestigiis ad muliebrem transtulerunt gracilitatem: & fecerunt primum columnæ crassitudinem altitudinis octava parte: ut haberent speciem excelsiorem, basi splram supposuerunt pro calceo, capitulo volutas, uti capillamento concrispatos cincinnos præpendentes dextra ac sinistra collocaverunt, & cymatiis & encarpis pro crinibus dispositis, frontes ornaverunt: truncoq; toto strias, uti stolarum rugas, *matronali more* dimiserunt. *Ibid.*

These their abundant aid will lend
 To answer every structure's end.
 'To Building can a mode belong
 But gay, or delicate, or strong?
 Why search we then for orders new,
 Rich in these all-comprising few,
 But that the standard rules of Greece
 Disdain to humour wild caprice?
 They Fancy's wanton freaks controul,
 In every part consult the whole,
 Teach Art to dress, and not disguise,
 Seek lasting fame, not short surprise,
 And all adornings to produce
 From real or from seeming use §,
 The place's genius to revere,
 And, as he bids, the structure rear.

Smiles he o'er fragrant Flora's bloom?
 Ne'er shock him with a grotto's gloom.
 Nor with smooth slender columns mock
 His roughness in the rugged rock.
 Nor by trim steps hand gently down,
 (Like dainty dames in formal town)

§ —*From real or from seeming use,*] —quemadmodum mutuli cantheriorum projecturæ ferunt *imaginem*, sic in Ionicis denticuli ex projecturis asserum habent imitationem. Itaque in Græcis operibus nemo sub mutulo denticulos constituit: non enim possunt subtus cantherios asseres esse. Quod ergo supra cantherios & templa in *veritate* debet esse collatum, id in *imaginibus*, si infra constitutum fuerit, mendosam habebit operis rationem; &c.

The nimble Naiades, who bound
 O'er native rocks with sprightly sound.
 Nor roving Dryades confine
 Precisely to a single line,
 Strait, circular, or serpentine.

}

All forms arise at nature's call,
 And use can beauty give to all.
 None e'er disgust the judging mind,
 When vary'd well, or well combin'd.

This Lowther's noble planter knew,
 And kept it in his constant view.
 So sweetly wild his woods are frown'd,
 Nature mistakes them for her own,
 Yet all to proper soil and site
 So suited, doubly they delight.
 While tender plants in vales repose,
 Where the mild zephyr only blows,
 Embattled firs bleak hills adorn,
 Under whose safeguard smiles the corn.
 Who builds or plants, this rule should know,
 From truth^h and useⁱ all beauties flow.

^h *From truth, &c.*] —quod non potest in *veritate* fieri, id non putaverunt in imaginibus factum, posse certam rationem habere. Omnia enim certa proprietate, & à *veris nature* deductis moribus, traduxerunt in operum perfectiones: & ea probaverunt, quorum explicationes in disputationibus rationem possunt habere *veritatis*. *Vitruv.* lib. iv. c. ii. p. 67. edit. de Lat.

ⁱ —*and use, &c.*] See the idea of beauty explained by the great Dr. Berkley in the *Minute Philosopher*, dial. iii. sect. viii, ix. edit. 3, 1752.



THE HYMN OF CLEANTHES^k.

BY GILBERT WEST, ESQ.

O Under various sacred names ador'd!
 Divinity supreme! all-potent Lord!
 Author of nature! whose unbounded sway
 And legislative power all things obey!
 Majestic Jove! all hail! To thee belong
 The suppliant prayer, and tributary song:
 To thee from all thy mortal offspring due;
 From thee we came, from thee our being drew;
 Whatever lives and moves, great Sire! is thine,
 Embodied portions of the foul divine.
 Therefore to thee will I attune my string,
 And of thy wondrous power for ever sing.
 The wheeling orbs, the wandering fires above,
 That round this earthly sphere incessant move,
 Through all this boundless world admit thy sway,
 And roll spontaneous where thou point'ft the way.

^k Cleanthes, the author of this hymn, was a stoic philosopher, a disciple of Zeno. He wrote many pieces, none of which are come down to us, but this and a few fragments, which are printed by H. Stephens, in a collection of philosophical poems.

Such

Such is the awe impress on nature round
 When through the void thy dreadful thunders sound.
 Those flaming agents of thy matchless power,
 Astonish'd worlds, hear, tremble, and adore.
 Thus paramount to all, by all obey'd,
 Ruling that reason which thro' all convey'd
 Informs this general mass, thou reign'st ador'd,
 Supreme, unbounded, universal Lord.
 For nor in earth, nor earth-encircling floods,
 Nor yon ethereal pole, the seat of gods,
 Is ought perform'd without thy aid divine;
 Strength, wisdom, virtue, mighty Jove, are thine!
 Vice is the act of man, by passion tost,
 And in the shoreless sea of folly lost,
 But thou, what vice disorders, canst compose;
 And profit by the malice of thy foes:
 So blending good with evil, fair with foul,
 As thence to model one harmonious whole:
 One universal law of truth and right;
 But wretched mortals shun the heavenly light;
 And, tho' to bliss directing still their choice,
 Hear not, or heed not reason's sacred voice,
 That common guide ordain'd to point the road
 That leads obedient man to solid good.
 Thence quitting virtue's lovely paths they rove,
 As various objects various passions move.
 Some thro' opposing crowds and threatening war
 Seek power's bright throne, and fame's triumphal car.

Some, bent on wealth, pursue with endless pain
 Oppressive, sordid, and dishonest gain:
 While others, to soft indolence resign'd,
 Drown in corporeal sweets th' immortal mind.
 But, O great father, thunder-ruling God!
 Who in thick darkness mak'st thy dread abode!
 Thou, from whose bounty all good gifts descend,
 Do thou from ignorance mankind defend!
 The clouds of vice and folly, O controul;
 And shed the beams of wisdom on the soul!
 Those radiant beams, by whose all-piercing flame
 Thy justice rules this universal frame.
 That honour'd with a portion of thy light
 We may essay thy goodness to requite
 With honorary songs and grateful lays,
 And hymn thy glorious works with ceaseless praise,
 The proper task of man: and sure to sing
 Of nature's laws, and nature's mighty king
 Is bliss supreme. Let gods with mortals join!
 The subject may transport a breast divine.



INSCRIP-



INSCRIPTION ON A SUMMER-HOUSE

BELONGING TO GILBERT WEST, ESQ. AT WICKHAM,
IN KENT.

BY THE SAME.

NOT wrapt in smoky London's fulphurous clouds,
And not far distant, stands my rural cot:
Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.

And when too much repose brings on the spleen,
Or the gay city's idle pleasure's cloy;
Swift as my changing with I shift the scene,
And now the country, now the town enjoy.



THE HOUSE OF SUPERSTITION.

A VISION.

BY MR. DENTON.

I.

WHEN Sleep's all-soothing hand with fetters soft
Ties down each sense, and lulls to balmy rest;
The internal power, creative Fancy oft
Broods o'er her treasures in the formful breast.

F 4

Thus

Thus when no longer daily cares engage,
 The busy mind pursues the darling theme;
 Hence angels whisper'd to the slumbering sage,
 And gods of old inspir'd the hero's dream;
 Hence as I slept, these images arose,
 To Fancy's eye, and join'd this fairy scene compose.

II.

As when fair morning dries her pearly tears,
 The mountain lifts o'er mists its lofty head;
 Thus new to sight a gothic dome appears
 With the grey rust of rolling years o'erspread.
 Here Superstition holds her dreary reign,
 And her lip-labour'd orisons she plies
 In tongue unknown, when morn bedews the plain,
 Or evening skirts with gold the western skies;
 To the dumb stock she bends, or sculptur'd wall,
 And many a cross she makes, and many a bead lets fall.

III.

Near to the dome a magic pair reside
 Prompt to deceive, and practis'd to confound;
 Here hood-winkt Ignorance is seen to bide
 Stretching in darksome cave along the ground.
 No object e'er awakes his stupid eyes,
 Nor voice articulate arrests his ears,
 Save when beneath the moon pale spectres rise,
 And haunt his soul with visionary fears;
 Or when hoarse winds incavern'd murmur round,
 And babbling echo wakes, and iterates the sound.

IV. Where

IV.

Where boughs entwining form an artful shade,
 And in faint glimmerings just admit the light,
 There Error sits in borrow'd white array'd,
 And in Truth's form deceives the transient fight.
 A thousand glories wait her opening day,
 Her beaming lustre when fair Truth imparts;
 Thus Error would pour forth a spurious ray,
 And cheat th' unpractis'd mind with mimic arts;
 She cleaves with magic wand the liquid skies,
 Bids airy forms appear, and scenes fantastic rise.

V.

A porter deaf, decrepid, old, and blind
 Sits at the gate, and lifts a liberal bowl
 With wine of wondrous power to lull the mind,
 And check each vigorous effort of the soul:
 Whoe'er un'wares shall ply his thirsty lip,
 And drink in gulps the luscious liquor down,
 Shall hapless from the cup delusion sip,
 And objects see in features not their own;
 Each way-worn traveller that hither came,
 He lav'd with copious draughts, and Prejudice his name.

VI.

Within a various race are seen to wonne,
 Props of her age, and pillars of her state,
 Which erst were nurtur'd by the wither'd crone,
 And born to Tyranny, her grievly mate:
 The first appear'd in pomp of purple pride,
 With triple crown erect, and throned high;
 Two golden keys hang dangling by his side
 To lock or ope the portals of the sky;

Crouching

Crouching and prostrate there (ah! fight unmeet!)
The crowned head would bow, and lick his dusty feet.

VII.

With bended arm he on a book reclin'd
Fast lock'd with iron clasps from vulgar eyes;
Heaven's gracious gift to light the wandering mind,
To lift fall'n man, and guide him to the skies!
A man no more, a god he would be thought,
And 'mazed mortals blindly must obey:
With flight of hand he lying wonders wrought,
And near him loathsome heaps of reliques lay:
Strange legends would he read, and figments dire
Of Limbus' prison'd shades, and purgatory fire.

VIII.

There meagre Penance sat, in sackcloth clad,
And to his breast close hugg'd the viper, Sin,
Yet oft with brandish'd whip would gaul, as mad,
With voluntary stripes his shrivel'd skin.
Counting large heaps of o'er-abounding good
Of faints that dy'd within the church's pale,
With gentler aspect there Indulgence stood,
And to the needy culprit would retail;
There too, strange merchandize! he pardons fold,
And treason would absolve; and murder purge with gold.

IX.

With shaven crown in a sequester'd cell
A lazy lubbard there was seen to lay;
No work had he, save some few beads to tell,
And indolently snore the hours away.

The

The nameless joys that bless the nuptial bed,
 The mystic rites of Hymen's hallow'd tie
 Impure he deems, and from them starts with dread,
 As crimes of foulest stain, and deepest dye:
 No social hopes hath he, no social fears,
 But spends in lethargy devout the lingering years.

X.

Gnashing his teeth in mood of furious ire
 Fierce Persecution sat, and with strong breath
 Wakes into living flame large heaps of fire,
 And feasts on murders, massacres, and death.
 Near him was plac'd Procrustes' iron bed
 To stretch or mangle to a certain size;
 To see their writhing pains each heart must bleed,
 To hear their doleful shrieks and piercing cries;
 Yet he beholds them with unmoistened eye,
 Their writhing pains his sport, their moans his melody.

XI.

A gradual light diffusing o'er the gloom,
 And slow approaching with majestic pace;
 A lovely maid appears in beauty's bloom,
 With native charms, and unaffected grace:
 Her hand a clear reflecting mirror shows,
 In which all objects their true features wear,
 And on her cheek a blush indignant glows
 To see the horrid forceries practis'd there;
 She snatch'd the volume from the tyrant's rage,
 Unlock'd its iron clasps, and ope'd the heavenly page.

XII. " My

XII.

- " My name is Truth, and you, each holy seer,
 " That all my steps with ardent gaze pursue,
 " Unveil, she said, the sacred mysteries here,
 " Give the celestial boon to public view.
 " Tho' blatant Obloquy with leprous mouth
 " Shall blot your fame, and blast the generous deed,
 " Yet in revolving years some liberal youth
 " Shall crown your virtuous act with glory's meed,
 " Your names adorn'd in ' Gilpin's polish'd page,
 " With each historic grace, shall shine thro' every age.

XIII.

- " With furious hate tho' fierce relentless power
 " Exert of torment all her horrid skill;
 " Tho' your lives meet too soon the fatal hour
 " Scorching in flames, or writhing on the wheel;
 " Yet when the ^m dragon in the deep abyfs
 " Shall lie, fast bound in adamantine chain,
 " Ye with the Lamb shall rise to ceaseless bliss,
 " First-fruits of death, and partners of his reign;
 " Then shall repay the momentary tear
 " The great sabbatic rest, the millenary year."

¹ The Reverend Mr. William Gilpin, author of the lives of Bernard Gilpin, Bishop Latimer, Wickliff, and the principal of his followers.

^m See Revel. chap. 20. and the learned and ingenious Bishop of Bristol's comment upon it, in the 3d vol. of his dissertation on the prophecies.

E L E G I E S

BY MR. DELAP.

E L E G Y I.

AH stay!—thy wand oblivious o'er my eyes
Yet wave, mild power of sleep!—my prayer is vain;
She flies, the partial nurse of nature flies,
With all her soothing visionary train.

Then let me forth; and near yon flowering thorn
Taste heaven's pure breath; while rob'd in amber vest,
Fresh from her watery couch, the youthful morn
Steals on the slumbers of the drowsy east.

Lo, at her presence, the strong arm of toil,
With glittering sickle, mows the prime of May;
While yon poor hirelings, for the mine's rude soil,
Leave to their sleeping babes their cots of clay.

With sturdy step, they cheerly whistle o'er
The path that flings across the reedy plain;
To the deep caverns of that yawning moor,
Whose shaggy breast abhors the golden grain.

There, in her green drefs, nature never roves,
 Spreads the gay lawn, nor lifts the lordly pine,
 They fee no melting clouds refresh the groves,
 No living landscape drawn by hands divine.

But many a fathom from the funny breeze,
 Their painful way in central night they wear;
 Heave the pik'd axes on their bended knees,
 Or fidelong the rough quarry slowly tear.

Yet while damp vapours chill each reeking brow,
 How loudly laughs the jovial voice of mirth;
 Pleas'd that the wages of the day allow
 A focial blaze to chear their evening hearth.

There the chafte houfewife, with maternal care,
 Her thrifty diftaff plies, in grave attire;
 Bleft to behold her ruddy offspring wear
 The full refemblance of their fturdy fire.

To fpread with fuch coarfe fare their homely board
 As fits the genius of their little fate,
 Free from thofe ills that haunt their pamper'd lord;
 To be unhappy we muft firft be great.

In thefe dark caves, where heaven's paternal hand,
 Far from the world, their private cradle laid,
 They toil fecure; the ftorms that ftrike the land
 With wild difmay roll harmlefs o'er their head.

For

For who, the load of weary life to bear,
 Wou'd from these murky mansions chace the slave?
 Who cease to breathe heaven's pure and chearful air,
 To be but living tenants of the grave?

Yet harrafs'd as they are, their face still wears
 The reverend comeliness of green old age;
 No stains their mind from worldly science bears;
 Their ray of knowledge gleams from nature's page.

The few plain rules her simple lessons give,
 They still thro' life with pleas'd attention ply;
 Their helpless offspring bid them wish to live,
 Their breathless parents bid them learn to die.

And surely heaven whose penetrating sight
 Pierces the soul, and reads its inmost groan,
 Must see content, with more sincere delight,
 Toil in the mine, than triumph on the throne;

Seeⁿ Charles, more pleas'd, within the convent's gloom,
 Seeking the slave's calm nights, their temperate days,
 And peaceful passage to the private tomb,
 Than diadem'd with glory's crimson rays.

ⁿ Charles V. of Spain, who in the full blaze of his glory resigned
 the throne to his son Philip, and retired to a convent in Estremadura.

Ev'n the proud sage, whose deep mysterious brain
 Has reason'd all the balm of hope away,
 Convinc'd that learning's but ingenious pain,
 Might hail their happier lot, and fighting say,

" Oh had I thus, within the dark profound,
 " By daily labor earn'd my daily food;
 " Or with yon feedman sow'd the quickening ground,
 " Or cleav'd with ponderous axe the groaning wood.

" Full many an hour that now, tho' sped with art,
 " On slow and dusky pinions fullen flies,
 " Full many an anxious wish, or pang of heart,
 " That reason's boasted anodyne defies,

" Had ne'er been born. Nor had th' uneasy mind,
 " Pent in the prison of this mortal mould,
 " Felt its ethereal energy confin'd,
 " Its brightest sunshine in dark clouds enroll'd.

" But native sense her modest course had run;
 " Her faintly lustre untaught virtue spread;
 " Health crown'd my toils, and e'er the day was done,
 " Sound sleep beneath some alder's rustling shade.

" Then, as I stole down life's declining hill,
 " Here nature's gifts had furnish'd nature's needs,
 " The brook's cold beverage every latent ill
 " Had starv'd, that cloyster'd contemplation feeds.

Till,

" Till, in the peaceful shade of this lone bower,
 " Or near yon shattered tower in silence laid,
 " The orient orb, that watch'd my natal hour,
 " Had brightly glitter'd o'er my mouldering head."



T O S I C K N E S S.

E L E G Y II.

HOW blith the flowery graces of the Spring
 From nature's wardrobe come: and hark how gay
 Each glittering insect, hovering on the wing,
 Sings their glad welcome to the fields of May.

They gaze, with greedy eye, each beauty o'er;
 They suck the sweet breath of the blushing rose;
 Sport in the gale, or sip the rainbow shower;
 Their life's short day no pause of pleasure knows.

Like their's, dread power, my chearful morn display'd
 The flattering promise of a golden noon,
 Till each gay cloud, that sportive nature spread,
 Died in the gloom of thy distemper'd frown.

Yes, ere I told my two and twentieth year,
 Swift from thy quiver flew the deadly dart;
 Harmless it past 'mid many a blithe compeer,
 And found its fated entrance near my heart.

Pale as I lay beneath thy ebon wand,
 I saw them rove thro' pleasure's flowery field;
 I saw health paint them with her rosy hand,
 Eager to burst my bonds, but forc'd to yield.

Yet while this mortal cot of mouldering clay
 Shakes at the stroke of thy tremendous power,
 Ah must the transient tenant of a day
 Bear the rough blast of each tempestuous hour!

Say, shall the terrors thy pale flag unfolds,
 Too rigid queen! unnerve the soul's bright powers,
 Till with a joyless smile the eye beholds
 Art's magic charms, and nature's fairy bowers.

No, let me follow still, those bowers among,
 Her flowery footsteps, as the goddess goes;
 Let me, just lifted 'bove th' unletter'd throng,
 Read the few books the learned few compose.

And suffer, when thy awful pleasure calls
 The soul to share her frail companion's smart,
 Yet suffer me to taste the balm that falls,
 From friendship's tongue, so sweet upon the heart.

Then, tho' each trembling nerve confess thy frown,
 Ev'n till this anxious being shall become
 But a brief name upon a little stone,
 Without one murmur I embrace my doom.

For many a virtue, shelter'd from mankind,
 Lives calm with thee, and lord o'er each desire;
 And many a feeble frame, whose mighty mind
 Each muse has touch'd with her immortal fire.

Even ° he, sole terror of a venal age,
 The tuneful bard, whose philosophic soul,
 With such bright radiance glow'd on virtue's page,
 Learn'd many a lesson from thy moral school.

He P too, who " mounts and keeps his distant way,"
 His daring mind thy humanizing glooms
 Have temper'd with a melancholy ray,
 And taught to warble 'mid the village tombs.

Yes, goddess, to thy temple's deep recess
 I come; and lay for ever at its door
 The firen throng of follies numberless,
 Nor wish their flattering songs should sooth me more.

Thy decent garb shall o'er my limbs be spread,
 Thy hand shall lead me to thy sober train,
 Who here retir'd, with pensive pleasure tread
 The silent windings of thy dark domain.

° Mr. Pope.

P Mr. Gray.

Hither the cherub Charity shall fly
 From her bright orb, and brooding o'er my mind,
 For misery raise a sympathizing sigh,
 Pardon for foes, and love for humankind.

Then while Ambition's trump, from age to age
 Its slaughter'd millions boasts; while Fame shall rear
 Her deathless trophies o'er the bard and sage,
 Be mine the widow's sigh, the orphan's prayer.



ODE TO LIBERTY.

BY MR. HUDSON.

THE fable queen of shades retires,
 Encircled with her fading fires;
 Yok'd to her iron car, the dragons fly,
 With slow wing blackening many a league of sky.
 Go, melancholy goddess, go;
 Nurse of despondency and woe.
 'Tis time: the cock's shrill clarion calls
 The dawn, and strikes the prowling wolf with fear,
 And bids the phantoms disappear,
 That glimmer 'midst yon mouldering walls:
 They startle at the sound,
 And gliding o'er the trackless ground,

Loth,

Loth, to their marble mansions haste away.
 No more their livid lightnings play :
 The terrors of ærial tumults cease,
 Hush'd to serenity and smiling peace.

For, lo! in heaven's ambrosial bowers,
 Wak'd by the stationary hours,
 Parent of day, the morn unveils her eyes,
 And vermeil blushes streak the orient skies :
 How nature triumphs at the sight,
 Renew'd in all her beauty bright!
 Her fragrant groves their incense yield;
 The zephyrs, from her humid stores, diffuse
 The sweetness of mellifluous dews;
 And pleasure paints the lillied field.

Here, gilt with splendid rays,
 The spires and lofty turrets blaze;
 There the canals reflect a pleasing gleam;
 While dancing down the pebbly stream
 The silver radiance cheers the feather'd throng,
 Woods, hills, and dales re-echo with their song.

Thus, like the morn, will fairest Freedom come,

In majesty divine,
 With dawning glory to disperse the gloom
 Of dire Oppression; and illume the mind
 To darkness and despondency confin'd.

Arise, O Liberty! 'tis thine
 The charms of nature to refine;

With blooming hope and harmony to please,
 To crown with plenty, and to bless with ease,
 To light up awful Virtue's living ray,
 And pour the flood of intellectual day.

Place me in Afric's desert lands,
 Where Thirst sits gaping on the sands;
 If there auspicious Freedom fix her seat,
 'Midst burning blasts, I'll hail the rude retreat;
 Soon shall the wild, more polish'd grown,
 Admire new beauties, not her own:
 Sage Industry shall dig the well
 Capacious, yawning many a fathom deep;
 While lowing herds, and bleating sheep,
 Stand frequent in the cooling cell:
 Soon shall the mantling vine
 Be taught around the palm to twine;
 And social arts the stranger Naiads wake,
 That sleep beneath the distant lake,
 Curious to view young Commerce gayly roam,
 And bring full harvests to his barren home.

Place me beneath the gelid zone,
 Near winter's adamant throne,
 Where farthest ocean foams with icy roar
 Along the bleak, inhospitable shore:
 If Freedom to the smoky dome
 With fur-cloath'd mortals deign to roam;

Thro'

Thro' snowy wastes the dome I'll seek:
 What hinders to enjoy the freezing year!
 For Property will there appear;
 And chearful Health, with rosy cheek,
 Pursue the panting prey;
 Or, mindful of the lengthen'd day,
 Sit chaunting on the mountain's chrystal brow,
 Where hanging torrents shine below;
 Nor will Cimmerian Sleep forget to bring
 Safe slumbers, waving at his downy wing.

Come then, Celestial, let thy wish'd return
 This happier clime serene;
 This happier clime, if Rome thy absence mourn,
 No more with smiles of pleasure entertains,
 Nor Baia's groves, nor rich Campania's plains:
 Heartless we view the splendid scene
 Of turrets, and the painted green;
 Heartless the music of the groves we hear,
 As when, new harness'd out by Wrath and Fear,
 Night's chariot moves in storms; and thunders hurl'd
 Roll their broad terrors round the groaning world.



O D E T O F A N C Y,

BY THE SAME.

WHERE art thou, Fancy, visionary maid?
Whose lenient artifice and easy aid
Can quell the fierce disorders of the breast,
And soothe the pensive soul to rest?
Whether along the daisy bank reclin'd,
With foliage veil'd, you court the fanning wind,
Or by the brook's loquacious channel stray,
Where the deep dimpled eddies play;
Haste thee, from the blended glow
Of beauties in yon lucid bow,
With fine spun light, and golden beams,
Softly weave thy waking dreams:
Bid the rang'd ideas fly,
Opening to the ravish'd eye
A glimpse of bliss, where gay Desire is found
Sporting with Youth while music wakes around,
Behold the variegated prospect rise!
What gallant harmony! what glad surprise!
The sweet Mygdonian pipe with rural strains
Collects the nymphs and shepherd swains.

Secure

Secure in yonder vale their fleecy breed,
 And heifers 'midst the neighbouring pastures feed.
 Meanwhile, with flowrets deck'd, each blithsome pair
 Have bid adieu to pine and care.

See them hand in hand advance
 Circling in the smooth pac'd dance;
 Now to numbers quaint they stray,
 Bounding on the mazy way!

The goldfinch and the linnet nigh
 Join the simple minstrelsy:

The simple notes, and merry gambols fire
 (Plac'd by the hawthorn-hedge) each ancient fire.

But see! where Solitude, of sober mien,
 With Health and Modesty, her charming maids,
 Leaving the straw-roof'd neighbourhood, is seen
 To rove beneath the venerable shades!
 O harmless cottages! O happy glades!

Where no misfortunes factious rage deplore,
 No discontent the quiet breast invades:
 How pleasant 'tis from this far season'd shore
 To hear the tumbling ocean's wavy roar!
 Now whither, with the sun-beam's darting speed,
 Thy rapt enthusiast, Fancy, wilt thou lead?
 What other scenes of more sincere delight
 The goddess and her guest invite?

She,

She, like the Sybil with her golden bough,
 Descends to search the sacred realms below.
 In amaranthine bowers the blest appear,
 By pearly grot or fountain clear:
 To heroes ghosts, or scepter'd kings,
 The laurell'd bard divinely sings.
 Hark! the animating strains
 Warble thro' th' Elysian plains:
 When the pause admits delay
 Thus th' immortals seem to say,
 (Closing the accents of each tuneful voice)
 "For ever thus, for ever we rejoice."

What sad transition! means this rising show
 To drive out real pain with fancied woe?
 I see the mourners in the darken'd room,
 The rustic hearse, the letter'd tomb.
 Still, still the wayward, wild ideas take
 The solemn livery of death, and wake
 Tender-ey'd pity, as the village train
 The shrouded husbandman sustain.
 What semblances of wretched plight
 'Mid the procession strike the sight!
 Ah! 'tis Grief herself appears,
 Her flowing tresses steep'd in tears;
 Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
 Reckless of th' inclement air
 Three orphan children mark their mother's moan,
 Hang down their heads, and answer groan for groan.

Hence, hence, ye hapless images; away
 Delusive Fancy; with thy subtle heat
 No more thy vain machinery display,
 Now the dark grave, and now the green retreat:
 Contentment's truth surpasses thy deceit.

Sister of Wisdom she; of aspect mild:
 Who makes the golden mean her certain seat,
 And looks on casualty as nature's child;
 To heaven's behests still nobly reconcil'd.

ODE ON TRUE GREATNESS.

BY THE SAME.

LET who will climb the towery steep
 Of sovereignty, with slippery strides,
 Where, on the bosom of the deep
 Below, the pitchy pinnacle rides:
 A death's head flag, unfurl'd to view,
 Waves ghastly; and a fable crew
 Gaze from the deck, and seem to wait,
 Dash'd down the pointed rocks, the rash unfortunate.
 Mine be the low and level way,
 Amid the quiet vale to stray,

Safe

Safe in some sylvan lodge to dwell,
 And lull'd by the clear stream that speeds
 By shallow fords to rustling reeds,
 And small lakes, fring'd with homely aspodel.

There sits the calm, the rural sage,
 With nature's volume fair in view;
 And meditates the shining page

Replete with wonders ever new;
 While Wisdom points, on either hand,
 Where plants, and herbs, and flowrets stand

In emerald groves, and shadowy glades,
 In furzy moors, or musky-smelling meads.

Truth, in her liquid glass serene,
 To him explains each moral scene:

Oft, in the downward skies, a train
 Of tinsel insects he surveys,

Or glow-worm, with fallacious blaze,
 Just emblem of court greatness, frail and vain.

Oft in his woodland walk he stops to mark
 The spirited and youthful lark,

Warn'd by the dawning in the dappled east,
 Lift his melodious flight thro' upper air;
 Late the low tenant of the rushy nest

Now sings unrival'd in his radiant sphere.
 The pondering hermit then sees Merit roam,
 Above the nurslings of the courtly dome,
 On Glory's sparkling wheels, rais'd from its humble dome.

First

First of the families of fame,
 That Rome's imperial city grace,
 From rural huts and hamlets came

The Fabian and Fabrician race;
 With that firm judge that could condemn
 And banish the proud diadem.

To Sabine fields she owes the vine,
 Whose tendrils yet round Virtue's column twine;
 Which braves Oppression's wintry breath,
 And stands the icy touch of Death.

The leafless flock, that Fortune dooms
 To wither, with returning spring
 (While the glad flocks of Freedom sing)
 Profuse of promis'd sweets, with double vigour bloom.

Hark! hark! 'tis Brutus' name I hear,
 Join'd with his fair, heroic bride;
 To Honour's hallow'd fane they steer

Along the favourable tide;
 To her and Safety there to place
 The tablet, vow'd to human race:
 Blow, every kind and gentle gale
 Of gratitude, and fan the swelling sail.

High on a fleecy couch reclin'd,
 Of white and amber clouds combin'd,
 Rome's genius lifts his august head;
 Now slow descending nearer draws,
 Hail'd with the popular applause,
 And bids the solemn pageantry proceed.

Go,

Go, the triumphal ornaments display;
 Ye sacred Salii lead the way:
 Next led the order of Patrician blood,
 In awful march a numerous train compose,
 And follow'd by the jubilating crowd;
 As Cybelé thro' Phrygian cities goes,
 Majestic, and with golden turrets crown'd:
 A hundred gods her gorgeous car furround,
 A thousand tongues acclaim; the clanging cymbals sound.



ODE TO CONCORD:

BY THE SAME.

SOUL of the world, first mover, say,
 From thee what glorious being came,
 Powerful to raise this universal frame?
 Who taught the ponderous wheels to play?
 Gave beauty to look forth with radiant eyes,
 And cloath'd with ambient day the chrystal skies?
 'Twas Concord, who enthron'd above,
 With sevenfold adamant chains
 The path of wandering orbs restrains,
 Kindles the genial fire of love,
 And walks the courts of genuine light,
 (While all heaven hails the wonders of her sight)

Where

Where Bliss has banish'd Chance, and fore Annoy,
And Goodness fills the cup of general joy.

Nor is she to the heavens confin'd;

Forth on the morning's wings she rides,
She skims the glowing evening's purple tides,
And leaves the setting sun behind.

Where doves sit cooing at the noon-tide hour,
And linnets warble in the woodbine bower;

Where the pale moon her lustre spreads,

The love-lorn bird divides her song,

The soft flute sooths the rural throng,
And dew drops load the flowrets' heads;

Where the ingenuous chorus sings,

The delicate touch flies o'er the trembling strings,

From the gilt roof the symphony rebounds;

Thine, goddess, are the charms, and thine the silver sounds.

The buxom air, the saphire main,

All height and depth confess thy gracious reign;

But chief is thy delight to dwell

Lodg'd in the human breast, thy dearest cell.

Favour and friendship meet thee there,

And tender transport with the gushing tear:

There wedlock at thy altar bends,

There halcyon peace securely broods;

And meek tranquillity attends

To quell unruly rage, and sooth the swelling floods.

Now

Now by the magic of thy tongue,
 That call'd up first the rolling spheres;
 Thro' the gay circle of revolving years,
 With rapturous sounds of mystic song,
 Attun'd in heavenly harmony to run :
 And by the virtue of th' enchanting zone,
 Which when the fair Idalian queen
 Accepts, with universal sway,
 The smiles and winning passions play
 In her resistless look and mien;
 The loves thy heavenly gift admire,
 And tip their little darts with lambent fire ;
 Fresh wreaths the graces bring, and form the round,
 Where rising daisies mark the measur'd ground.

Now by the rosy mildness sweet,
 Of which when youthful spring awakes,
 From thy abundance amply she partakes,
 What time the silk-plum'd zephyrs meet
 In Saba's groves, to kiss the bending blooms
 With balmy lips, and wanton in perfumes :
 And by the ripened, redolent grace,
 When summer in the Persian fields
 To sober-seeming Autumn yields
 Her treasures on the loaded sprays,
 The sky-rob'd plum, the purple vine,
 The velvet peach, and damask nectarine ;
 While Plenty, waving her Hesperian bough,
 Gladdens Pomona with the golden show.

Great

Great goddess! with the words of peace
 Bid this wild uproar of contention cease;
 Bid Amity, with gentle ray,
 The woes that lowr on faction's brow display.
 Shall Rome to thee a rebel prove?
 For hellish hate abandon heavenly love?
 Here, gentle Concord, on each breast
 Let thy spring-sweetness bland distil,
 Here thy ambrosial fragrance rest,
 And all mankind obey thy sovereign will.



A F R A G M E N T.

BY MR. MALLETT.

* * * * *

FAIR morn ascends: soft zephyr's wing
 O'er hill and vale renews the spring:
 Where, sown profusely, herb and flower,
 Of balmy smell, of healing power,
 Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
 And breathe fresh life in every gale.
 Here, spreads a green expanse of plains,
 Where sweetly-pensive Silence reigns;
 And there at utmost stretch of eye,
 A mountain fades into the sky;
 While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
 A river rolls with sounding sweep,

Of human art no traces near,
I seem alone with Nature here!

Here are thy walks, O sacred Health!
The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth!
The seasoning of all good below!
The sovereign friend in joy or woe!
O Thou, most courted, most despis'd,
And but in absence duly priz'd!
Power of the soft and rosy face!
The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,
The spirits when they gayest shine,
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
O sun of life! whose heavenly ray
Lights up and cheers our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till Nature with thy parting light
Reposes late in Death's calm night:
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,
Abodes of splendid pain, and hate;
Fled from the couch, where in sweet sleep
Hot Riot would his anguish steep,
But tosses thro' the midnight shade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to shady cell,
Where Temperance, where the Muses dwell,
Thou oft art seen, at early dawn
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In silence feasting ear and eye,

With

With song and prospect, which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the sun, with noon-tide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
With Thirst and Langtor in his train,
All nature sickening in the blaze:
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring steep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolness has her seat.

There, plung'd amid the shadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flowery nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf shivering in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The distant woodman's echoing stroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in vision led,
He holds high converse with the dead;
Sages, or Poets. See they rise!
And shadowy skim before his eyes.
Hark! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
That soften'd savages to men:
Lo! Socrates, the Sent of heaven,
To whom it's moral will was given.

H :

Fathers

Fathers and friends of humankind,
 They form'd the nations, or refin'd,
 With all that mends the head and heart,
 Enlightening truth, adorning art.

While thus I mus'd beneath the shade,
 At once the founding breeze was laid:
 And Nature, by the unknown law
 Shook deep with reverential awe:
 Dumb silence grew upon the hour;
 A browner night involv'd the bower:
 When issuing from the inmost wood,
 Appear'd fair Freedom's Genius good.
 O Freedom! sovereign boon of heaven;
 Great Charter with our being given;
 For which the patriot and the sage
 Have plann'd, have bled thro' every age!
 High privilege of human race,
 Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
 Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
 What but from God immediate came!

* * * * *

ON THE DEATH OF LADY ANSON.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF HARDWICKE, HER FATHER, 1761.

BY THE SAME.

O CROWN'D with honor, blest with length of days,
Thou whom the wise revere, the worthy praise;
Just guardian of those laws thy voice explain'd,
And meriting all titles thou hast gain'd—
Tho' still the fairest from heaven's bounty flow;
For good and great no monarch can bestow:
Yet thus, of health, of fame, of friends possess'd,
No fortune, Hardwicke, is sincerely blest.
All humankind are sons of sorrow born:
The great must suffer, and the good must mourn.

For say, can Wisdom's self, what late was thine,
Can Fortitude, without a sigh, resign?
Ah no! when Love, when Reason, hand in hand,
O'er the cold urn consenting Mourners stand,
The firmest heart dissolves to softness here;
And Piety applauds the falling tear.
Those sacred drops, by virtuous weakness shed,
Adorn the living, while they grace the dead:
From tender thought their source unblam'd they draw,
By Heaven approv'd, and true to Nature's law.

When his lov'd Child the Roman could not save,
 Immortal Tully, from an early grave ⁹,
 No common forms his home-felt passion kept;
 The sage, the patriot, in the parent, wept.
 And O! by grief ally'd, as join'd in fame,
 The same thy loss, thy sorrows are the same.
 She whom the Muses, whom the Loves deplore,
 Even she, thy pride and pleasure, is no more:
 In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,
 Lost to thy hopes, and silent in the tomb.

O Season mark'd by mourning and despair!
 Thy blasts how fatal to the young and fair?
 For vernal freshness, for the balmy breeze,
 Thy tainted winds came pregnant with disease;
 Sick Nature sunk before the mortal breath,
 That scatter'd fever, agony, and death!
 What funerals has thy cruel ravage spread!
 What eyes have flow'd! what noble bosoms bled!

Here let Reflection fix her sober view:
 O think, who suffer, and who sigh with you.
 See, rudely snatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
 Bright Granby from a youthful husband's arms!
 In climes far distant, see that husband mourn;
 His arms revers'd, his recent laurel torn!

⁹ Tullia died about the age of two and thirty. She is celebrated for her filial piety; and for having added, to the usual graces of her sex, the more solid accomplishments of knowledge and polite letters.

Behold

Behold again, at Fate's imperious call,
 In one dread instant blooming Lincoln fall!
 See her lov'd Lord with speechless anguish bend!
 And, mixing tears with his, thy noblest friend,
 Thy Pelham turn on heaven his streaming eye:
 Again in Her, he sees a Brother die.

And He, who long, unshaken and serene,
 Had Death, in each dire form of terror, seen,
 Thro' worlds unknown, o'er unknown oceans tost,
 By Love subdu'd, now weeps a Comfort lost:
 Now, sunk to fondness, all the man appears,
 His front dejected, and his soul in tears!

Yet more: nor thou the muse's voice disdain,
 Who fondly tries to soothe a Father's pain—
 Let thy calm eye survey the suffering ball:
 See kingdoms round thee verging to their fall!
 What spring had promis'd, and what autumn yields,
 The bread of thousands ravish'd from their fields!
 See youth and age, th' ignoble and the great,
 Swept to one grave, in one promiscuous fate!
 Hear Europe groan! hear all her nations mourn!
 And be a private wound with patience borne.

Think too: and Reason will confirm the thought:
 Thy cares, for Her, are to their period brought.
 Yes, She, fair pattern to a failing age,
 With wit, chastis'd, with sprightly temper, sage;
 Whom each endearing name could recommend,
 Whom all became, wife, sister, daughter, friend,

Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice unstain'd,
 The prize of virtue has, for ever gain'd!
 From life escap'd, and safe on that calm shore
 Where sin, and pain, and error are no more,
 She now no change, nor you a fear can feel:
 Death, to her fame, has fix'd th' eternal seal!



EDWIN AND EMMA.

BY THE SAME.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a sheltering wood,
 The safe retreat of Health and Peace,
 An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
 Beneath a mother's eye;
 Whose only wish on earth was now
 To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads
 Gaye colour to her cheek:
 Such orient colour smiles thro' heaven,
 When vernal mornings break.

Nor

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains:
That sun, who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lilly deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught:
Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employ'd.

The

The Father too, a fordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing passions strove:
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanemere's wintry waste,
Beneath the moon-light shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast:
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
 Hung o'er his dying-bed;
 And weary'd heaven with fruitless vows,
 And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past! he cry'd—but if your souls
 Sweet mercy yet can move,
 Let these dim eyes once more behold
 What they must ever love!

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
 And bath'd with many a tear:
 Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
 So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
 A cruel sister she!
 Forbade what Emma came to say;
 " My Edwin, live for me."

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
 The church-yard path along,
 The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
 Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
 Her startling fancy found
 In every bush his hovering shade,
 His groan in every sound.

Alone,

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
 The visionary vale—
 When, lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
 Sad founding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
 Her aged mother's door:
 He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see
 That angel-face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
 Beat high against my side—
 From her white arm down sunk her head,
 She shivering sigh'd, and died.

AN ELEGY ON A PILE OF RUINS.

BY J. CUNNINGHAM.

IN the full prospect yonder hill commands
 O'er forests, fields, and vernal-coated plains;
 The vestige of an ancient abbey stands,
 Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains.

Half

Half buried, there, lie many a broken bust,
 And obelisk, and urn, o'erthrown by time;
 And many a cherub, here, descends in dust
 From the rent roof, and portico sublime.

The rivulets, oft frightened at the sound,
 Of fragments tumbling from the towers on high,
 Plunge to their source in secret caves profound,
 Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

Where reverend shrines in gothic grandeur stood,
 The nettle, or the noxious night-shade, spreads;
 And ashlings, wafted from the neighbouring wood,
 Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

There Contemplation, to the crowd unknown,
 Her attitude compos'd, and aspect sweet!
 Sits musing on a monumental stone,
 And points to the memento at her feet.

Soon as sage evening check'd day's sunny pride,
 I left the mantling shade, in moral mood;
 And, seated by the maid's sequester'd side,
 Thus sigh'd, the mouldering ruins as I view'd.

Inexorably calm, with silent pace,
 Here Time has pass'd—What ruin marks his way!
 This pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd base,
 Turn'd not his step, nor could his course delay.

Religion

Religion rais'd her supplicating eyes
 In vain; and Melody, her song sublime:
 In vain, Philosophy, with maxims wise,
 Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time!

Yet the hoar tyrant, tho' not mov'd to spare,
 Relented when he struck its finish'd pride;
 And, partly the rude ravage to repair,
 The tottering towers with twisted ivy tied:

How solemn is the cell o'ergrown with moss,
 That terminates the view yon cloister'd way!
 In the crush'd wall a time-corroded cross,
 Religion like, stands mouldering in decay!

Where the mild sun, thro' faint-encypher'd glafs,
 Illum'd with mellow light that brown-brow'd isle;
 Many rapt hours might Meditation pass,
 Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile!

And Piety, with mystic-meaning beads,
 Bowing to saints on every side inurn'd,
 Trod oft the solitary path, that leads
 Where now the sacred altar lies o'erturn'd!

Thro' the grey grove, betwixt those withering trees,
 'Mongst a rude group of monuments, appears
 A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
 Half wasted, like a Niobe in tears:

Low levell'd in the dust her darling's laid;
Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;
Nor could maternal piety dissuade,
Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

The relics of a mitred saint may rest,
Where, mouldering in the nich, his statue stands;
Now nameless, as the crowd that kiss'd his vest,
And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illustrious chieftain lie;
As trac'd upon the time-unletter'd tomb,
The trophies of a broken fame imply.

Ah! what avails, that o'er the vassal plain,
His rights and rich demesnes extended wide?
That honour, and her knights, compos'd his train,
And chivalry stood marshall'd by his side!

Tho' to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the desperate foe;
Tho' deem'd invincible, the conqueror, Time,
Levell'd the fabric, as the founder, low.

Where the light lyre gave many a softening sound,
Ravens and rooks, the birds of discord dwell;
And where society sat sweetly crown'd,
Eternal solitude has fix'd her cell.

The.

The lizard, and the lazy lurking bat,
 Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room;
 Where the sage matron and her maidens sat,
 Sweet-finging at the silver-working loom.

The traveller's bewilder'd on a waste;
 And the rude winds incessant seem to roar,
 Where, in his groves with arching arbours grac'd,
 Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
 To pure canals, a crystal cool supply!
 In the deep dust their barren beauties hide:
 Time's thirst, unquenchable, has drain'd them dry!

Tho' his rich hours in revelry were spent
 With Comus, and the laughter-loving crew;
 And the sweet brow of beauty, still unbent,
 Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew:

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they must;
 Not to be stay'd by masque, or midnight roar!
 Nor shall a pulse, amongst that mouldering dust,
 Beat wanton at the smiles of beauty more!

Can the deep statesman, skill'd in great design,
 Protract, but for a day, precarious breath;
 Or the tun'd follower of the sacred nine,
 Soothe, with his melody, infatiate Death?

No—tho' the palace bar her golden gate,
 Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around ;
 Unerring, and unseen, the shaft of fate
 Strikes the devoted victim to the ground !

What then avails ambition's wide-stretch'd wing,
 The schoolman's page, or pride of beauty's bloom !
 The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
 Levell'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

The Macedonian monarch, wife and good,
 Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
 Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
 " Philip ! remember, thou'rt no more than man.

" Tho' glory spread thy name from pole to pole ;
 " Tho' thou art merciful, and brave, and just ;
 " Philip, reflect, thou'rt posting to the goal,
 " Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust !"

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,
 (Ægypt and Syria's wide domains subdued)
 Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
 Sigh'd, when the perishable pomp he view'd :

And as he rode, high in his regal car,
 In all the purple pride of conquest dress'd ;
 Conspicuous, o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
 Plac'd, pendent on a spear, his burial vest :

While thus the herald cried—" This son of power,
 " This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd;
 " May, in the space of one revolving hour,
 " Boast of no other spoil, but yonder shroud!"

Search where Ambition rag'd, with rigour steel'd;
 Where Slaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran;
 And say, while Memory weeps the blood-stain'd field,
 Where lies the chief, and where the common man?

Vain are the pyramids, and motto'd stones,
 And monumental trophies rais'd on high!
 For time confounds them with the crumbling bones,
 That mix'd in hasty graves unnotic'd lie.

Rests not, beneath the turf, the peasant's head,
 Soft as the lord's, beneath the labour'd tomb?
 Or sleeps one colder, in his close clay bed,
 Than t'other, in the wide vaul.'s dreary womb?

Hither let Luxury lead her loose-rob'd train;
 Here flutter Pride, on purple-painted wings:
 And, from the moral prospect, learn—how vain
 The wish, that sighs for sublunary things.

ODE TO SLEEP.

BY MR. H——.

I.

FRRIEND to the gloomy shade of night!
Vast source of fanciful delight!

Power! whose care-dissolving sway,
The slave that pants o'er Indian hills,
The wretch whom snow-girt Zembla chills,

And wide creation's fertile race obey;
The joyous choristers that flit in air,
The mutes that dwell beneath the silver flood,
The savage howling o'er th' affrighted wood,
And man, th' imperious lord of all, thy power declare.

II.

Thy magic wand can oft restrain
The miser's sordid hopes of gain;
Can make each heart-felt trouble cease:
Or from the sickening thought suspend
The image of a dying friend;

And lull Suspicion's wakeful eyes in peace.
If thou but soothe the faithful lover's rest,
No fond remembrance of each parting sigh,
Of beauty's smile, or pity's streaming eye,
In grief's soft moments steal around his aching breast.

III.

Fair virtue's friend! thou ne'er shalt shed
 Thy blessings o'er the impious head,
 Or 'midst the noise of crowds be found;
 Thy balm-distilling sweets alone
 To ermin'd Innocence are known,
 And gay Content with rural garlands crown'd.
 By thee the shadow-trembling murderer's guilt
 With doubled terror wrings the tortur'd soul,
 The purpled steel, the life-destructive bowl,
 Recall the baleful horrors of the blood he spilt.

IV.

When by some pale and livid light
 I cheat the tedious hours of night,
 Indulging o'er the Attic page:
 The dying taper warns to rest,
 Thy visions seize my ravish'd breast,
 And pictur'd beauties real woes assuage.
 O'er Helicon^r my bleating lambs I guard,
 Or mix'd with dull Bœotia's simple swains
 Protect my flocks in humble Ascra's plains,
 And view the sky-born sisters hail their favourite bard.

V.

Methinks I hear the Theban lyre:
 I feel my ravish'd soul aspire:

^r Hesiod is said to have led the life of a shepherd on mount Helicon, where, as he relates in his Theogony, the Muses appeared to him, and adopted him in their service. V. 24.

The nymphs surround the infant boy.
 Already conscious of his fame
 The festive choirs their hopes proclaim,
 While Pan exults with uncouth signs of joy;
 For thee ^s, sole glory of thy abject race,
 The thyme-fed bees their luscious sweets diffuse,
 To soothe the numbers of thy copious muse,
 And in Bœotia fix each coy reluctant grace.

VI.

Oft fir'd with Bacchanalian rage,
 The ^t Father of the Grecian stage
 In terror clad annoys my rest;
 I feel unnumber'd horrors rise!
 The fight forsakes my swimming eyes,
 While hissing furies rush upon my breast.
 In solemn pomp, I see old Gela mourn,
 Dissolv'd in grief beside the poet's grave
 To sorrowing sounds he lulls each plaintive wave,
 His willows fading and his sea-green mantle torn.

^s Pindar: whose birth the Nymphs and Pan are said to have solemnized with dances: we are likewise told, that in his infancy the bees fed him with their honey. He was born at Thebes, the capital of Bœotia, a province remarkable for the dulness of its inhabitants, of which he himself takes notice in his Olympics.

^t Æschylus, who was reported never to have wrote but when inspirited by wine; he had a particular genius for terrifying the audience: of which the Chorus of Furies in his Eumenides is a remarkable and well known instance. He was buried near the river Gela, where the tragedians performed dramas at his tomb.

VII.

With longing taste, with eager lip,
 In raptur'd visions oft I sip
 The honeys of the tragic ^u bee;
 Whose strains could every tempest quell,
 Could every noxious blast dispell,
 And still the hollow roaring of the sea.
 Whose powerful fancy, whose exhaustless vein,
 Whose daring genius, whose triumphant wing,
 Deep source from whence ten thousand rivers spring,
 Just bounds could limit, and each rigid rule restrain.

VIII.

How oft inspir'd with magic dread,
 By fancy to the cave I'm led
 Where sits the wise Piérian * sage;
 With piercing eye, with pensive mind,
 In attic solitude reclin'd,
 Stern virtue's precepts chill the poet's rage.
 Blest bard! whose muse, mid mildest morals strong,
 Could each rebellious appetite controul,
 Could wake each tender feeling of the soul,
 And deck instruction in the pleasing charms of song.

^u Sophocles, who, it is said, was able to check the fury of the winds and sea. Philostratus de Vita Apollonii Tyanei, lib. viii. pag. 393.

* Euripides, who, we learn from Aul. Gellius lib. xv. cap. 23, pag. 418. was reported to have wrote many of his tragedies in an old melancholy cave. He was generally distinguished by the epithet of Wise.

IX. With

IX.

With patriot ardor I behold
 The ^y mirthful muse for freedom bold;
 Tho' chaste, severe; tho' poignant, sweet;
 For long uncertain where to rest,
 At length upon the poet's breast
 The sportive Graces fix'd their gay retreat.
 With simpler strains the ^z Doric muses charm,
 And oft to nobler themes of heavenly praise
 As Lybia's ^a poet hymns his solemn lays,
 The wanton Teian ^b loves each chaster thought difarm.

X.

Thus may thy languid charms dispense
 Their blessings o'er my ravish'd sense
 By thee to Attic worlds convey'd.
 'Thus if at Juno's ^c fond request
 Thou e'er on Ida's top oppress
 Th' Almighty Thunderer with thy dewy shade,
 To soothe one mortal thy fond care employ!
 And, Morpheus, thus may thy mild Lethéan powers,
 For ever hovering round my midnight hours,
 Thro' Fancy's mirror wrap me in idéal joy.

^y Aristophanes, who is esteemed to have been of singular service to the commonwealth, by representing to his fellow-citizens the pernicious designs of their leading men.

^z Theocritus.

^a Callimachus.

^b Anacreon.

^c Alluding to a passage in Homer. Iliad = V. 233.



O D E O N B E A U T Y.

To * * * * *

BY THE SAME.

I.

AND wilt thou, Romeo, still maintain
That Beauty holds a boundless reign,
Soft power, by all confess!
See'st thou the coward and the brave,
The free-born Briton and the slave,
With equal rapture blest?

II.

The gods indulgent to mankind
The tenderest passions of the mind
With frugal hands dispense:
For faithless I can ne'er believe,
That rude untutor'd hearts perceive
The finer joys of sense.

III.

Mark but the ruthless Indian's soul,
Which no ingenuous thoughts controul,
Where Pity never dwelt:
By Beauty, Fancy's loveliest child,
Mid lorn Savannahs waste and wild,
With human feelings melt!

IV. Behold

IV.

Behold the powerful charm assuage
The hoary lion's lawless rage:

He owns the wanton fire;
And lordly roaming o'er the plain
Singles the fairest of his train
To feed the loose desire!

V.

But would'st thou feel a purer flame
Than ev'n the warmest wish can frame,
By much too fine to cloy;
Far, far beyond that aking breast,
With which the village-hind's oppress'd,
Who idly terms it joy?

VI.

Has heaven indulgent to thy make
Form'd thee to every sense awake,
Blithe hope, or frantic fear?
Can human miseries steal a sigh,
Or from thy soft consenting eye
Can pity draw the tear?

VII.

Canst thou with wild Othello glow
In all his maddening jealous woe,
By Love's dark doubts distress'd?
With treacherous Jaffier dost thou feel
Th' impending tortures of the wheel,
That wound his guilty breast?

VIII. Tell

VIII.

Tell me, can Pindar's lofty strain,
Luxuriant Fancy's fruitful vein,

The noblest thoughts infuse?
Say, do you taste his generous fire,
Or canst thou feelingly expire
To Sappho's plaintive muse?

IX.

See'st thou the warmth, the grace divine,
That breathes thro' mild Correggio's line,

By heaven's peculiar care:
Does Guido wrap thee in delight?
Can Titian's colours charm thy sight?
Or Julio's godlike air?

X.

Say, does thy heart with rapture spring,
When Handel strikes the magic string,

With transport do you hear?
Or dost thou languish into pain
When soft Corelli's tender strain
Subdues the ravish'd ear?

XI.

Canst thou with Freedom's sons rejoice
To hear th' Athenian ^d patriot's voice

'Mid tyrants undismay'd;
But fails his bolder fire—O say,
Can Tully charm each sense away,
And baffle reason's aid?

^d Demosthenes.

XII. Canst

XII.

Canst thou with pity mov'd bewail
 The simple Emma's hapless tale
 And fond believing heart?
 Or say, does Eloisa's line,
 Where learning, taste, and love combine,
 A nobler flame impart?

XIII.

The Muse in mild melodious lays
 Instruction's awful voice conveys,
 And each wild wish disarms:
 While picture's arts alone can trace
 Each soften'd line, each secret grace,
 And add to Beauty's charms.

XIV.

Should Hope her lenient aid refuse,
 Tho' each disastrous day renews
 One sadden'd scene of woe,
 From pleasing symphony of sound,
 When melting notes dissolve around,
 Unnumber'd raptures flow.

XV.

Musick her sister arts may aid,
 And Poetry o'er light and shade
 Reflect her mutual fire;
 Meek suppliants all at Beauty's shrine
 In one united there shall join
 The Pencil, Muse, and Lyre.



O D E T O T A S T E.

BY THE SAME.

SAY, Goddess, wilt thou never smile
 Indulgent on Britannia's isle!
 Hither thy gentle footsteps bend,
 On Albion's sea-girt cliffs descend;
 O come, and with thy genial ray
 Chase every gloomy cloud away:
 No more shall Ignorance preside,
 Or Gothic Rage in triumph ride.
 Let Judgment, thy unshaken friend,
 With polish'd Elegance attend:
 Simplicity, meek rural queen,
 With downcast looks and modest mien,
 In loosely-flowing neat attire,
 Shall charm thee with her rustic lyre.
 To that in her enchanting court
 The frolic Graces ever sport,
 And guarded by their watchful aid,
 The finer Arts shall never fade.

Blest power! whose charms alone dispense
 A keener rapture to each sense:

If Melody enchant my breast,
 Or soothe my soften'd soul to rest:
 By thee may every strain be crown'd,
 May'st thou still harmonize each sound,
 If blooming colours seem to live,
 May you fresh life and vigour give;
 May you restrain each poet's rage,
 Or animate his purer page.
 Do'st thou his savage wrath appease,
 Ev'n Terror's giant-form can please;
 'Mid shadowy shapes in dead of night,
 That shoot across my dazzled sight;
 'Mid spectres of enormous size,
 'Mid ghosts that from their charnels rise,
 'Mid shrouded friends who solemn stalk,
 And haunt me in my midnight walk;
 While wild winds blustering round my head,
 Inspire me with poetic dread;
 Thro' closing shades o'er valleys green,
 May'st thou still solemnize the scene;
 And as the storms innoxious roll,
 Pour thy lov'd horrors o'er my soul.

Yet not alone Britannia's shore
 Thy fatal absence shall deplore.
 See old Achaia's genius mourn,
 His bosom bare, his garments torn;
 See his generous patriot breast
 By all his country's wrongs oppress.

See

See him with haughty fix'd disdain
 Lament his dastard sons in vain!
 To fairer happier climes belong
 The painter's tints, the poet's song.
 Lo! conscious of approaching night:
 Where Picture wings her destin'd flight,
 Behold dejected Sculpture stand
 Prepar'd to leave our desert land.
 Yet, Goddess, yet thy secret fire
 With wendering rapture we admire.
 By thee 'mid rugged rocks we find
 Each speaking passion of the mind.
 With awful horror we behold
 Th' immense Alcides' monstrous mould;
 While Venus, queen of soft desires,
 Each tender gentler thought inspires *.

O Alexander, not alone
 The warrior's skill to thee was known.
 Fair Science, heaven-descended maid,
 Confesses thy propitious aid:
 To thee the grateful Arts shall raise
 Eternal monuments of praise.
 Behold with thee they die away,
 To Roman ignorance a prey f,

And

* The Hercules of the Farnese and the Venus de Medicis.

f In the year of Rome 585, the Romans, under the conduct of
 P. Aemilius, in the second Macedonian war, entirely subdued
 Greece,

And lo! again in conquering Rome
 With all their usual vigour bloom;
 Again they feel the fatal blow,
 And sink beneath the Vandal foe.
 Once more the Arts began to spread;
 Once more gay Science rear'd her head:
 Alas! in vain she strove t' assuage
 The enthusiast zealot's bigot rage.^h
 Wilt thou, O Taste, again appear,
 Protectress of each circling year!
 Wilt thou in all thy wonted prime
 Review this lost unhallow'd clime;
 Or where far distant regions lie,
 'Mid dreary desarts bloom and die!
 Say, shall the stern Olympian god
 No more in living marble nod!
 Shall never Raphael charm the heart,
 Shall never Nature yield to Art,
 Shall never Maro's beauties shine,
 Except in Armstrong's classic line!

Greece, and led Persius king of Macedon in triumph. It was not till after this victory that the Romans had any taste for the fine arts.

*Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, & artes
Intulit agresti Latio, &c.*

Horace Epist. I. Lib. ii.

^g In the eighteenth year of Honorius, in the consulship of Verannes and Tertullus, Rome was besieged and taken by the Barbarians, under the conduct of Godegisil, king of the Vandals.

^h Pope Gregory, who ordered all the ancient statues and paintings to be destroyed, that there might be no remains of Heathenism.

And

And does no Leo now remain,
 Who yet shall chear thy drooping train!
 There are, who still thy aid implore,
 Who still thy fovereign power adore,
 Thy relicts with religious fear
 Fond Italy shall yet revere.

Sweet power, in simple pomp array'd
 Be all thy native charms display'd.
 Again reviving Sculpture breathes;
 Fair Science trims her blasted wreaths;
 With suppliant willing hand to thee
 The pencil Picture shall decree:
 With one consent the Muse's choir
 To thee shall dedicate the Lyre.

Come, Goddess, feast my longing sight,
 Let me direct thy pleasing flight;
 Whate'er voluptuous slaves could boast
 On fair Phæacia's sunny coast,
 Whate'er the poet's fancy taught,
 Or imag'd to his wanton thoughtⁱ:
 For thee a happier fate remains;
 You still shall view more blisful plains,
 Where the soft guardian of thy charms
 Expects thee to his longing arms:
 He shall with fixt attention gaze,
 Shall crown thee with immortal bays,

ⁱ See Homer's description of the gardens of Alcinoüs, *Odyss.* vii.
 V. 112.

With lenient hand thy cares assuage,
 Protect thee from Time's lawless rage,
 The taunt of scorn, the dark revile,
 The languid, faint-approving smile,
 The noise of Mirth, the plaintive sigh,
 And simpering Folly's heedless eye.

Would'st thou with Innocence reside,
 Behold the temple's modest pride^k;
 Or in the darksome cavern'd cell
 With solitary hermits dwell;
 Would'st thou with faint desponding air
 To melancholy vaults repair,
 With aching, sicken'd, cold review,
 Bid every sorrow stream anew:
 Here may'st thou weep thy favourite Rome,
 Sad-fighting o'er each martyr's tomb^l;
 Meek Pity, Attic maid, shall join
 Her tender social tears with thine,
 O'er every urn fresh laurels strow,
 And fondly emulate thy woe.

^k The Temple of Innocence and Hermit's Cell in the gardens at Goodwood.

^l The Catacombs at Goodwood. Those in the Via Appia near Rome are generally supposed to be caves, where the primitive christians concealed themselves from their persecutors, and interred those who were martyrs for their religion. Mr. Wright, in his Travels through Italy, vol. i. pag. 357. acquaints us, that at the mouth of some of the niches were to be seen small vials like lachrymatories tinged with red, which they esteemed an indication that the bodies of martyrs were deposited there.

Or would'st thou newer ^m worlds survey,
 Where Darkneſs holds her barren ſway,
 Where ne'er the Muſe's chaplet blew,
 Where Learning's laurel never grew;
 Where Nature to our wondering eyes
 Each ſalutary herb ſupplies:
 Where flowers their fragrant ſweets diſſuſe,
 Where trees diſtil their kindly dews;
 And bleſt with every power to heal,
 Soft ſlumbers o'er the ſenſes ſteal.
 In ſuch enchanting, artleſs ſcenes,
 'Mid bowery mazes, ſpreaſing greens,
 Sooth'd by the breezy weſtern gale,
 In ſcented grove, or rocky dale,
 Or wandering from the ruſſet cot,
 To ſeek the deep embosom'd grot,
 Beneath the orange ſhade incloſ'd,
 Or in the myrtle bower repos'd,
 Or where the flaunting flowers have wove
 With mingled ſweets the high alcove,
 Each Indian wooes his favourite mate;
 What Nature dictates they relate:
 No youths by love's cold arts are won;
 Nor maids by eaſy faith undone;
 With eye up-raiſ'd the ſimple ſwain
 Dreads not the tortures of diſdain,

^m Alluding to the American wood at Goodwood. America is, from the late diſcovery of it, called the New World.

But,

But, kneeling at his fair one's feet,
 Breathes vows unconscious of deceit :
 Each pleasing sound she fighs to hear
 Repeated on her longing ear ;
 Amaz'd, nor anxious to controul
 The mutual wishes of her soul,
 Attests each unknown power above,
 As witness of her spotless love ;
 Yet rack'd by fond distrustful fears
 Pours out her aching heart in tears,
 And tells to her admiring youth
 Sweet tales of innocence and truth.

Fancy such raptures shall suggest,
 Lov'd inmate of thy ravish'd breast ;
 Shall point where wanton zephyrs stray,
 And o'er th' unruffled ocean playⁿ.
 Or snatch thee to some wave-worn shore,
 Where fierce Atlantic surges roar :
 Where Plata with resistless force
 Thro' deserts rolls his rapid course,
 Or where Maranan proudly laves
 Waste regions with his circling waves :
 Where boundless Oroonoko fills
 His channels from a thousand hills,
 And with regardless rage destroys ;
 While twenty mouths with hideous noise,

ⁿ America is bounded on the west by the Pacific Ocean, and on the east by the Atlantic.

From some immense Peruvian steep,
 Spout his vex'd billows to the deep.
 Thus while you view the tyrant flood,
 Wild dread shall chill thy loitering blood;
 And frighted Fancy, self-amaz'd,
 Start at the phantom she had rais'd.

Should Nature's simple beauties fail,
 And Art's gay structures more prevail,
 Here too the polish'd dome is plac'd,
 With each Vitruvian beauty grac'd:
 Or wouldst thou at the early dawn
 Transport thee to the dew-clad lawn;
 Or from the mid-day fervor rove
 Beneath the silent plantane grove:
 Or with the fairy elves be seen
 In dances on the level green:
 Should baleful War, 'mid loud alarms,
 'Mid vanquish'd foes, and conquering arms,
 'Mid hosts o'erthrown, and myriads slain,
 On Britain fix his iron reign;
 Should Jove's fair daughter, oliv'd Peace,
 Bid the wild battle's tumult cease;
 In polish'd ease you still shall share
 Thy kind protector's fostering care;
 His faithful love shall still appear,
 His friendly aid shall still be near,
 His constant, his unweary'd power
 Shall lull thee in the balmy bower;

Shall watch thee o'er the dewy glade,
And guard thee from the midnight shade.

Thou too shalt all his toils repay,
Slow-lingering here with fond delay;
Here shalt thou choose thy favourite seat,
Here fix thy last, thy blest retreat;
Each old Athenian bloom regain,
And here in Attic splendor reign.

O D E

TO THE
Right Honourable the Lady * * * *,

ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE you 'mid spring's gay months deplore,
Till lessening Grief's exhausted store,
By Time subsiding fail;
The Muse, Affliction's constant friend,
With social woe shall still attend,
If aught her aid avail.

'Tis hers in life's most ruffled scene
To smooth Misfortune's angry mien,
And watch each rising sigh :
'Tis hers to bid the Guilty fear,
To wipe the virtuous starting tear
That swells in Sorrow's eye.

'Mid simple Scythian's dreary land
Her gentle, sweet, assuasive hand
Could give sad Ovid rest ;
She still in mournful numbers pleas'd,
With her the hapless exile eas'd
His sadly plaintive breast.

For thee she still shall seek the plain,
Where Severn leads his dusky train,
Or Wey's smooth waters roll ;
Her power could blunt Affliction's dart,
And fondly sooth the keener smart
Of Sappho's love-sick soul.

On you propitious she bestows
A mind too chaste for Sappho's woes,
Unstain'd by wild desire ;
She Sappho's charms in you supplies,
To me the partial power denies
The Lesbian's purer fire.

Did bounteous heaven, profusely kind,
To frame the favourite infant mind

Its fondest care employ;
How idle yet the hopes you raise
In planning of his future days,
How vain each fancy'd joy!

Had Fate prolong'd th' uncertain flame,
Nor from the weak enfeebled frame

Had life's fleet vision past;
Who knows but angry heaven had still
With every baleful bitter ill
Each future day o'ercast!

Since awful Prudence ne'er appears,
Till calmer thoughts and milder years

Each lawless wish assuage;
A fruit unknown to summer's heat,
That buds alone in life's retreat,
And only blooms in age.

*Mid Solitude's sequester'd joy
May no rude cares thy peace destroy
By sure Remembrance brought:
Nor e'er from Grief's abundant source
May dark Reflection's secret force
Recall one aching thought.

Oft as to each regardless wind
With simple notes the village-hind
Attunes his love-lorn reed,
When Night her dewy curtain spreads,
And Cynthia silver glimmerings sheds
O'er thicket, vale, and mead.

Thou too, beneath the moon's pale gleams,
Shall haunt those glades, where fairy streams
To Sorrow's softness flow;
Where Love and Grief alone have trod,
Where bending willows seem to nod,
With sympathetic woe.

Wan Melancholy 'mid the storm
Shall rear her meek dejected form,
In sable vest array'd;
While fullen Silence reigns around,
Her voice in flow and solemn sound
Shall whisper thro' the shade:

“ Stranger, draw near!—To Sorrow true
“ With me these lonesome walks review,
“ Where Horror's charms invite;
“ Daughter of Joy!—I know thy air!
“ Retract thy hurry'd steps!—nor dare
“ Profane each hallow'd rite!

“ To

“ To mix with Mirth’s mad train be thine ;
“ The dismal drearier task be mine
“ ’Mid these lorn scenes to weep !
“ My days in these still bowers immur’d,
“ By no false flattering hopes allur’d,
“ Shall one sad tenor keep.

“ Let Grief no more thy youth consume,
“ Nor fighting o’er the silent tomb
“ Thy piteous murmurs breathe.
“ Reject the gloomy cypress bough,
“ Each airy form to grace thy brow
“ Shall twine the festive wreath.

“ The Infant Shade, where-e’er you rove,
“ Shall faithful to that sacred grove
“ With sure return appear ;
“ Nor e’er his filial love shall cease,
“ He still with soothing sounds of peace
“ Shall charm thy listening ear.

“ At morn, when deep sepulchral caves,
“ When opening vaults, and yawning graves
“ Their wandering dead recall ;
“ He ne’er shall quit that fainted place
“ Till lingering in thy fond embrace
“ The shadowy tear shall fall.

“ May’st

" May'st thou, 'mid Pleasure's sons rejoice,
" Each Muse shall with according voice
" Confirm the pleasing tale."

This said—the melting Maid of Woe
Shall cease—and o'er her charms shall throw
The thin translucent veil.

The time shall come, when Fancy's power
To each slow-sorrowing pensive hour
Shall gladly bring relief;
When every care shall die away,
And wakeful Memory's gentler sway
Dissolve the reign of Grief.

Thus, by the painter's just design,
From each judicious happy line
The colours bloom or fade;
Elude the nice observer's sight,
By soft gradations dawn to light,
Or languish into shade.



SLANDER:

 SLANDER: OR, THE WITCH OF WOKEY°.

IN aunciente days tradition shows,
 A forry wicked elf arose,
 The witch of Wokey hight °,
 Oft have I heard the fearful tale,
 From Sue and Roger of the vale,
 Told out in winter night.

Deep in the dreary dismal cell
 Which seem'd, and was y-cleped hell,
 This blue-eye'd hag was sty'd;
 Nine wicked elves have legends sayne
 By night she chose her guardian train,
 All kennell'd close her side.

° Wokey-hole is a noted cavern in Somersetshire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful stories as the Sybils cave in Italy. Through a very narrow entrance, it opens into a large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickness of the gloom, cannot be discovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way underground, is crost by a stream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock: many of these are evident petrifications; which on account of their singular forms, have given rise to the fables alluded to in this poem.

° A petrification in the cavern of Wokey so called.

Here

Here screeching owls oft made their nest,
While wolves its craggy sides possess,
Night howling through the rocks;
No wholesome herb cou'd here be found,
She blasted every plant around,
And blister'd o'er the flocks.

Her haggard face so foul to see,
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to be,
With eyne of deadly leer;
She nought devis'd but neighbours ill,
On all she wreak'd her wayward will,
And marr'd all goodly cheer.

All in her prime, have poets funge,
No gaudy youth, gallante and younge
Ere blest her longing arms;
Hence rose her fell despight to vex,
And blast the youth of either sex,
By dint of hellish charms.

From Glaston came a lerned wight,
Full bent to marr her fell despight,
And well he did I ween;
Save hers, sich mischief ne'er was knowne,
And since his mickle lerninge showne,
Sich mischief ne'er has beene.

He

He chaunted out his godlie booke,
He crofs'd the water, bleſte the brooke,
Then—Pater-noſter done,
The gaſtly hag he ſprinkled o'er,
When lo! where ſtood the hag before,
Now ſtood a gaſtly ſtone.

Full well 'tis knowne adown the vale,
Tho' ſtrange may ſeem the diſmal tale
Eke wondrous may appear;
I'm bold to ſay, there's never one
That has not ſeen the witch in ſtone,
With all her houſehold gear.

But tho' this lernede clerke did well,
With grieved heart, alas I tell,
She left this curſe behind;
“ My ſex ſhall be forſaken quite,”
“ Tho' ſenſe and beauty both unite,”
“ Nor find a man that's kinde.”

Now lo e'en as this fiend did ſay,
The ſex have found it to this day,
That men are wondrous ſcante;
Here's beauty, wit, and ſenſe combin'd,
With all that's good, and virtuous join'd,
Yet ſcarce there's one gallante.

Shall

Shall such fair nymphs thus daily moan!
 They might I trow as well be stone,
 As thus forsaken dwell;
 Since Glaston now can boast no clerks
 From Oxenford come down, ye sparks,
 And help revoke the spell.

Yet stay—nor thus despond, ye fair,
 Virtue's the gods peculiar care,
 Then mark their kindly voice;
 "Your sex shall soon be blest again,"
 "We only wait to find such men"
 "As best deserve such choice."



THE IGNORANCE OF MAN.

BY JAMES MERRICK, M. A.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant, griev'd
 With hunger, thirst, and pain;
 That asks to have the wants reliev'd,
 It knows not to explain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
 And utters, as it can,
 The woes that in its bosom rise,
 And speak its nature Man.

That infant, whose advancing hour
 Life's various sorrows try,
 (Sad proof of sin's transmissive power)
 That infant, Lord! am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
 Tho' long in years mature;
 Unknowing whence I feel distress,
 And where, or what its cure.

Author of good! to thee I turn;
 Thy ever wakeful eye
 Alone can all my wants discern,
 Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
 Thy love my footsteps guide;
 That love shall vainer loves expel,
 That fear all fears beside.

And O! by error's force subdu'd,
 Since oft my stubborn will,
 Preposterous, shuns the latent good,
 And grasps the specious ill;

Not to my wish, but to my want,
 Do thou thy gifts apply:
 Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant;
 What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

T H E



THE TRIALS OF VIRTUE.

BY THE SAME.

PLac'd on the verge of Youth, my mind
Life's opening scene survey'd :
I view'd its hills of various kind,
Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers mov'd,
That Virtue's path inclose:
My heart the wise pursuit approv'd;
But O, what toils oppose!

For see, ah! see, while yet her ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile World its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.

O! how shall I, with heart prepar'd,
Those terrors learn to meet?
How from the thousand snares to guard
My unexperienc'd feet?

As

As thus I mus'd, oppressive Sleep
Soft o'er my temples drew
Oblivion's veil. The watry Deep,
An object strange and new,

Before me rose: on the wide shore
Observant as I stood,
The gathering storms around me roar,
And heave the boiling flood.

Near and more near the billows rise;
Ev'n now my steps they lave;
And Death to my affrighted eyes
Approach'd in every wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat?
Each nerve at once unstrung,
Chill Fear had fetter'd fast my feet,
And chain'd my speechless tongue.

I feel my heart within me die;
When sudden to mine ear
A voice descending from on high
Reprov'd my erring fear.

" What tho' the swelling surge thou see
" Impatient to devour?
" Rest, Mortal, rest on God's decree,
" And thankful own his power.

“ Know, when he bade the Deep appear,
“ Thus far, th’ Almighty said,
“ Thus far, nor farther, rage; and Here
“ Let thy proud waves be stay’d.

I heard: and lo! at once controul’d,
The waves in wild retreat
Back on themselves reluctant roll’d,
And murm’ring left my feet.

Deeps to assembling Deeps in vain
Once more the signal gave:
The shores the rushing weight sustain,
And check th’ usurping wave.

Convinc’d, in Nature’s volume wise
The imag’d truth I read;
And sudden from my waking eyes
Th’ instructive Vision fled.

Then why thus heavy, O my Soul!
Say why, distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O’er scenes of future ill.

Let Faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude:
Thy Maker’s Will has plac’d thee here,
A Maker wise and good!

He to thy every trial knows
Its just restraint to give,
Attentive to behold thy woes,
And faithful to relieve.

Then why thus heavy, O my Soul!
Say why, distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill.

Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide,
Whose finger marks the Seas their bound,
And curbs the headlong Tide.



V E R S E S

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY IN

THE PERSIC LANGUAGE.

BY THE SAME.

IF mortal hands thy peace destroy,
Or friendship's gifts bestow,
Wilt thou to Man ascribe thy joy?
To Man impute thy woe?

'Tis God, whose thoughts to various ends
The human lot dispose,
Around thee plant assisting friends,
Or heap avenging Foes.

Not from the Bow the deaths proceed,
But from the Archer's skill;
Who lends the thirsty shaft its speed,
And gives it strength to kill.



A H Y M N.

BY THE SAME.

PART I.

GOD of my health, whose tender care
First gave me power to move,
How shall my thankful heart declare
The wonders of thy love?

While void of thought and sense I lay,
Dust of my parent Earth,
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
And call'd me to the birth.

From

From Thee the parts their fashion took,
E'er life was yet begun,
And in the volume of thy Book
Were written one by one.

Thine eye beheld in open view
The yet unfinish'd plan:
The portrait lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future Man.

O may this frame, that rising grew
Beneath thy plastic hands,
Be studious ever to pursue
Whate'er thy Will commands!

The Soul, that moves this earthly load,
Thy semblance let it bear,
Nor lose the traces of the God
Who stamp'd his image there.

P A R T II.

THOU, who within this earthly shrine
Hast pour'd thy quick'ning ray,
O! let thine influence on me shine,
And purge each mist away.

With curious search let others ask
Thro' Nature's depths to see:
O teach my soul the better task,
To know itself and Thee!

Teach me to know how weak the mind
 That yields to erring pride;
 And let my doubting Reason find
 Thy Word its safest guide.

Let me not, lost in Learning's maze,
 Religion's flame resign;
 For what's the worth of human praise,
 Compar'd, my God, to Thine?

Keep in my soul the strong delight,
 The hopes that in me rise,
 While Faith presents before my sight
 The bliss that never dies.

O be those Hopes my only boast,
 That Faith my whole employ,
 Till Faith in Knowledge shall be lost,
 And Hope in fullest Joy!

P A R T III.

WHERE - E'ER I turn my wakeful thought,
 Unnumber'd foes I see:
 Guide of my youth, forsake me not,
 But lead me safe to Thee.

As on I press, Distrust and Doubt
 Diffusive step between;
 While Pleasures tempt me from without,
 And Passions war within.

Yet,

Yet, fix'd on Thee, I lose each fear,
Each vain assault I brave:
I know Thee, Lord, nor slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

O cast my errors from thy fight,
And let them pass away,
Unheeded, as a watch by night,
Or as a cloud by day.

So while, in secret thought arraign'd,
O'er my past life I go,
And mark how oft I urg'd thy hand
To strike th' avenging blow,

So oft shall my repeated lays
My thankful heart declare,
And joy to celebrate thy praise,
Whose Mercy deign'd to spare.



*****:*****:*****:*****

THE LORD'S PRAYER

P A R A P H R A S E D.

BY THE SAME.

FATHER of all! whose seat of rest
In highest heaven is rear'd,
Thy name by every tongue be blest,
By every heart rever'd.

Let earth to thy Messiah's throne
Its just subjection yield:
Here, as in heaven, thy will be known;
Here, as in heaven, fulfill'd.

With bread sufficient to the day
Our mortal frame supply;
And feed the soul that moves our clay
With manna from on high.

While, conscious of the debt we owe,
We bow the humble knee,
That mercy we to others shew
Descend on us from Thee.

De

Do Thou our erring feet secure;
O lead us far from ill!
And keep us upright, just, and pure,
In act, in word, and will.

Hear, Lord! for power supreme is thine,
Thine, glory, worship, praise:
Nor Nature's bounds thy reign confine,
Nor numbers Time thy days.



AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

BY MR. DYER.

HAVE my friends in the town, in the gay busy town,
Forgot such a man as John Dyer?
Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown
Whose bosom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter—content in the shades—
(Contented?—why, every thing charms me)
Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye cascades,
Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.

Till outrage arises, or misery needs
The swift, the intrepid avenger;
Till sacred religion, or liberty bleeds,
Then mine be the deed, and the danger.

Alas!

Alas! what a folly, that wealth and domain
 We heap up in sin and in sorrow!
 Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain!
 Is not life to be over to-morrow?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have,
 Smooth-shaded, and quiet and even;
 While gently the body descends to the grave,
 And the spirit arises to heaven.



ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

BY MISS CARTER.

COME, Melancholy! silent power,
 Companion of my lonely hour,
 To sober thought confin'd;
 Thou sweetly sad ideal guest,
 In all thy soothing charms confess,
 Indulge my pensive mind.

No longer wildly hurried thro'
 The tides of mirth, that ebb and flow
 In folly's noisy stream:
 I from the busy crowd retire,
 To court the objects that inspire
 Thy philosophic dream.

Thro'

Thro' yon dark grove of mournful yews
 With solitary steps I muse,
 By thy direction led :
 Here, cold to pleasure's tempting forms,
 Confociate with my sister-worms,
 And mingle with the dead.

Ye midnight horrors! awful gloom!
 Ye silent regions of the tomb!
 My future peaceful bed :
 Here shall my weary eyes be clos'd,
 And every sorrow lie repos'd
 In death's refreshing shade.

Ye pale inhabitants of night,
 Before my intellectual fight
 In solemn pomp ascend :
 O tell how trifling now appears
 The train of idle hopes and fears
 That varying life attend!

Ye faithless idols of our sense,
 Here own how vain your fond pretence,
 Ye empty names of joy!
 Your transient forms like shadows pass,
 Frail offspring of the magic glass,
 Before the mental eye.

The

The dazzling colours, falsely bright,
 Attract the gazing vulgar sight
 With superficial state:
 Thro' Reason's clearer optics view'd,
 How stript of all it's pomp, how rude
 Appears the painted cheat.

Can wild Ambition's tyrant power,
 Or ill-got Wealth's superfluous store,
 The dread of death controul?
 Can Pleasure's more bewitching charms
 Avert or soothe the dire alarms
 That shake the parting soul?

Religion! e'er the hand of Fate
 Shall make Reflexion plead too late,
 My erring senses teach,
 Amidst the flattering hopes of youth,
 To meditate the solemn truth,
 These awful relics preach.

Thy penetrating beams disperse
 The mist of error, whence our fears
 Derive their fatal spring:
 'Tis thine the trembling heart to warm,
 And soften to an angel form
 The pale terrific king.

When

When sunk by guilt in sad despair,
 Repentance breathes her humble prayer,
 And owns thy threatnings just:
 Thy voice the shuddering suppliant cheers,
 With Mercy calms her torturing fears,
 And lifts her from the dust.

Sublim'd by thee, the soul aspires
 Beyond the range of low desires,
 In nobler views elate:
 Unmov'd her destin'd change surveys,
 And, arm'd by faith, intrepid pays
 The universal debt.

In Death's soft slumber lull'd to rest,
 She sleeps, by smiling visions blest,
 That gently whisper Peace:
 Till the last morn's fair opening ray
 Unfolds the bright eternal day
 Of active life and bliss.



O D E.

BY THE SAME.

WITH restless agitations toss'd,
And low immers'd in woes,
When shall my wild distemper'd thoughts
Regain their lost repose?

Beneath the deep oppressive gloom
My languid spirits fade:
And all the drooping powers of life
Decline to death's cold shade.

O Thou! the wretched's sure retreat,
These torturing cares controul,
And with the chearful smile of peace
Revive my fainting soul!

Did ever thy relenting ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive Misery sigh,
Or supplicate in vain?

Opprest

Opprest with grief and shame, dissolv'd
 In penitential tears,
 Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
 And dissipates our fears.

New life, from thy refreshing grace
 Our sinking hearts receive;
 Thy gentle, best lov'd attribute
 To pity and forgive.

From that blest source propitious Hope
 Appears serenely bright,
 And sheds her soft diffusive beam
 O'er Sorrow's dismal night.

Dispers'd by her superior force,
 The sullen shades retire,
 And opening gleams of new-born joy
 The conscious soul inspire.

My griefs confess her vital power,
 And bless the friendly ray:
 Fair Phosphor to the smiling morn
 Of everlasting day.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT IN A THUNDER STORM.

BY THE SAME.

LET coward Guilt with pallid Fear,
To sheltering caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful Fate
That thunders thro' the sky ;

Protected by that hand, whose law
The threatening storms obey,
Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick clouds tremendous gloom,
The lightnings lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious power
That breathes the vernal air.

Thro' Nature's ever-varying scene,
By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of heaven
Is universal good.

With

With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming Æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

By Reason taught to scorn those fears
That vulgar minds molest;
Let no fantastic terrors break
My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tenderest care
Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round
Their guardian wings extend.

When, thro' creation's vast expanse,
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul;

Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day.



T O —————.

BY THE SAME.

HOW sweet the calm of this sequester'd shore,
Where ebbing waters musically roll :
And Solitude and silent Eve restore
The philosophic temper of the soul.

The sighing gale, whose murmurs lull to rest
The busy tumult of declining day,
To sympathetic quiet soothes the breast,
And every wild emotion dies away.

Farewell the objects of diurnal care,
Your task be ended with the setting sun :
Let all be undisturb'd vacation here,
While o'er yon wave ascends the peaceful Moon.

What beauteous visions o'er the soften'd heart,
In this still moment all their charms diffuse,
Serenity joys and brighter hopes impart,
And cheer the soul with more than mortal views.

Here,

Here faithful Memory wakens all her powers,
She bids her fair ideal forms ascend,
And quick to every gladden'd thought restores
The social virtue, and the absent friend.

Come *****, come, and with me share
The sober pleasures of this solemn scene,
While no rude tempest clouds the ruffled air,
But all, like thee, is smiling and serene.

Come, while the cool, the solitary hours
Each foolish care, and giddy wish controul,
With all thy soft persuasion's wonted powers,
Beyond the stars transport my listening soul.

Oft, when on earth detain'd by empty show,
Thy voice has taught the trifler how to rise;
Taught her to look with scorn on things below,
And seek her better portion in the skies.

Come: and the sacred eloquence repeat:
The world shall vanish at its gentle sound,
Angelic forms shall visit this retreat,
And opening heaven diffuse its glories round.



WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON THE SEA
SHORE.

BY THE SAME.

THOU restless fluctuating deep,
Expressive of the human mind,
In thy for ever varying form
My own inconstant self I find.

How soft now flow thy peaceful waves,
In just gradations to the shore:
While on thy brow unclouded shines
The regent of the midnight hour.

Blest emblem of that equal state,
Which I this moment feel within :
Where thought to thought succeeding rolls,
And all is placid and serene.

As o'er thy smoothly flowing tide,
Their light the trembling moon-beams dart,
My lov'd Eudocia's image smiles,
And gaily brightens all my heart.

But

But ah! this flattering scene of peace
By neither can be long possess'd,
When Eurus breaks thy transient calm,
And rising sorrows shake my breast.

Obscur'd thy Cynthia's silver ray
When clouds opposing intervene:
And every joy that Friendship gives
Shall fade beneath the gloom of Spleen.



T O M R S. ———.

BY THE SAME.

W HERE are those hours, on rosy pinions borne,
Which brought to every guiltless wish success?
When Pleasure gladden'd each returning morn,
And every evening clos'd in calms of peace.

How smil'd each object, when by Friendship led,
Thro' flowery paths we wander'd unconfin'd:
Enjoy'd each airy hill, or solemn shade,
And left the bustling empty world behind.

With philosophic, social sense survey'd
The noon-day sky in brighter colours shone:
And softer o'er the dewy landscape play'd
The peaceful radiance of the silent moon.

Those hours are vanish'd with the changing year,
And dark December clouds the summer scene:
Perhaps, alas! for ever vanish'd here,
No more to bless distinguish'd life again.

Yet not like those by thoughtless Folly drown'd,
In blank Oblivion's fullen, stagnant deep,
Where, never more to pass their fated bound,
The ruins of neglected Being sleep.

But lasting traces mark the happier hours,
Which active zeal in life's great task employs:
Which Science from the waste of Time secures,
Or various Fancy gratefully enjoys.

O still be ours to each improvement given,
Which Friendship doubly to the heart endears:
Those hours, when banish'd hence, shall fly to heaven,
And claim the promise of eternal years.



T O ———.

OCCASIONED BY

AN ODE WRITTEN BY MRS. PHILIPS.

BY THE SAME.

NARCISSA! still thro' every varying name,
My constant care and bright enlivening theme,
In what soft language shall the Muse declare
The fond extravagance of love sincere?
How all those pleasing sentiments convey,
That charm my fancy, when I think on thee?
A theme like this Orinda's thoughts inspir'd,
Nor less by Friendship, than by Genius fir'd.
Then let her happier, more persuasive art
Explain th' agreeing dictates of my heart:
Sweet may her fame to late remembrance bloom,
And everlasting laurels shade her tomb,
Whose spotless verse with genuine force express
The brightest passion of the human breast.

In what blest clime, beneath what favouring skies,
Did thy fair form, propitious Friendship, rise?

M 4

With

With mystic sense, the poet's tuneful tongue
 † Urania's birth in glittering fiction sung.
 That Paphos first her smiling presence own'd,
 Which wide diffus'd its happy influence round.
 With hands united, and with looks serene,
 Th' attending graces hail'd their new-born queen;
 The zephyrs round her wav'd their purple wing,
 And shed the fragrance of the breathing spring:
 The rosy hours, advanc'd in silent flight,
 Led sparkling youth, and ever new delight.
 Soft sigh the winds, the waters gently roll,
 A purer azure vests the lucid pole,
 All nature welcom'd in the beauteous train,
 And heaven and earth smil'd conscious of the scene.

But long ere Paphos rose, or poet sung,
 In heavenly breasts the sacred passion sprung:
 The same bright flames in raptur'd seraphs glow,
 As warm consenting tempers here below:
 While one attraction Mortal, Angel, binds,
 Virtue, which forms the unison of minds:
 Friendship her soft harmonious touch affords,
 And gently strikes the sympathetic chords,
 Th' agreeing notes in social measures roll,
 And the sweet concert flows from soul to soul.

† There were two Venuses among the ancients; one called Pandemus, to whom they attributed the love of wild disorderly pleasures; the other named Urania, the patroness and inspirer of Friendship, Knowledge, and Virtue.

By heaven's enthusiastic impulse taught,
 What shining visions rose on Plato's thought!
 While by the Muses gently winding flood,
 His searching fancy trac'd the sovereign good!
 The laurell'd sisters touch'd the vocal lyre,
 And wisdom's goddesses led their tuneful choir.
 Beneath the genial Plantane's spreading shade,
 How sweet the philosophic music play'd!
 Thro' all the grove, along the flowery shore,
 The charming sounds responsive echoes bore.
 Here, from the cares of vulgar life refin'd,
 Immortal pleasures open'd on his mind:
 In gay succession to his ravish'd eyes
 The animating powers of Beauty rise;
 On every object round, above, below,
 Quick to the sight her vivid colours glow:
 Yet, not to matter's shadowy forms confin'd,
 The fair and good he sought remain'd behind:
 Till gradual rising thro' the boundless whole,
 He view'd the blooming graces of the soul;
 Where, to the beam of intellectual day,
 The genuine charms of moral beauty play:
 With pleasing force the strong attractions move
 Each finer sense, and tune it into love.

* Ilyssus, a river near Athens, dedicated to the Muses. On the banks of this river, under a plantane, Plato lays the scene of some of his dialogues on love and beauty.



A NIGHT - P I E C E.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE Night in solemn shade invests the pole,
 And calm Reflexion soothes the pensive soul;
 While Reason undisturb'd asserts her sway,
 And Life's deceitful colours fade away:
 To thee! all-conscious presence! I devote
 This peaceful interval of sober thought.
 Here all my better faculties confine,
 And be this hour of sacred silence thine.

If by the day's illusive scenes misled,
 My erring soul from Virtue's path has stray'd:
 Snar'd by example, or by passion warm'd,
 Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd,
 My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
 And my best hopes are center'd in thy love.
 Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford!
 Its utmost boast a vain unmeaning word.

But ah! how oft my lawless passions rove,
 And break those awful precepts I approve!
 Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
 And violate the Virtue I adore!

Oft'

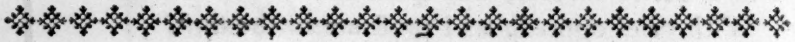
Oft' when thy better spirit's guardian care
 Warm'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
 My stubborn Will his gentle aid repress,
 And check'd the rising Goodness in my breast,
 Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
 Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires.

With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the dust,
 Shouldst thou condemn, I own the sentence just.
 But oh! thy foster titles let me claim,
 And plead my cause by Mercy's gentle name.
 Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
 And dissipates the horrors of Despair:
 From rigorous Justice steals the vengeful hour;
 Softens the dreadful attribute of Power;
 Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
 And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.

All-powerful Grace, exert thy gentle sway,
 And teach my rebel passions to obey:
 Left lurking Folly with insidious art
 Regain my volatile inconstant heart.
 Shall every high resolve Devotion frames,
 Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
 O rather while thy hopes and fears controul,
 In this still hour each motion of my soul,
 Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
 And be the soft retreat of Sleep my tomb.
 Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
 Till the last morn its orient beam disclose:

Then,

Then, when the great Archangel's potent sound
 Shall echo thro' Creation's ample round,
 Wak'd from the sleep of death with joy survey
 The opening splendors of eternal day.



THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

BY ____.

COME, fair Dorinda, and, while Beauty glows
 Warm on thy lovely cheek, auspicious come,
 And animate my song! O may I gaze
 On every charm, and from each shining grace
 Catch inspiration! let thy genius aid
 My lays unpractis'd, pour into my verse
 The flow harmonious, while th' enchanted Muse
 Relates the charms, which o'er the yielding heart
 Perpetual reign, and hold resistless sway.

Diffusive Nature, who with liberal hand
 Scatters her bounties round, and decks the Spring
 In all its gay attire, the Virgin's cheek
 Flushes with beauty, and adorns her brow
 With charms attractive; shapes her faultless form
 With skill unerring, on her breast bestows
 The snowy hue, while o'er her shining neck
 In wanton ringlets flows her ebon hair

Dishevell'd,

Dishevell'd, graceful, and her sparkling eyes
 Dart kindling flame: majestic on she moves,
 Conscious of native worth, and smiling love
 Alluring. Hither, ye! whose hard'ned hearts
 Ne'er felt a lover's pangs, ah! hither come,
 To feel the force of Beauty: here survey,
 In radiant lustre, the bewitching grace,
 Which from the dawn of time o'er Nature held
 Her soft domain. Since first the vital spark
 Awak'd the human breast, and Man arose
 To conscious being, the fair female form
 Dazzled his eye, and thro' his panting breast
 Shot Beauty's ray. When in primæval Spring
 Life uncorrupted roll'd its golden hours,
 Free from th' attacks of Vice, as yet unfour'd
 With Pain corroding; nor Disease had rear'd
 Her snaky crest to blast their blooming days:
 Then Beauty reign'd, and form'd the sacred tie
 Connubial. Oft, amid the green retreat,
 Where fanning zephyrs play'd, the joyous Hour
 Fled on the wings of Love: here Innocence,
 And balmy Peace, and Friendship, heaven-born Power,
 By Beauty heighten'd, o'er the human pair
 Their choicest influence shed. Nor Beauty less,
 Thro' long succeeding ages, o'er the heart
 Her conquest held; devoted man attests
 The pleasing truth, while at the syren voice
 Of Music, thrilling the enchanting note,
 He prostrate falls, the fond distracted prey
 Of passions raging thro' th' enfever'd heart.

So Nature wills; and while encreasing strength
 Braces the nerves, and thro' the swelling veins
 The blood fierce-boiling flows, subduing Love
 Still reigns in man, to polish and refine
 His barbarous mind: nor, till the soothing flame
 Has seiz'd his heart, and thaw'd his frozen soul,
 E'er can he relish the sublime delight
 Of social transport, nor consenting feel
 The sympathetic bliss, nor taste the sweets
 Of hallow'd Friendship, nor affected hear
 The voice of Woe, as oft she vents her moan
 In wailings loud. The soft relenting heart,
 Kind Pity's tear, the all-profusive hand
 Of Charity, the generous flow of soul,
 These are not his, who never yet has felt
 The pangs of Love, o'er whom th' enchanting power
 Of Beauty never reign'd, whose sullen breast
 Ne'er glow'd with transport, and the anxious throbs
 Which panting lovers know; but all his soul
 Is solitary gloom, untaught to pour
 The friendly fervor, and, with heart enlarg'd,
 To breathe the warm benevolence of Love.

Come ye, who now your gayest moments pass,
 And graceful flourish 'midst the shining throng,
 Whilst life flies joyous, and your youthful years
 Roll placid on, before the radiant throne
 Of Beauty kneel. Whatever warms the breast
 With noble purpose, what informs the heart
 To melt, and moulds you into social man,
 Is Beauty's power. From her poetic heat

Derives

Derives new fire, and taught by her oft paints
 The visionary scene, and touches all
 The springs of passion: hers each winning grace,
 And comely gesture hers: enfrozen Age,
 Bending to earth beneath the weight of years,
 With wrinkled front, and venerable hair,
 Melts at her fair approach; he feels warm blood
 Run thro' his wither'd veins, erect he lifts
 His hoary head, and on his aged brow
 Unusual gladness smiles, while his cold heart
 Warm'd into fervor glows: her kindling voice
 All rural nature hears, and starts amaz'd
 To polish'd life. Thus when the rustic ^t swain
 Saw sleeping Beauty, on the grassy bank,
 Reclin'd at ease, and careless beaming round
 Her charms attractive, while upon her face
 Play'd all the laughing loves; surpriz'd he gaz'd,
 And felt a thousand transports shoot along
 His shivering nerves: now his unfeeling heart,
 Unus'd to pant, with soft emotion heaves;
 He trembling view'd, and all his soul was Love.

And ye, fair offspring of the bounteous hand
 Of Nature, ye array'd in all the charms
 Of vernal youth, flush'd on your comely cheek
 By Beauty's balmy breath, while yielding Man
 To you resigns his heart, and eager sighs
 Low at your feet, and tells the moving tale
 Of plaintive love: how, sleepless, on his couch

^t Alluding to Dryden's beautiful fable of Cymon and Iphigenia.

He counts the tedious hours, or slumbering starts
 From flattering visions, which delusive swim
 Before his eyes; how busy Fancy paints
 Your beauteous figure, in resplendent robes
 Luxuriant floating, as you graceful move
 In all the airs of love; and while he grasps
 Th' imagin'd form, how lost in empty air
 The fair illusion flies: how taste forgets
 The poignant relish, and the spicy gale
 To him no odours wafts: cheerless and sad
 He wanders pensive to the lonely shade,
 To blend his moanings with the whispering breeze,
 While sympathetic glides the weeping rill
 In many currents by, and there to thought
 Devotes the gloomy hour, complaining oft,
 In tender strains, how fair Amanda scorns
 His melting heart, how slight the mournful tale
 Of fond, despairing love; nor here can long
 Indulge his woe, but restless with the crowd
 Impatient mingles, solace there to find,
 Amidst the tumult of a maddening world:
 Still haunts the phantom, still his bosom burns
 With unremitted pain, and Love resumes
 His tyrant empire: how his alter'd looks,
 Meagre and pale, speak the distracting fiend
 Which on his vitals preys; how strength forsakes
 His quivering limbs; how wrapt in awful gloom
 Frail sickening nature pines away in woe.—
 O gently then, ye lovely conquerors! use
 Your unresisted sway; forth stretch your arms,

To raise from abject plight the fainting slave,
 And on his tortur'd soul, propitious, pour
 The balm of Hope; and now delighted taste
 Love's fond delights, while Passion eager pants
 In every vein, and warms your glowing breasts
 With fairy prospects of transporting joys.

Nor, gay Amanda, tho', with sighs, to you
 The plaintive Damon kneels, and vents his soul
 In softly swelling strains: yet let not these
 Dilate your heart; nor look with scornful air
 On the gay rivals, who with you contest
 Fair Beauty's prize, and vie, supreme, to shine
 'Midst the soft circles, where indulgent flow
 The soothing hours; where Music gently wakes,
 Symphonious, every passion, and attunes
 The soul to rapture, while diffusive joy
 Spreads thro' the melting throng. For Beauty still
 By Taste is prov'd, by her capricious law
 It blooms or withers. You! who long have held
 The willing Strephon, o'er th' obdurate heart
 Of Damon never reign'd; while he, subdu'd
 By bright Amanda, sighs his soul away
 In unavailing moan. Far from your breast
 Be banish'd Pride; the high assuming air
 Ill suits the brow where Tenderness and Love
 Should dwell distinguish'd: nor can Reason judge
 Whose charms superior shine; some dazzling grace,
 Still nameless, flashes on th' admiring eye.

Beyond description, fairer than her sex,
 To me, Dorinda seems: how darts her eye

Its soul-dissolving fires! how, o'er her neck,
 Gracefully careless, falls her auburn hair!
 Her mien how soft! Can the pure mountain snow,
 With her warm bosom, rising to the throbs
 Of undissembled love, compare its white?
 The rose its red with hers? Nor Strephon less
 Adores his blooming bride; she fairer, she
 Is Beauty's self, and as she gently moves
 Her limbs, proportion'd with unerring skill,
 A thousand radiant graces in her train
 Alluring dance. Each nameless charm is hers;
 And Love, and Joy, and Virtue, sit enthron'd
 In every look and smile. Not varied more
 The human face, with different features stamp'd
 By Nature's forming hand, than Taste which views,
 In objects different, various beauties glow.

O while ye glory in your youthful prime,
 And yield attention to the syren voice
 Of Praise; in that soft season, when the breast
 A strange enchantment feels; when Pleasure pants
 In every vein; and sparkles in the eye
 Superfluous Health; then guard your rebel hearts
 Against seducing Love. Suspend, ye fair!
 These softer cares, and listen, while the Muse
 Rises superior to the fading glare
 Of mortal charms, and now essays to touch
 The heart, and open to th' enraptur'd soul
 More lasting Beauty, moral and divine,
 Which grows in age, nor at the pale approach
 Of death decays; but with unblasted grace

For

For ever blossoms. Hail! bright Virtue, hail!
 Propitious come, inspire my glowing breast
 To sing of thee! Without thee, what are all
 Life's gayest trappings, what the fleeting show
 Of youth, or charms, which for a moment spread
 Their visionary bloom, but withering die,
 Nor leave remembrance of their fancy'd worth!

See, how adorn'd in heaven's ail-glorious pomp
 Fair Virtue comes, and in her radiant train
 Ten thousand beauties wait: behold she comes,
 To fill the soul with never-ceasing joy!
 Attend her voice, sweet as the solemn sounds
 Of cherubs, when they strike their golden harps
 In sacred concert, while the sky resounds
 Symphonious. Hence, ye fond delusive dreams
 Of fleeting pleasure! she the heart distends
 With more enduring bliss: kindled by her,
 The generous bosom breathes the social fire,
 And beats responsive to the woes of man.

Now native Peace, and Harmony divine,
 Dwell in the soul: to Reason's powerful law
 Each passion yields; and her resistless sway
 Struggling Corruption owns, nor dares assault
 A heart confirm'd by her: and now the fame
 Of Nature conquer'd by th' informing voice
 Of Reason, thro' celestial mansions flies
 On wings angelic: thro' the winding paths
 Of life, fair Prudence guides, and points the road
 To Happiness and Peace; while in the breast
 Untainted Innocence and Freedom reign.

These are the charms of Virtue, these will bloom
 When time shall cease: ev'n Beauty's self by these
 More lovely seems, she looks with added grace,
 And smiles seraphic: nor shall hoary age
 Their blossoms wither, but perpetual spring
 Here shed her influence; while a showy world,
 Its varnish losing, shall deceive no more,
 And Nature, sickening at approaching fate,
 Shall sink beneath its doom. Whate'er adorns
 The female breast, whate'er can move the soul
 With fervent rapture, every winning grace,
 And mild endearment, tenderness and love
 In fair Aspasia^a shine; 'tis hers to charm
 With elocution sweet, and all the flow
 Of soft persuasion, while the sensual heart
 Refines, and feels fair Virtue dawning there.

Nor ye, gay glittering tribe! who oft-times drink
 Of Circe's poison'd cup, and down the stream
 Of soothing pleasure all resistless flow
 Enervate, deem unworthy of your wish
 The charms of Virtue. While ye restless seek
 The phantom Pleasure, where Indulgence plays
 Her midnight gambols, o'er unstable paths
 Ye heedless wander: as she points the way
 Thro' her enchanting maze, th' illusive form
 Conceals Destruction. While, with eager hope,
 And mad impatience, in a fond embrace
 Ye grasp her panting, lo! the forcerefs darts.

^a See this perfect character in Mr. Johnson's Irene.

Her latent venom thro' your tortur'd nerves.
 Then wakes Remorse; and, see! on yonder throne,
 With woes surrounded, fell Disease displays
 Her snaky crest, and o'er your guilty heads
 Shakes all her horrors: Anguish, downcast Shame,
 Succeed, and on the discontented brow
 Satiety sits pale. The feeble knee,
 Each nerve unbrac'd, beneath the fabric bends!
 The tott'ring fabric falls! the shades of death
 Now quench those orbs, that beam'd impure desire!
 And, deeper yet, the gloom of black despair—
 A darkness to be felt!—involves the soul!
 O, dread this complicated curse! and turn,
 With holy horror, from the paths of Vice!

Nor think, ye fair! the pensive Muse forbids
 The joys of Youth; she with complacent smile
 Views ye light flutt'ring; she the social band
 Joins chearful, and benevolent implores
 Diffusive Nature on your heads to shed
 Her gay profusion, lavish all her grace,
 And in your bosoms pour the soul of love.
 Lo! rosy Youth holds forth her pictur'd scene,
 With garlands crown'd; and tow'ring Fancy now
 Her gay creation paints: high swells the breast
 With emulation, and joy-teeming life
 Its gay allurements shews. Forth by your side,
 In glittering grandeur, walks th' enraptur'd swain:
 With graceful ease, attemp'ring conscious pride,
 He spreads his glories to th' admiring eye.

Awak'd by Love, and by the subtle flame
 Of Beauty kindled, with assiduous care,
 And fond submission, to the chearful haunts
 Of Mirth he leads you, and while wandering o'er
 Enchanted ground, oft tells the pleasing tale
 Persuasive: gently flow the smiling hours
 In social converse, innocently gay.

Come, Nature, best informer! kindly lead
 Along the flowery walk, trod by the feet
 Of youthful Pleasure; guide our heedless steps,
 And safe conduct us to the bower of bliss!
 Supreme Directress! she the breast instructs
 To breathe love's purer flame, graceful improves
 Each varied motion, beams th' expressive eye,
 And gives to Beauty all her power to charm.
 O! let her influence fill the different scenes
 Of joy and love—whether we careless stray
 Along the painted mead, where fragrance blends
 Her thousand sweets; or tread the lengthen'd walk,
 While Music cheers the soul, and vistas green
 Rise to the view, and pour their fresh delights
 On the bewilder'd eye; or if we move
 Along the hall refulgent with the blaze
 Of India's stores, and every measure trace
 Or slow or sprightly, while the lover feels
 Unusual transports rush upon his soul
 In admiration lost. Ah! here, ye fair,
 Your gayest moments pass: as to the touch
 Ye yield your hand, with palpitations quick

The

The snowy bosom heaves, and unreserv'd
Breathes the warm wish of kind consenting love.

Far from the bosom of the tender fair,
Where love alone should dwell, fly base deceit,
Nor stain with perfidy the sacred shrine.
Who's she that looks with high imperious mien,
In yonder walk, amidst her rivals, deck'd
In yellow robes resplendent? how she moves
With practis'd air, and darts her meaning glance
Amidst the throng! Thrown prostrate at her feet
The lover pleads, nor she the lover hears;
But swoln with pride of conquest scornful smiles.
Yet if arous'd, and conscious of his wrongs,
He bids the last adieu, she yet in store
Has thousand winning wiles: the blood forsakes
Her blooming cheek, and on her coral lip
Steals Paleness; while, adorn'd in all the charms
Of weeping beauty, she resistless holds
The lover still her own. With streaming eyes
Again he views her, and his yielding heart
Melts with returning Love.—Inconstant still,
She, nor by pity mov'd, nor gratitude,
Nor awful virtue, to the fighting slave
Relinquishes her heart—there Vanity still dwells,
'Midst her fantastic joys enthron'd, and plans
Unnumber'd conquests o'er admiring man.
Love is not hers, she never tastes the sweets
Of mutual rapture, mutual fond esteem,
Nor knows the charms of truth; her bosom beats
With other throbs. Anxieties and Fears,

Ambition's train! vex her aspiring soul,
 And Disappointment leaves its baleful sting.
 Be this her portion! let her still possess
 The dear deceits!—Awake, delusive thoughts,
 Self-adulation come, and in her breast
 Your soft enchantments pour! Life's glories raise
 The splendid scene, and deck th' exulting fair
 In all your fancied pomp!—Nor envy her,
 Ye faithful few, whom the celestial grace
 Of truth inspired! for, while she eager grasps
 'The flattering forms, they faithless all elude
 Her fond embrace, and fleet in empty air.

The fair Amanda knows no practis'd guile
 To captivate the soul: sweet innocence
 And truth are hers, and beauty unadorn'd,
 Save when diffusive steals the glowing blush,
 And shews her bright in every virgin charm.
 Her eyes no conquests seek, nor beats her breast
 With anxious throbs; she Affectation's wiles
 Nor practises nor knows: stranger to these,
 She, only conscious of her virgin worth,
 Heaves Nature's sighs, and, dress'd in Nature's grace,
 All lovely seems, and moves attractive on
 Amidst admiring swains: at her approach
 Each bosom flutters, while the lovely maid
 Nor scornful looks, nor with consenting smile
 Bids Admiration all its incense pour
 To her bewitching charms: yet on her brow
 Modest Reserve oft sits, forbidding all
 Love's wanton hopes. The fair Amanda thus

Resistless

Resistless empire holds ; while aw'd we gaze
On every charm, and at a distance sigh.

Yet while the season of your blooming youth
Glides gently on, and liberal Nature showers
Her gayest blessings, peaceful, on your heads ;
O! then let Science on your easy hours
Serenely sit : oft when the busy scene
Of meddling care, and fond officious love
Shuts on your eyes, and Solitude invites
To Meditation, let her mild infuse
Her sweet instruction : she the soul exalts
To dignity ; for when, with knowledge blest,
Fair Beauty smiles upon the blushing brow,
Her soft persuasion wins the yielding heart
Resistless, each with glowing ardour hears
Her eloquence divine, the tuneful flow
Of sweetest periods, warbling from the lips
Where raptures hang : the captivated soul,
While Beauty triumphs, owns her boundless sway.

Oft let me wander thro' the green retreat,
Where Meditation dwells, and roses shed
Their mild perfumes, wak'd by the genial breath
Of May, while gently by the purling stream
Its crystal waters roll : to crown my bliss
Let sweet Ardelia come, on her attends
Each mild engaging grace, each nameless charm
Alluring ; Nature, bounteous, on her brow
Beams all its beauties, and the soul by her
Is charm'd to rapture ; she the mind informs
With knowledge, which from her persuasive tongue

Alluring

Alluring streams; while Music lends its voice
 Melodious, and the Sapphic Muse awaits
 Soft in her train, to breathe into her breast
 Th' inspiring genius; she in melting lays,
 Sweet as herself, in the warm bosom wakes
 The fond delights of love. Here let us join
 To sing of Nature, as we pleas'd survey
 The beauteous landscape round, or frequent turn
 The moving page, where glows poetic flame
 And Harmony; with Nature's Shakespear rove
 Thro' all the fairy regions, or oft fly
 With Milton, boundless, thro' ethereal worlds.
 Let raptur'd Fancy feel the circling year
 Roll o'er our heads, and mark the changing scenes
 Of Nature, drest in his immortal lays
 Who sung the Seasons. Thus may gentle hours
 In sweet improvement pass, and still return
 Auspicious; for with thee, the beating heart
 Feels fond emotion, and the soul dissolves
 In speechless transport of increasing joy.

Ye lovely fair, while flowery chaplets bind
 Your youthful brows, and o'er the verdant paths
 Of gently gliding life, ye graceful sweep,
 Array'd in purple pride; as on your breast
 The diamond shines, and in your floating train
 The ruby glows, and emeralds around
 Beset the flying robe; while dazzling thus
 In orient pomp, forgive if yet the Muse
 In moralizing strains essays to draw
 The evening veil o'er all the glitt'ring show.

Vain

Vain is their blaze, which, like the noon-tide day,
 Dazzles the eye: so flaunt the gaudy flowers
 In vernal glory, wide diffusing round
 Their odoriferous sweets, and shoot profuse
 Their blossoms forth, and flourish in their May,
 In Nature's livery clad; but when the sun
 Beams in his pride, they droop their blushing heads,
 Their blossoms wither, and their varied tints
 Fade with his sultry rays. Behold, ye fair,
 Your gay delusions, read in Nature's book
 Their transitory life, how quickly fleets
 The dream of pleasure, at the pale approach
 Of death grim blasting all your pictur'd hopes.
 So fell Amynta in her bloom of days.
 Joy flush'd her brow, and Expectation swell'd
 Her beating bosom; Love its tribute paid
 To her bewitching charms, about to taste
 Connubial transports, and in Damon's arms
 To share the licens'd bliss: while Virtue's self
 Beheld complacent the indulging pair.

Elated thus, the fair Amynta felt
 The pangs of love; her wishes wing'd their flight
 To future periods; in idea all
 Life's softest blessings revell'd in her heart.
 Oft did the lovers court the lonely shade,
 Reclusely happy, there to mingle sighs
 In Nature's warmth: thrown on the flowery lap
 Of the fresh earth, where roses blush around,
 They breath'd their mutual vows, and tasted all
 Th' endearing sweets of uncorrupted love.

Dear

Dear hapless fair, amidst her warmest hopes,
 When Fancy figur'd all the tender scene
 Of mutual rapture, she devoted fell
 The mournful victim of the conquering hand
 Of unrelenting Death: he dread approach'd,
 And Nature trembled at his ghastly mien.
 Her **Damon** now, in moving strains, laments,
 And sadly pensive to her sacred tomb
 He oft repairs, there drops a lover's tear,
 While fond Remembrance opens all the scene
 Of past delight, calls forth his beauteous bride
 In visionary bloom once more to blaze
 In all-attractive charms, till lost again
 The phantom glides in air: all Nature wears
 To him a face of woe; the valleys round
 Re-echo doleful to his moving moan.

So Beauty fades, so fleets its showy life,
 As droops the lily, clad in all its pride
 Of rich array. Yet while the pensive muse
 Touches the springs of grief, may no dark gloom
 O'erwhelm your souls, for innocence survives
 To bloom eternal: and while life invites
 To view its gayer scenes, amidst the pomp
 Of radiant courts, still chearful move along
 Its flowery walks, and lead with jovial heart
 The laughing moments on; for Beauty shines
 First in the gaudy circles, and commands
 Fond admiration. As **Britannia's** sons
 Excel in every virtue, manly brave
 Amidst th' alarms of fate, gen'rous, sincere,

By

By glory kindled, may her virgins too,
 Supremely fair, 'midst Beauty's brightest blaze,
 In soft perfections shine; may Hymen wave
 His purple wings, and o'er the sacred couch
 His azure mantle spread, as down ye sink
 In wedlock's chaste embrace, and oft renew
 The hallow'd rapture: thus may peaceful life
 Flow undisturb'd, nor jarring feud invade
 Your happy hours. And ye, gay circles, now
 Forgive the Muse, which daring thus has sung
 Of Beauty's triumphs, tho' unequal far
 To the delightful theme; yet Beauty charm'd
 My soul, and pour'd into my glowing breast
 Her fascination; led me thro' the maze
 Of Love: nor unambitious of applause
 She courts your smiles, yours is her pleasing song.
 To you she warbles, and devoted pays
 Her fond oblation to your radiant charms.
 But chief indulgent, 'midst the shining throng,
 Will fair Dorinda smile; she first inspir'd
 My heart with Love, to her my early Muse
 Her infant raptures pour'd; happy if now
 Sweet flow my numbers on her judging ear,
 And steal persuasive to her virgin breast.

(190)

I L P A C I F I C O.

WRITTEN ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE OF
AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, MDCCXLVIII.

BY MR. MASON.

HENCE, pestilential Mars,
Of fable-vested night and chaos bred,
On matter's formless bed,
'Mid the harsh din of elemental jars:
Hence with thy frantic crowd,
Wing'd Flight, pale Terror, Discord cloath'd in fire,
Precipitate retire;
While mad Bellona cracks her snaky thong,
And hurries headlong on,
To Ach'ron's brink and Phlegethon's flaming flood.
But hail, fair Peace! so mild and meek,
With polish'd brow and rosy cheek;
That, on thy fleece-white cloud descending,
Hither, soft-ey'd queen, art tending
Gently o'er thy favourite land
To wave thy genial myrtle wand:
To shake from off thy turtle wing
Th' ambrosial dews of endless spring;

Spring

Spring, like that, which poets feign,
 Gilded Saturn's easy reign :
 For Saturn's first born daughter thou ;
 Unless, as later bards avow,
 The youthful god with spangled hair
 Closely clasp'd Harmonia fair :
 For, banish'd erst heaven's star-pav'd floor,
 (As sings my legendary lore)
 As Phœbus sat by weeping brook,
 With shepherds scrip and shepherds crook,
 Pensive 'midst a savage train
 (For savage then was all the plain)
 Fair Harmonia left her bower,
 To join her radiant paramour :
 Hence didst thou spring ; and at thy birth
 Lenient Zephyrs fann'd the earth,
 Rumbling thunders growl'd no more,
 Prowling wolves forgot to roar,
 And man, from fiercer rage possest,
 Smil'd Dissension from his breast.
 She comes, she comes, ye nymphs, prepare
 Gay floral wreaths to bind your hair ;
 Ye swains, inspire the mellow flute
 To dulcet strains, which aptly suit
 The featly-footed saraband
 Of Phillis trim and Marian bland,
 When nimbly light each simpering lass
 Trips it o'er the pliant grass.
 But see, her social smiling train,
 Now invests th' inraptur'd plain !

Plenty's

Plenty's treasure teeming horn
 Show'rs its fruits, its flowers, its corn;
 Commerce spreads his amplest sail;
 Strong-nerv'd Labour lift his flail;
 Sylvanus too attends ('tis he
 That bears the root-pluck'd cypress tree)
 He shall my youngling footsteps lead
 Thro' tufted lawn and fringed mead,
 By scooped valley, heaped hill,
 Level river, dancing rill,
 Where the shepherds all appear,
 To shear and wash their fleecy care,
 Which bleating stand the streams around,
 And whiten all the close-cropt ground:
 Or when the maids in bonnets sheen,
 Cock the hay upon the green;
 Or up yon steep rough road the swains
 Drive slow along their rolling wains
 (Where laughing Ceres crowns the stack,
 And makes the ponderous axle crack)
 Then to the village on the hill,
 The barns capacious jaws to fill,
 Where the answering flails rebound,
 Beating bold with thundering sound.
 Enchanted with this rural scene,
 Here let me weave my arb'rets green:
 Here arch the woodbine, mantling neat,
 O'er my noon-tide cool retreat;
 Or bind the oak with ivy-twine;
 Or wed the elm and purpling vine:

But,

But if my vagrant fancy pants
 For charms, which simple Nature wants,
 Grant, Power benign, admittance free
 To some rang'd academy :
 There to give to arts refin'd
 All the impulse of my mind ;
 And oft observant take my stand,
 Where the painter's magic hand
 From sketches rude, with gradual art,
 Calls dawning life to every part,
 Till, with nice tints all labour'd high,
 Each starting hero meets the eye :
 Oft too, O ! let me nice inspect
 The draughts of justest architect :
 And hence delighted let me pass,
 Where others mould the ductile brass ;
 Or teach the Parian stone to wear
 A letter'd sage's musing air.
 But ah ! these arts have fix'd their home
 In Roman or in Gallic dome :
 Tho' strange beseems, that arts shou'd spread
 Where frowns black Slavery's baleful shade ;
 And stranger far that arts decay
 Where Freedom deals her warmest ray :
 This then deny'd, I'll swift retreat,
 Where Camus winds with murmur sweet :
 There teach me, piercing Locke, t' explore
 The busy mind's ideal store ;
 There, heaven-rapt Newton, guide my way
 'Mid rolling worlds, thro' floods of day,

To mark the vagrant comet's road,
 And thro' his wonders trace the God.
 Then, to unbend my mind, I'll roam
 Amidst the cloysters silent gloom:
 Or, where rank'd oaks their shades diffuse,
 Hold dalliance with my darling muse,
 Recalling oft some heaven-born strain,
 That warbled in Augustan reign;
 Or turn well pleas'd the Grecian page,
 If sweet Theocritus engage,
 Or blith Anacreon, mirthful wight,
 Caroll his easy love-lay light.
 Yet let not all my pleasure lie
 Confin'd to one Phœbeian joy;
 But ever give my fingers wings,
 Lightly to skim the trembling strings,
 And from some bower to tune the lay:
 While list'ning birds crowd every spray,
 Or hovering silent o'er my head,
 Their quivering wings exulting spread;
 Save but the turtles, they alone
 With tender plaintive faithful moan,
 Shall tell, to all the secret grove,
 Their soft thick-warbled tale of love:
 Sweet birds! your mingling bliss pursuing,
 Ever billing, ever cooing,
 Ye! constant pair! I love to note
 Your hoarse strain gurgling in your throat;
 And ye unheard from sidelong hills
 The liquid lapse of whispering rills,

T h i s s

I hift to hear: fuch founds diffuse
 Sweet transports to the thoughtful mufe.
 Thus fummer fees me brisk and light,
 Till winter fpreads her 'kerchief white;
 Then to the city's focial walls
 Where tolling clock to bufinefs calls.
 There the weaver's fhuttle fpeeds
 Nimble thro' the fine-fpun threads;
 There the vocal anvil rings,
 While the fmith his hammer fwings;
 And every man and every boy,
 Briskly join in warm employ,
 Thro' fuch throng'd fcenes full oft I'll range,
 Oft crowd into the rich exchange:
 Or to yon wharf; afide the mote,
 Where the anchor'd fhips do float,
 And others, haftening into bay,
 Swell their fails in fair array:
 Wafting to Albion's fons the ftore
 That each Peruvian mine can pour;
 Wafting to Albion's fmiling dames
 The ruby's glow, the diamond's flames,
 Till all the Indies rufh into the Thames.
 Joys vaft as thefe my fancy claims;
 And joys like thefe if Peace infpire,
 Peace with thee, I ftring the lyre.



ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

BY THE SAME.

TAKE, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear;
Take that best gift which heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bow'd to taste the wave^a,

And died. Does Youth, does Beauty read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria, breathe a strain divine,
Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity so free,
So firm in friendship, and so fond in love;

Tell them, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

^a Mrs. Mason died at Bristol Wells, while drinking a glass of the waters.

ELEGY

ELEGY TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN
LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY.

MDCCLIII.

BY THE SAME.

E'ER yet, ingenuous youth, thy steps retire
From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful vale,
Where Science call'd thee to her studious quire,
And met thee musing in her cloysters pale;
O! let thy friend (and may he boast the name)
Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay;
A lay like this thy early Virtues claim,
And this let voluntary Friendship pay.
Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,
When all those Virtues, opening now so fair,
Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
Must learn each passion's boisterous breath to bear.
There, if Ambition pestilent and pale,
Or Luxury should taint their vernal glow;
If cold Self-interest, with her chilling gale,
Should blast th' unfolding blossoms e'er they blow;

b Lord J — C — .

If mimic hues, by Art, or Fashion spread,
 Their genuine, simple colouring should supply,
 O! with them may these laureate honours fade;
 And with them (if it can) my friendship die.
 Then do not blame, if, tho' thyself inspire,
 Cautious I strike the panegyric string;
 The muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,
 And, vainly ventrous, soars on waxen wing.
 Too actively awake at Friendship's voice,
 The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,
 Till sad Reflection blames the hasty choice,
 And oft invokes Oblivion's aid in vain.
 Call we the shade of Pope, from that blest bower
 Where thron'd he sits with many a tuneful Sage;
 Ask, if he ne'er bemoans that hapless hour
 When St. John's name^c illumin'd Glory's page?
 Ask, if the wretch, who dar'd his memory stain,
 Ask, if his country's, his religion's foe,
 Deserv'd the meed that Marlbro' fail'd to gain,
 The deathless meed, he only could bestow?
 The bard will tell thee, the misguided praise
 Clouds the celestial sunshine of his breast;
 Ev'n now, repentant of his erring lays,
 He heaves a sigh amid the realms of rest,

^c Alluding to this couplet of Mr. Pope's,

To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line,

© let my country's friends illumine mine.

If Pope thro' friendship fail'd, indignant view,
 Yet pity Dryden; hark, whene'er he sings,
 How Adulation drops her courtly dew
 On titled Rhymers, and inglorious Kings.
 See, from the depths of his exhaustless mine,
 His glittering stores the tuneful spendthrift throws;
 Where Fear, or Interest bids, behold they shine;
 Now grace a Cromwell's, now a Charles's brows.
 Born with too generous, or too mean a heart,
 Dryden! in vain to thee those stores were lent:—
 Thy sweetest numbers but a trifling art;
 Thy strongest diction idly eloquent.
 The simplest Lyre, if Truth directs its lays,
 Warbles a melody ne'er heard from thine:
 Not to disgust with false, or venal praise,
 Was Parnell's modest fame, and may be mine.
 Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breast
 Condemn me, if I check the plausible string;
 Go to the wayward world; complete the rest;
 Be, what the purest muse would wish to sing.
 Be still thyself; that open path of truth,
 Which led thee here, let Manhood firm pursue;
 Retain the sweet simplicity of Youth,
 And all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.
 Still scorn, with conscious pride, the mask of Art;
 On Vice's front let fearful Caution lour,
 And teach the diffident, discreeter part
 Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for power.

So, round thy brow when age's honours spread,
 When Death's cold hand unstrings thy Mafon's lyre,
 When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
 Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire:
 He, to the amplest bounds of time's domain,
 On rapture's plume shall give thy name to fly;
 For trust, with reverence trust this Sabine strain!
 "The muse forbids the virtuous man to die."



I S I S. A N E L E G Y.

MDCCXLVIII.

BY THE SAME.

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly bright,
 The pointed crystals shot their trembling light,
 From dripping moss, where sparkling dew-drops fell,
 Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed shell,
 Pale Isis lay; a willow's lowly shade
 Spread its thin foliage o'er the sleeping maid;
 Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast
 In careless folds loose flow'd her zoneless vest;
 While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow,
 In all the awful negligence of woe;

• Her

Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase
 Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all its grace;
 Here, full with life, was heaven-taught Science seen,
 Known by the laurel wreath, and musing mien:
 There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace sedate and bland,
 Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand;
 While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas green,
 At well-mark'd distance close the sacred scene.

On this the Goddess cast an anxious look,
 Then dropt a tender tear, and thus she spoke:
 Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace
 The mimic charms of this prophetic vase;
 Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
 View on yon plain the real glories rise.
 Yes, Isis! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead
 Thy liquid treasures o'er yon favourite mead;
 Oft hast thou stopt thy pearly car to gaze,
 While every Science nurs'd its growing bays;
 While every Youth with fame's strong impulse fir'd,
 Prest to the goal, and at the goal untir'd,
 Snatch'd each celestial wreath, to bind his brow,
 The Muses, Graces, Virtues could bestow.

Ev'n now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,
 And ranks her troops on Memory's ample plain;
 See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
 See! Sidney, Raleigh, Hampden, Somers shine.
 See Hough, superior to a tyrant's doom,
 Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome:
 Each soul whom truth could fire, or virtue move,
 Each breast, strong panting with its country's love,

All

All that to Albion gave the heart or head,
 That wisely counsell'd, or that bravely bled,
 All, all appear; on me they grateful smile,
 The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil
 To me with filial reverence they bring,
 And hang fresh trophies o'er my honour'd spring.
 Ah! I remember well yon beachen spray,
 There Addison first tun'd his polish'd lay;
 'Twas there great Cato's form first met his eye,
 In all the pomp of free-born majesty;
 " My son, he cry'd, observe this mien with awe,
 " In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw;
 " The piercing notes shall strike each British ear;
 " Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear!
 " And rous'd to glory by the nervous strain,
 " Each youth shall spurn at Slavery's abject reign,
 " Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
 " And speak, and act, and bleed in Freedom's cause."

The hero spoke; the bard assenting bow'd,
 The lay to Liberty and Cato flow'd;
 While Echo, as she rov'd the vale along,
 Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman song.

But ah! how Stillness slept upon the ground,
 How mute Attention check'd each rising sound;
 Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,
 Scarce thrill'd sweet Philomel her softest lay,
 When Locke walk'd musing forth; ev'n now I view
 Majestic Wisdom thron'd upon his brow,
 View Candor smile upon his modest cheek,
 And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.

'Twas

’Twas here the Sage his manly zeal exprest,
 Here stript vain Falshood of her gaudy vest;
 Here Truth’s collected beams first fill’d his mind,
 Ere long to burst in blessings on mankind;
 Ere long to shew to Reason’s purged eye,
 That “ Nature’s first best gift was Liberty.”

Proud of this wond’rous son, sublime I stood,
 (While louder surges swell’d my rapid flood)
 Then vain as Niobe, exulting cry’d,
 Ilissus! roll thy fam’d Athenian tide;
 Tho’ Plato’s steps oft mark’d thy neighb’ring glade,
 Tho’ fair Lycæum lent its awful shade,
 Tho’ every academic green imprest
 Its image full on thy reflecting breast,
 Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,
 And Britain’s Isis flow with Attic fame.

Alas! how chang’d! where now that Attic boast!
 See! Gothic Licence rage o’er all my coast!
 See! Hydra Faction spread its impious reign,
 Poison each breast, and madden every brain:
 Hence frontless crowds, that not content to fright
 The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,
 Blast the fair face of day; and madly bold,
 To Freedom’s foes infernal orgies hold;
 To Freedom’s foes, ah! see the goblet crown’d,
 Hear plausive shouts to Freedom’s foes resound;
 The horrid notes my refluent waters daunt,
 The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;
 Learning, that once to all diffus’d her beam,
 Now sheds, by stealth, a partial private gleam,

In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,
 Where a firm few support her sickly head,
 Despis'd, insulted by the barbarous train,
 Who scour like Thracia's moon-struck rout the plain,
 Sworn foes like them to all the Muse approves,
 All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.

Are these the sons my fostering breast must rear,
 Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care?
 Must these go forth from my maternal hand
 To deal their insults thro' a peaceful land,
 And boast while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue groans,
 That " Isis taught rebellion to her sons."
 Forbid it, Heaven! and let my rising waves
 Indignant swell, and overwhelm the recreant slaves!
 In England's cause their patriot floods employ,
 As Xanthus delug'd in the cause of Troy.
 Is this deny'd? then point some secret way
 Where far, far hence these guiltless streams may stray;
 Some unknown channel lend, where Nature spreads
 Inglorious vales, and unfrequented meads,
 There, where a hind scarce tunes his rustic strain,
 Where scarce a pilgrim treads the pathless plain,
 Content I'll flow; forget that e'er my tide
 Saw yon majestic structures crown its side;
 Forget, that e'er my rapt attention hung
 Or on the Sage's or the Poet's tongue;
 Calm and resign'd my humbler lot embrace,
 And pleas'd, prefer Oblivion to Disgrace.



THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING POEM.

BY DR. THOMAS WARTON.

ON closing flowers when genial gales diffuse
 The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;
 When chaunts the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
 And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
 Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade,
 O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd:
 And calmly musing thro' the twilight way,
 In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
 When lo! from opening clouds, a golden gleam
 Pour'd sudden splendors o'er the shadowy stream;
 And from the wave arose its guardian queen,
 Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green;
 While in the coral crown that bound her brow,
 Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.
 As the smooth surface of the dimply flood,
 The silver-slipper'd Isis lightly trod,
 From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
 And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd.

No

No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
 Nor trill the trifling strain of empty joy;
 No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
 To notes of pastoral pipe or oaten flute.
 For hark! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,
 To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls:
 When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
 Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string?
 While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,
 The venal sons of slavish Cam, unite;
 To shake yon towers, when Malice rears her crest,
 Shall all my sons in silence idly rest?

Still sing, O Cam, your favourite Freedom's cause;
 Still boast of Freedom, while you break her laws:
 To power your songs of gratulation pay,
 To courts address soft Flattery's soothing lay.
 What tho' your gentle Mason's plaintive verse
 Has hung with sweetest wreaths Musæus' hearse;
 What tho' your vaunted bard's ingenuous wee,
 Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow?
 Yet strove his Muse, by Fame or Envy led,
 To tear the laurels from a sister's head?—
 Misguided youth! with rude unclassic rage
 To blot the beauties of thy whiter page;
 A rage that sullies ev'n thy guiltless lays,
 And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let Granta boast the patrons of her name,
 Each pompous fool of Fortune and of Fame:
 Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
 Prolific parent of each bowing dean:

Be hers each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
 Each courtly chaplain sanctify'd and sleek;
 Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
 On fat pluralities supinely thrive:
 Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
 Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
 For tinsel'd courts their laurel'd mount despise,
 In stars and strings superlatively wise:
 No longer charm'd by Virtue's golden lyre,
 Who sung of old amid th'Aonian choir,
 Where Cam, flow winding thro' the breezy reeds,
 With kindly wave his groves of laurel feeds.

'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
 Where Honour calls, and Justice points the way;
 To wear the well-earn'd wreath which Merit brings,
 And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
 Scorning, and scorn'd by courts, yon Muses' bower
 Still nor enjoys, nor asks the smile of power.
 Tho' wakeful Vengeance watch my crystal spring,
 Tho' Persecution wave her iron wing,
 And o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
 "These destin'd seats be mine," exulting cries;
 On Isis still each gift of Fortune waits,
 Still Peace and Plenty deck my beauteous gates.
 See Science walks with freshest chaplets crown'd;
 With songs of joy my festal groves resound;
 My Muse divine still keeps her wonted state,
 The front erect, and high majestic gait:
 Green as of old, each oliv'd portal smiles,
 And still the Graces build my Parian piles:

My Gothic spires in ancient grandeur rise,
 And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies;
 Ah! should'st thou fall (forbid it heavenly powers!)
 Dash'd into dust with all thy cloud-capt towers;
 Who but would mourn to British virtue dear,
 What patriot could refuse the manly tear!
 What British Marius could refrain to weep
 O'er mighty Carthage fall'n, a prostrate heap!

Ev'n late when Radcliffe's delegated train
 Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain;
 When yon proud ^d dome, fair Learning's amplest shrine,
 Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the nine;
 Mute was the voice of joy and loud applause,
 To Radcliffe due, and His' honour'd cause?
 What free-born crowds adorn the festive day,
 Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay!
 How each brave breast with honest ardors heav'd,
 When Sheldon's fane the patriot band receiv'd;
 While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
 Rome's awful senate rush'd upon our view!

O may the day in latest annals shine,
 That made a Beaufort, and an Harley mine:
 Then bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
 The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
 For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
 To hold short dalliance with the tuneful nine.
 Then Music left her golden sphere on high,
 And bore each strain of triumph from the sky:

Swell'd the full song, and to my chiefs around
 Pour'd the full Pæans of mellifluous sound,
 My Naiads blythe the floating accents caught,
 And listening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
 In gentler eddies play'd my wanton wave,
 And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;
 Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,
 And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flowers.

But lo! at once the swelling concerts cease,
 And crowded theatres are hush'd in peace,
 See, on yon Sage how all attentive stand,
 To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.
 Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art
 To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart.
 Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,
 He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;
 Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,
 What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
 'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
 To win with action, and with sense to warm;
 Untaught in flowery diction to dispense
 The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence;
 In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
 Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise;
 Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,
 Bids ancient Justice rear her radiant sword;
 From me, as from my country, wins applause,
 And makes an Oxford's a Britannia's cause.

While arms like these my stedfast sages wield,
 While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield;

Say, shall the puny champion fondly dare
 To wage with force like this, scholastic war?
 Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
 With all the rage of pedant impotence?
 Say, shall I suffer this domestic pest,
 This parricide that wounds a mother's breast?

Thus in the stately ship that long has bore
 Britain's victorious crosses from shore to shore,
 By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells,
 Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;
 Eats his blind way, and saps with secret toil
 The deep foundations of the watry pile.
 In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
 Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;
 In vain the thunder's martial rage she stood,
 With each fierce conflict of the stormy flood;
 More sure the reptile's little arts devour,
 Than waves, or wars, or Eurus' wintry power.

Ye venerable bowers, ye seats sublime,
 Clad in the mossy vest of fleeting time;
 Ye stately piles of old munificence,
 At once the pride of learning and defence,
 Where ancient Piety, a matron hoar,
 Still seems to keep the hospitable door;
 Ye cloisters pale, that length'ning to the fight,
 Still step by step to musings mild invite;
 Ye high arch'd walks, where oft the bard has caught
 The glowing sentiment, the lofty thought;
 Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
 Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise;

Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bordering vale,
 With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!—
 Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
 Of all that's fair, the guardian and the feat;
 Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
 By Truth exalted to the throne of Fame!
 Like Greece in science and in liberty,
 As Athens learn'd, as Lacedæmon free!

Ev'n now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,
 In awful ranks thy sacred sons arise;
 With every various flower their temples wreath'd,
 That in thy gardens green its fragrance breath'd.
 Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,
 Thy crowding bards immortal Chaucer leads:
 His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing choir,
 And beams on all around celestial fire:
 With graceful step see Addison advance,
 The sweetest child of Attic elegance:
 To all, but his belov'd embrace, deny'd,
 See Locke leads Reason, his majestic bride:
 See sacred Hammond, as he treads the field,
 With godlike arm uprears his heavenly shield.

All who, beneath the shades of gentle Peace,
 Best plann'd the labours of domestic ease;
 Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd;
 Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense improv'd;
 Who told the powers of reason, or refin'd,
 All, all that strengthen'd or adorn'd the mind;
 Each priest of Health, who mix'd the balmy bowl,
 To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul;

All crowd around, and echoing to the sky,
Hail, Oxford, hail! with filial transport cry.

And see yon solemn band! with virtuous aim,
'Twas theirs in thought the glorious deed to frame:
With pious plans each musing feature glows,
And well-weigh'd counsels mark their meaning brows:
"Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line,"
Hamden and Hooker, Hyde and Sidney shine.
These from thy source the fires of Freedom caught:
How well thy sons by their example taught!
While in each breast th' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguish'd and the same!

Nor all the toils of thoughtful Peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.
I see the fable-suited prince advance
With lillies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,
Edward—the Muses in yon hallow'd shade
Bound on his tender thigh the martial blade:
Bade him the steel for British Freedom draw,
And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.

And see, great father of the laureat band,
The "British King before me seems to stand.
He by my plenty-crowned scenes beguil'd,
And genial influence of my seasons mild,
Hither of yore (forlorn, forgotten maid)
The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd;
From Gothic rage the helpless virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore:

• Alfred. Regis Romani. V. Virg. Æn. 6.

Soon

Soon grew the maid beneath his fostering hand,
 Soon pour'd her blessings o'er th' enlighten'd land.
 Tho' rude the ' dome, and humble the retreat,
 Where first his pious care ordain'd her feat,
 Lo! now on high she dwells in Attic bowers,
 And proudly lifts to heaven her hundred towers.
 He first fair Learning's and Britannia's cause
 Adorn'd with manners, and advanc'd with laws:
 He bade relent the Briton's savage heart,
 And form'd his soul to social scenes of art,
 Wisest and best of kings!—with ravish'd gaze
 Elate the long procession he surveys:
 Joyful he smiles to find, that not in vain
 He plann'd the rudiments of Learning's reign:
 Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
 With all the founder in the race exprest:
 With rapture views, fair Freedom still survive
 In yon bright domes (ill-fated fugitive)
 (Such seen, as when the goddess pour'd the beam
 Unfollied on his ancient diadem)
 Well-pleas'd that in his own Pierian feat
 She plumes her wings, and rests her weary feet;
 That here at last she takes her favourite stand,
 " Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land."

f ————— Ad Capitolia ducit
 Aurea nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis. VIRG. ÆN.

 NEW MARKET. A SATIRE.

BY THE SAME.

HIS country's hope, when now the blooming heir
 Has left the parent's, or the guardian's care;
 Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
 Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy?
 Of each fond frolic what the source and end,
 His sole and first ambition what?—to spend.

Some 'squires, to Gallia's cooks most dainty dupes,
 Melt manors in ragouts, or drown in soups:
 This coxcomb doats on fidlers, till he sees
 His mortgag'd mountains destitute of trees;
 Convinc'd too late, that modern strains can move,
 With mightier force than those of Greece, the grove.
 In headless statues rich, and useless urns,
 Marmoreo from the classic tour returns;
 So poor the wretch of current coin, you'd laugh—
 He cares not—if his \S Cæsars be but safe.
 Some tread the slippery paths of love's delights,
 These deal the cards, or shake the box at White's,
 To different pleasures different tastes incline,
 Nor the same sea receives the rushing swine.

 \S Antique medals.

Tho' drunk alike with Circe's poisonous bowl,
In separate fies the mimic monsters roll.

But would ye learn, ye leisure-loving 'squires,
How best you may disgrace your prudent fires;
How soonest soar to fashionable shame,
Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame;
By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground!
Where fam'd Newmarket spreads her tempting plain,
There let the chosen steed victorious strain;
Where not ^h (as erst was sung in manly lays)
Men fly to different ends thro' different ways;
'Thro' the same path, to the same goal ye run,
And are, at once, undoing and undone,
Forfeit, forget friends, honour, and estate,
Lose all at once—for what?—to win the plate:
All are betray'd, and all alike betray,
To your own beasts, Actæon-like, a prey.

What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
When the good knight at last retir'd to rest!
Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleasing prospect of the spacious Park,
That Park, where beauties undisguis'd engage,
Those beauties less the work of art than age;

* Alluding to those well known lines of Sir John Denham, in
Cooper's Hill, on London.

“ — Thro' several ways they run,

“ Some to undo, and some to be undone.”

In simple state, where genuine Nature wears
 Her venerable drefs of ancient years;
 Where all the charms of Chance with order meet,
 The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.
 Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
 And form dark groves, which Druids might adore;
 Pride and support of Britain's conquering crofs,
 Which distant ancestors faw crown'd with mofs:
 With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
 Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue:
 Here various trees compofe a chequer'd fcene,
 Glowing in gay diversities of green:
 There the full fream, thro' intermingling glades,
 Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades.
 Nor wants there hazle copfe, or beechen lawn,
 To cheer with fun or fhade the bounding fawn.

And fee the good old feat, whose Gothic towers
 Awful emerge from yonder tufted bowers;
 Whose rafter'd hall the crowding tenants fed,
 And dealt to Age and Want their daily bread:
 Where garter'd knights, with peerlefs beauties join'd,
 At high and folemn festivals have din'd;
 Prefenting oft fair Virtue's fhining task,
 In myftic pageantries, and moral ⁱ mafque.

ⁱ It was a fashionable practice among our ancient nobility and gentry, of both fexes, to perform personally in entertainments of this kind. Nothing could be a more delightful or rational method of fpendng an evening than this. Milton's Comus was thus exhibited at Ludlow-Caftle, in the year 1631. See Ben Johnson's Mafques.

But vain all ancient praise, or boasts of birth,
 Vain all the palms of old heroic worth!
 At once a bankrupt, and a prosperous heir,
 Hilario bets—Park, house, dissolve in air.
 With antique armour hung, high trophied rooms
 Descend to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms.
 He sees his steel-clad fires, and mothers mild,
 Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd,
 All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
 Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace,
 Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
 To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
 The parish wonders at th' unopening door,
 The chimnies blaze, the tables groan no more.
 Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts arise,
 And all the social scene in silence lies.
 Himself, the loss politely to repair,
 Turns atheist, fidler, highwayman, or player.
 At length, the scorn, the shame of Man and God,
 Is doom'd to rub the steeds that once he rode.
 Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
 Your dreams of thousands on the list'd plain!
 Not more fantastic^k Sancho's airy course,
 When madly mounted on the magic horse,
 He pierc'd heaven's opening spheres with dazzled eyes,
 And seem'd to soar in visionary skies.
 Nor less, I ween, precarious is the meed
 Of young adventurers on the Muse's steed;

^k Clavileno. See Don Quixote.

For poets have, like you, their destin'd round,
 And ours is but a race on classic ground.
 Long time, soft son of patrimonial ease,
 Hippolitus had eat firloins in peace:
 Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by toils or wife,
 The mild October of a rural life:
 Long liv'd with calm domestic conquests crown'd,
 And kill'd his game on safe paternal ground.
 As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
 His bosom kindles with sublimer views.
 Lo there, thy triumphs, Taaff, thy palms, Portmore,
 Tempt him to rein the steed, and stake his store.
 Like a new bruiser on Broughtonic sand,
 Amid the lists our hero takes his stand;
 Suck'd by the sharper, to the peer a prey,
 He rolls his eyes that witness huge dismay;
 When lo! the chance of one unlucky heat
 Strips him of game, strong beer, and sweet retreat.
 How aukward now he bears disgrace and dirt,
 Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert.—
 The shiftless beggar bears of ills the worst,
 At once with dullness, and with hunger curst.
 And feels the tasteless breast equestrian fires?
 And dwells such mighty rage in graver 'squires?
 In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
 Britain, thy conscript counsellors behold;
 (For some, perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,
 May gain a borough by a lucky bet)
 Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
 The cap and wig succinct, the silken suit,

Mere

Mere modern Phaetons usurp the reins,
 And scour in rival race Newmarket's plains,
 See side by side, the Jockey and Sir John,
 Discuss th' important point—of fix to one.
 For O, my Muse, the deep-felt bliss how dear,
 How great the pride to gain a Jockey's ear!

See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
 Thy Members pour amid the mingling race!
 All ask, what crowds the tumults could produce—
 " Is Bedlam or the commons all broke loose?
 Such noise and nonsense, betting, damning, sinking,
 Such emphasis of oaths, and claret drinking!
 Like school-boys freed, they run as chance directs,
 Proud from a well-bred thing to risque their necks.
 The warrior's scar not half so graceful seems,
 As, at Newmarket, dislocated limbs.

Thy sages hear, amid th' admiring crowd
 Adjudge the stakes, most eloquently loud:
 With critic skill, o'er dubious bets preside,
 The low dispute, or kindle, or decide:
 All empty wisdom, and judicious prate,
 Of distanc'd horses, gravely fix the fate,
 Guide the nice conduct of a daring match,
 And o'er th' equestrian rights, with care paternal watch.

Mean time, no more the mimic patriots rise,
 To guard Britannia's honour, warm and wise:
 No more in senates dare assert her laws,
 Nor pour the bold debate in Freedom's cause:

Neglect the counsels of a sinking land,
And know no rostrum, but Newmarket's ¹ stand.

Are these the sage directive powers design'd,
With the nice search of a sagacious mind,
In judgment's scales the fate of realms to weigh,
Britannia's interest, trade, and laws survey?
O say, when least their sapient schemes are crost,
Or when a nation, or a match is lost?
Who dams and fires with more exactness trace,
Than of their country's kings the sacred race;
Think London journies are the worst of ills,
And set their hands to articles for bills:
Strangers to all historians sage relate,
Theirs are the memoirs of th' equestrian state:
Unskill'd in Albion's past and present views,
Who ^m Cheny's records for Rapin peruse.

Go on, brave youths, till, in some future age,
Whips shall become the senatorial badge;
Till England see her thronging senators
Meet all at Westminster, in boots and spurs;
See the whole house, with mutual frenzy mad,
Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad;
Of bets, for taxes, learnedly debate,
And guide, with equal reins, a steed and state.

¹ A kind of scaffold, where is held a consistory, made up of set very eminent gentlemen for determining doubtful cases in the &c. This place might not improperly be called a Pandæmonium.

^m The accurate and annual author of an historical list of the running-horses, &c.

How would a virtuous ^a Houhnhym neigh disdain,
 To see his brethren brook th' imperious rein;
 Bear slavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
 Smoak thro' the glebe, or trace the destin'd road,
 And robb'd of manhood by the murderous knife,
 Sustain each fordid toil of servile life.
 Yet O, what rage would touch his generous mind,
 To see his sons of more than mortal kind;
 A kind, with each ingenuous virtue blest,
 That fills the prudent head, or valorous breast,
 Afford diversion to that monster base,
 That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race;
 In whom pride, avarice, ignorance conspire,
 That hated animal, a Yahoo-'squire.

How are th' adventurers of the British race
 Chang'd from the chosen chiefs of ancient days;
 Who, warm'd with genuine glory's honest thirst,
 Divinely labour'd in the Pythian dust.
 Theirs was the wreath that lifted from the throng,
 Theirs was the Theban bard's recording song.
 Mean time, to manly emulation blind,
 Slaves to each vulgar vice that stains the mind,
 Our British Therons issue to the race,
 Of their own generous coursers the disgrace.
 What tho' the grooms of Greece ne'er took the odds,
 They won no bets—but then they soar'd to gods;

^a Vide Gulliver's travels, voyage to the Houhnhym s.

And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,
Than all th' united plates of George bestow'd.

Greece! how I kindle at thy magic name,
Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame.
Thy solemn scenes, and awful visions rise;
In ancient grace, before my musing eyes.
Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
While sage Lycurgus pours the mild harangue;
'There Xerxes' host; all pale with deadly fear;
Shrink at her ° fated hero's flashing spear.
Here, hung with many a lyre of silver string,
'The laureat walks of sweet Ilissus spring:
And lo! where, rapt in beauty's heavenly dream,
Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd Academe.—

Yet ah! no more the seat of art and arms
Delights with wisdom, or with virtue warms.
Lo! the stern Turk, with more than Gothic rage,
Has blasted all the bays of ancient age;
No more her groves by sacred feet are trod,
Each Attic Grace has left the lov'd abode.
Fall'n is fair Greece! by Luxury's pleasing bane
Seduc'd, she drags a barbarous foreign chain.

Britannia, watch! O trim thy withering bays,
Remember thou hast rivall'd Græcia's praise,
Great Nurse of works divine! yet oh! beware
Left thou the fate of Greece, my Country, share.

° Leonidas.

Recall

Recall thy wonted worth with conscious pride;
 Thou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde;
 Hast bade thine Edwards and thine Henry's rear,
 With Spartan fortitude, the British spear;
 Alike hast seen thy sons deserve the meed,
 Or of the moral, or the martial deed.

*****:*****:*****

ON THE DEATH OF KING GEORGE THE SECOND,

A N D

ACCESSION OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

BEING THE CONCLUDING COPY OF OXFORD VERSES.

B Y T H E S A M E.

SO stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
 The tears that Science sheds on Glory's grave!
 So pure the vows which classic duty pays
 To bless another Brunswick's rising rays!—
 O Pitt! if chosen strains have power to steal
 Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal;
 If votive verse, from sacred Isis sent,
 Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent

On

On patriot plans which ancient Freedom drew,
 Awhile with fond attention deign to view
 This ample wreath, which all th'assembled Nine
 With skill united have conspir'd to twine.

Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause!
 Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
 The duteous Muse, whose haste officious brings
 Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings:
 Thy tongue well tutor'd in historic lore,
 Can speak her office and her use of yore:
 For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
 Her harp dispensed in Græcia's golden days;
 Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
 She cull'd to deck the guiltless monarch's crown;
 When virtuous Pindar, told with Tuscan gore
 How scepter'd Hiero stain'd Sicilia's shore,
 Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd
 Bright vales where spirits of the brave repos'd:
 Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd she sate,
 The decent hand-maid, not the slave of state;
 Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
 To blend the lustre of her country's fame:
 For, taught like ours, she dar'd with prudent pride,
 Obedience from dependance to divide:
 Tho' princes claim'd her tributary lays,
 With truth severe she temper'd partial praise;
 Conscious she kept her native dignity,
 Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.
 And sure if e'er the Muse indulg'd her strains,
 With just regard, to grace heroic reigns,

Where

Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
 So dear to fame as George's trophied throne?
 At whose firm base, thy stedfast soul aspires
 To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires:
 Aspires to baffle faction's specious claim,
 Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
 Once more the main her conquering banners sweep,
 Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
 Thy fix'd resolve renews each fair decree,
 That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
 Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
 Its willing youth the rural empire arms:
 Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
 March the firm leaders of their faithful swains;
 As erst stout archers from the farm or fold,
 Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.
 Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
 The war of words, the sophistries of state;
 Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
 Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine:
 For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
 To feel, to think, to speak for public good.
 In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes;
 One common cause, one common end prescribes;
 Nor fear nor fraud, or spares or screens the foe,
 But spirit prompts, and valour strikes the blow.
 O Pitt, while honour points thy liberal plan,
 And o'er the minister exalts the man,
 His congenial greets thy faithful sway,
 Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay;

For science still is justly fond to blend,
 With thine, her practice, principles, and end.
 'Tis not for her, by false connections drawn,
 At splendid Slavery's sordid shrine to fawn;
 Each native effort of the feeling breast
 To friends, to foes, in servile fear, suppress:
 'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
 The phantom favours of the cringing crew;
 More useful toils her studious hours engage,
 And fairer lessons fill her spotless page:
 Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
 With nobler arts she forms the rising race:
 With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
 In elder times she woo'd Munificence
 To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
 And lift her temples nearer to the skies;
 Princes and prelates stretch'd the social band,
 To form, diffuse, and fix her high command:
 From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek the prize,
 From kings, like George, benignant, just, and wise.

Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
 This humble present of no partial muse
 From that calm bower, which nurs'd thy thoughtful youth
 In the pure precepts of Athenian truth:
 Where first the form of British Liberty
 Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye:
 That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
 In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw:
 Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
 Which every classic Grace had learn'd to rove)

Her

Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington to feign
 The blessings of her visionary reign;
 That reign, which now no more an empty theme,
 Adorns philosophy's ideal dream,
 But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
 In full reality this favour'd isle.



ON THE MARRIAGE OF KING GEORGE THE
 THIRD AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

BY THE SAME.

TO THE QUEEN.

WHEN first the kingdom to thy virtues due
 Rose from the billowy deep in distant view;
 When Albion's isles, old ocean's peerless pride,
 Tower'd in imperial state above the tide;
 What bright ideas of the new domain
 Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign!
 And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat,
 That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat:
 Lo! this the land where Freedom's sacred rage
 Has glow'd untam'd, thro' many a martial age.

Q²

Here

Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,
 Rear'd on one base the king's, the people's good:
 Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow
 That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low;
 Here wak'd the flame that still superior braves
 The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves:
 Here chivalry, stern school of valour old,
 Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd;
 Heroic champions heard the clarion's call,
 And throng'd the board in Edward's banner'd hall;
 While chiefs, like George, approv'd in worth alone,
 Unlock'd chaste beauty's adamantine zone.
 Lo! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
 What fertile fields her temperate suns display;
 Where Property secures the conscious swain,
 And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain:
 Hence ripe with stores her villages abound,
 Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound;
 Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
 And future navies crown her darksome hills.
 To bear her formidable glory far,
 Behold her opulence of hoarded war!
 See, from her ports a thousand banners stream,
 On every coast her vengeful lightnings gleam!
 Meantime, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
 In peaceful majesty her cities stand;
 Whose splendid domes, and tradeful streets declare,
 Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.

And

And O! blest queen, if e'er the magic powers
 Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours;
 Here Poesy, from awful days of yore,
 Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
 'Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreath'd,
 In Druid-songs her solemn spirit breath'd:
 While cunning bards, at ancient banquets, sung
 Of Paynim foes defy'd, and trophies hung:
 Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,
 And dress'd in fairy robes a queen like thee.
 Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,
 Nature's unbounded portrait Shakespear drew:
 But chief, the mournful group of human woes—
 The daring artist's tragic pencil chose;
 Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
 Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissu'd vest!
 Lo! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire
 High soar'd to steal from heaven a seraph's lyre;
 And told the golden ties of wedded love
 In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.

Thine too, majestic bride! the favour'd clime,
 Where Science sits enshrin'd in roofs sublime—
 O mark how green her wood of ancient bays
 O'er Isis marge in many a chaplet strays!
 Thither, if haply some distinguish'd flower
 Of these mix'd blooms, from that ambrosial bower,
 Might catch thy glance, and, rich in Nature's hue,
 Entwine thy diadem with honour due;

If seemly gifts the train of Phœbus pay,
 To deck imperial Hymen's festive day;
 Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
 To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain:
 Pleas'd in the Muse's nook, with decent pride,
 To throw the scepter'd pall of state aside,
 Nor from the shade shall George be long away,
 Which claims Charlotta's love, and courts her stay.——

These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace,
 With rapt reflection Freedom's favourite race!
 But tho' the generous isle, in arts and arms,
 Thus stands supreme, in Nature's choicest charms;
 Tho' George and conquest guard her sea-girt throne,
 One happier blessing still she calls her own;
 And, proud a fresh increase of fame to view,
 Crowns all her glory by possessing you.





ON THE BIRTH OF GEORGE PRINCE OF
WALES,

WRITTEN AFTER AN INSTALLATION AT WINDSOR,

MDCCLXII.

BY THE SAME.

Imperial dome of Edward wise and brave!
Where warlike Honour's brightest banners wave;
At whose proud tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds:
'Tho' now no more thy crested chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor grasp the glittering lance;
'Tho' knighthood boasts the martial pomp no more,
That grac'd its gorgeous festivals of yore;
Say, stately dome, if e'er thy marshall'd knights
So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites,
As when, high-thron'd amid thy trophied shrine,
George shone the leader of the garter'd line?

Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain;
Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train:
For lo! to Britain and her favour'd pair,
Heaven's high command has sent a sacred heir!

Q4

Him,

Him, the bold pattern of his patriot fire,
 Shall fill with early fame immortal fire :
 In life's fresh spring, e'er buds the promis'd prime
 His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed sublime :
 The patriot fire shall catch with sure presage
 Each liberal omen of his opening age ;
 Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,
 In stripling beauty's bloom the princely boy ;
 There firmly wreath the braid of heavenly die,
 True Valour's badge around his tender thigh.
 Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate
 With many an antique tower, in massy state,
 In the young champion's musing mind shall raise
 Vast images of Albion's elder days.

While, as around his eager glance explores
 Thy chambers rough with war's constructed stores,
 Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils
 Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils ;
 Amid the dusky trappings hung on high,
 Young Edward's fable mail shall strike his eye :
 Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years
 With rival Cressys, and a new Poitiers ;
 On the same wall, the same triumphal base,
 His own victorious monument to place.

Nor can a fairer kindred title move
 His emulative age to glory's love,
 Than Edward, laureat prince. In letter'd truth,
 Oxford, sage mother, school'd this studious youth :

Her

Her simple institutes, and rigid lore,
 The royal nursling unreluctant bore;
 Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace
 The moonlight cloyster's checquer'd floor to trace;
 Nor scorn'd to mark the sun, at mattins due,
 Stream thro' the storied window's holy hue.
 And O, young prince, be thine his moral praise;
 Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.
 War has its charms terrific. Far and wide
 When stands th' embattled host in banner'd pride;
 O'er the vext plain when the shrill clangors run,
 And the long phalanx flashes in the sun;
 When now no dangers of the deathful day
 Mar the bright scene, nor break the firm array;
 Full oft, too rashly glows with fond delight
 The youthful breast, and asks the future fight;
 Nor knows that Horror's form, a spectre wan,
 Stalks yet unseen along the gleamy van.
 May no such rage be thine: no dazzling ray
 Of specious fame thy stedfast feet betray.
 Be thine domestic glory's radiant calm,
 Be thine the scepter wreath'd with many a palm,
 Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
 The silver lyre to milder conquest strung!
 Instead of glorious feats atchiev'd in arms,
 Bid rising arts display their mimic charms:
 Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
 Record the past, and rouse to future praise:

Before

Before the public eye, in breathing brass,
 Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs pass:
 Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
 And cloath with Minden's plain th' historic hall.

Then mourn not, Edward's dome, thine ancient boast,
 Thy tournaments, and list'd combats lost!
 From Arthur's board, no more, proud castle, mourn
 Adventurous Valour's Gothic trophies torn!
 Those elfin charms, that held in magic night
 Its elder fame, and dimm'd its genuine light,
 At length dissolve in Truth's meridian ray,
 And the bright order bursts to purer day:
 The mystic round, begirt with bolder peers,
 On virtue's base its rescued glory rears;
 Sees civil prowess mightier acts achieve,
 Sees meek humanity distress-relieve;
 Adopts the worth that bids the conflict cease,
 And claims its honours from the chiefs of peace,



ODE FOR MUSIC.

PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE IN OXFORD, ON THE
SECOND OF JULY, MDCCLI,

BEING THE ANNIVERSARY APPOINTED BY THE LATE
LORD CREW, BISHOP OF DURHAM,

FOR THE COMMEMORATION OF BENEFACTORS TO THE
UNIVERSITY.

BY THE SAME.

I.

WHERE shall the muse, that on the sacred shell
Of men in arts and arms renown'd
The solemn strain delights to swell;
O! where shall Clio chuse a race,
Whom fame with every laurel, every grace,
Like those of Albion's envied isle, has crown'd?
Daughter and mistress of the sea,
All-honour'd Albion, hail!
Where-e'er thy commerce spreads the swelling sail,
Ne'er shall she find a land like thee,
So brave, so learned, and so free;
All-honour'd Albion, hail!

II. But

II.

But in the princely land of all that's good and great,
 Would Clio seek the most distinguish'd seat,
 Most blest, where all is so sublimely blest,
 That with superior grace o'erlooks the rest,
 Like a rich gem in circling gold enshrin'd;
 Where Isis' waters wind
 Along the sweetest shore
 That ever felt fair Culture's hands,
 Or Spring's embroider'd mantle wore,
 Lo! where majestic Oxford stands;
 Virtue's awful throne!
 Wisdom's immortal source!
 Thee well her best lov'd may boasting Albion own,
 Whence each fair purpose of ingenuous praise,
 All that in thought or deed divine is deem'd,
 In one unbounded tide, one unremitted course,
 From age to age has still successive stream'd;
 Where Learning and where Liberty have nurs'd,
 For those that in their ranks have shone the first,
 Their most luxuriant growth of ever-blooming bays.

III.

In ancient days, when she the queen endu'd
 With more than female fortitude,
 Bonduca led her painted ranks to fight;
 Oft-times, in adamantine arms array'd,
 Pallas descended from the realms of light;
 Imperial Britoness! thy kindred aid,

As

As once, all-glowing from the well-fought day,
 The goddesses fought a cooling stream,
 By chance, inviting with their glassy gleam;
 Fair Isis' waters flow'd not far away.

Eager she view'd the wave,
 On the cool bank she bar'd her breast,
 To the soft gale her locks ambrosial gave;
 And thus the watry nymph address.
 Hear, gentle nymph, whoe'er thou art,
 Thy sweet refreshing stores impart:
 A Goddess from thy mossy brink
 Asks of thy crystal stream to drink:
 Lo! Pallas asks the friendly gift;
 Thy coral crowned tresses list,
 Rise from the wave, propitious power,
 O listen from thy pearly bower!

IV.

Her accents Isis' calm attention caught,
 As lonesome, in her secret cell,
 In ever-varying hues, as mimic fancy taught,
 She rang'd the many-tinctur'd shell:
 Then from her work arose the Nais mild;
 She rose, and sweetly smil'd
 With many a lovely look,
 That whisper'd soft consent:
 She smil'd, and gave the Goddess in her flood
 To dip her casque, tho' dy'd in recent blood;
 While Pallas, as the boon she took,
 Thus pour'd the grateful sentiment.

For this, thy flood the fairest name
 Of all Britannia's streams shall glide;
 Best favourite of the sons of fame,
 Of every tuneful breast the pride:
 For on thy borders, bounteous queen,
 Where now the cowslip paints the green
 With unregarded grace,

Her wanton herds where nature feeds,
 As lonesome o'er the breezy reeds

She bends her silent pace;
 Lo! there, to wisdom's goddess dear,
 A far-fam'd city shall her turrets rear,
 There all her force shall Pallas prove;
 Of classic leaf with every crown,
 Each olive, meed of old renown,
 Each ancient wreath, which Athens wove;
 I'll bid her blooming bowers abound;
 And Oxford's sacred seats shall tower
 To thee, mild Nais of the flood,
 The trophy of my gratitude!
 The temple of my power!

V.

Nor was the pious promise vain;
 Soon illustrious Alfred came,
 And pitch'd fair Wisdom's tent on Isis' plenteous plain.
 Alfred, on thee shall all the muses wait,
 Alfred, majestic name!
 Of all our praise the spring!

Thee

Thee all thy sons shall sing,
 Deck'd with the marshal and the civic wreath:
 In notes most awful shall the trumpet breathe
 To thee, great Romulus of Learning's richest state.

VI.

Nor Alfred's bounteous hand alone,
 Oxford, thy rising temples own:
 Soon many a man munificent,
 The prince, the prelate, laurel-crown'd crowd,
 Their ample bounty lent
 To build the beauteous monument,
 That Pallas vow'd.
 And now she lifts her head sublime
 Majestic in the moss of time;
 Nor wants there Grecia's better part,
 'Mid the proud piles of ancient art,
 Whose fretted spires, with ruder hand,
 Wainfleet and Wickham bravely plann'd;
 Nor decent Doric to dispense
 New charms 'mid old magnificence;
 And here and there soft Corinth weaves
 Her dædal coronet of leaves;
 While, as with rival pride their towers invade the sky,
 Radcliffe and Bodley seem to vye,
 Which shall deserve the foremost place,
 Or Gothic strength, or Attic grace.

VII.

O Isis! ever will I chant thy praise:
 Not that thy sons have struck the golden lyre
 With hands most skilful; have their brows entwined
 With every fairest flower of Helicon,
 The sweetest swans of all th' harmonious choir;
 Have had the musing mind
 Of every science pierce the pathless ways,
 And from the rest the wreath of wisdom won;
 But that thy sons have dar'd to feel
 For Freedom's cause a sacred zeal;
 With British breast, and patriot pride,
 Have still Corruption's cup defy'd;
 In dangerous days untaught to fear,
 Have held the name of honour dear.

VIII.

But chief of this illustrious day,
 The Muse her loudest Pæans loves to pay.
 Ere while she strove with accents weak
 In vain to build the lofty rhyme;
 At length, by better days of bounty chear'd,
 She dares unfold her wing.
 Hail hour of transport most sublime!
 In which, the man rever'd
 Immortal Crew commands to sing,
 And gives the pipe to breathe, the string to speak.

IX. Blest

IX.

Blest prelate, hail!
 Most pious patron, most triumphant theme!
 From whose auspicious hand
 On Isis' towers new beauties beam,
 New praise her nursing fathers gain;
 Immortal Crew!
 Blest prelate, hail!
 Ev'n now fir'd Fancy sees thee lead
 To Fame's high-seated fane
 The shouting band!
 O'er every hallowed head
 Fame's choicest wreaths she sees thee spread:
 Alfred superior smiles the solemn scene to view;
 And bids the Goddess lift
 Her loudest trumpet to proclaim,
 O Crew! thy consecrated gift,
 And echo with his own in social strains thy name.





THE CHARGE OF CYRUS THE GREAT.

BY RICHARD O'NELY, M. A.

WHAT means this awful sight? why round me shine
 Those radiant glories, and that form divine?
 See! where commission'd with some dread command,
 How sternly waves yon visionary hand!
 Near and more near it beckons, "Cyrus, rise;
 "The Gods remand thee to thy native skies."

Since thus the pleasure of imperial Jove,
 And solemn omens warn me from above;
 Come then, ye fathers, venerable grown,
 Whose steady counsels prop the Persian throne!
 Ye friends, long wedded to fair Virtue's cause,
 And ye, my sons, whom filial duty awes!
 Attentive hear, amidst th' assembled throng,
 The dying accents of a monarch's tongue.

I cease to live! yet, ah! forbear to shew
 The mad expressions of unmanly woe.
 To die, is to be blest: this understood,
 'Twere needless mourning for the wise and good.

What Virtues charm us, or what Arts engage
 In childhood, youth, in manhood, or in age,

In

In these I spent each well-distinguish'd day,
 And still pursued, where Honour led the way:
 Mine was each gift kind fortune could afford,
 The statesman's counsel, or the hero's sword:
 See, Asia, see thy once ignoble race,
 What glory heightens; and what worthies grace!
 See Peace thy realms with smiling train adorn,
 And Plenty pour the treasures of her horn:

Yet, oft as Fortune blew propitious gales,
 And mildest Zephyrs fann'd my swelling sails,
 Still Caution warn'd me, anxious for the realm,
 And Reason fear'd to quit her much-lov'd helm:
 She calmly stemm'd Ambition's boisterous tide;
 And lower'd the projects of gigantic Pride:
 Hence unimpair'd are all my blessings now;
 Hence fresh my laurels blooming o'er my brow:
 Sage Foresight only keeps our conquests won;
 The too secure too surely are undone.

No claimant princes shall hereafter jar,
 (The bloody sources of intestine war)
 For thus I will——both ye, my children, share
 Alike my fondness, and alike my care!
 Yet you, my eldest, to the crown succeed;
 'Tis what thy father, what the gods decreed.
 Reflect, from whence that sacred power is given,
 Its fount, the grand authority of heaven!
 Reflect, that monarchs only were design'd
 To guard their people, and to bless mankind!
 Each royal mandate Equity should bound,
 And Goodness cast a smile on all around.

Nor less, whilst, hovering o'er th' embattled field,
 Her palms to thee fond Victory shall yield,
 Let Mercy plead: no hero's truly brave
 Without that god-like principle—To save:
 Distress should bid our generous pity flow;
 Whilst Nature softens at another's woe.
 By me releas'd, O! how the Jewish choir
 To Sion's songs re-tun'd the sacred lyre,
 Which by the ^P streams of Babylon, unstrung,
 In late sad silence on the willows hung!
^q Dismiss'd with presents to their old abode,
 To build the temple of their much-lov'd God,
^r Each mouth was full of laughter long unknown;
 The joy, that fill'd their hearts, o'erflow'd my own.

Thy breast, young prince, let all these virtues fire,
 And nobly to the world confess thy fire.
 This happy state, that, from an heavenly plan,
 Forms every scheme of happiness to man,
 By justice 'stablish, and by arms defend;
 No feuds embroil, and no divisions rend!
 Transmit entire, to bless the peaceful home
 Of nations now unborn, and monarchs yet to come.

And thou, my son, thou youngest, shalt command
 The narrower confines of some neighbouring land.

^P See Psalm cxxxvii.

^q The famous edict of Cyrus in behalf of the Jews, which is here alluded to, is recited in 1 Esdras. 2 Chron. i. 7.

^r See Psalm cxxvi.

Tho' larger realms thy brother's sway confers,
 Thy peace is greater, as thy kingdom less.
 Ambition's spur still pungent to the soul,
 When o'er his mind his father's glories roll;
 Pursuing close up Labour's craggy steep,
 Fame hard to gain, and harder yet to keep;
 Foremost in cares, as first in rule to shine;
 These, these are his—but pleasures all are thine.

And weak, Cambyzes, will thy kingdom prove,
 Without the scepter of thy people's love,
 But yet it asks thy caution, all thy care,
 Thy subjects when to court, and when beware:
 Not true by nature, man, whate'er he boast,
 Most faithful seeming, may deceive the most.
 Be thine the well-try'd statesman, prudent, just,
 Unsway'd by lucre, unenslav'd by lust;
 Who public good prefers to private ends,
 Whose truth directs you, and whose zeal defends.
 Then no sad murmurs can suspicion raise;
 Admiring Anarchy itself obeys;
 Base Treason dreads infernal plots to lay,
 And calm'd Rebellion looks her rage away.

This once, O ' Daniel, was thy god-like part,
 Thy head as learn'd, as was sincere thy heart.
 Tho' sullen Jealousy oft curs'd thy name,
 And Envy plann'd the ruins of thy fame,

* The prophet Daniel was prime minister about seventy years to the princes of Babylon, of whom Cyrus was the last, who engaged him in his service, in which he, very probably, died.

Thy spotless honour cou'd the mouth defy
 Of deadly lions, or the deadlier spy.
 Chiefs, such as thou, best guard each prince's cause;
 Whom conscience binds, and whom religion awes.

Thy friends promote, thy brother first of these,
 Advancing most his honour, interest, ease;
 So shall his soul with kindred passions burn,
 And grateful friendship make the best return;
 Faithful alike his counsels and his arms,
 When peace shall bless you, or when war alarms.

But, O! if where respect her balms should bring,
 Pride rears her crest, and Envy's adders sting;
 If royal brothers, when some fiend inspires,
 When Anger prompts, or when Ambition fires,
 Divide themselves, and with imperious awe
 Their people's hearts to different factions draw;
 Then soon will Peace, that guardian Goddess, fail,
 And injur'd Justice drop her equal scale;
 Faith, heavenly guest, forsake her wonted stand,
 And Truth indignant flee the guilty land;
 In Concord's temple wild Contention reign,
 And madning Fury clank her broken chain;
 Her rights sequester'd Freedom shall deplore,
 And Mercy's grand asylum be no more.

O! then, my sons, by that great God above!
 By filial duty! by paternal love!
 Let sacred Friendship with you ever grow,
 The best of blessings earth contains below.

Nor think, when this poor life away shall flee,
 Your royal father never more must be.

Tho?

Tho' in our breast the soul's unseen, 'tis clear
 A soul immortal has existence there.
 Or whence has Action its energetic spring?
 Or whence, Reflection, thy excursive wing?
 Whence all the dreadful scene of Horror spread
 Around the trembling murderer's guilty head?
 Or why does thus, when mortals dare to sin,
 Vindictive Conscience ply the lash within?
 Why o'er the grave those glaring trophies blaze?
 Why all the pomp of monumental praise?
 Vain were the lofty Muse's epic strain,
 Vain the sad dirge, the rising column vain,
 If human souls mortality must share,
 And at the last but vanish into air.

Our thirst for Truth, which cannot here abate,
 Points out some clearer, some more perfect state;
 Whilst longing Hope still bids us calmly die,
 And take our fair possession of the sky.

See Innocence with various cares distress'd,
 Unfed, uncloath'd, unmansion'd, and oppress'd!
 See modest Worth, 'midst troubles undeserv'd!
 Admir'd, repuls'd! just pity'd, prais'd, and starv'd!
 Yet still rejoice the sons of virtuous Woe,
 Tho' prosperous Vice triumphant reigns below;
 On Honour's mount tho' glares the perjurd chief,
 They walk contented thro' the vale of grief!
 —It must be so—what Reasoner can believe,
 That souls, when freed from bodies, cease to live?
 Let Age the weak corporeal frame destroy,
 The soul survives——this, this can never die:

Whilst that inactive moulders in the tomb,
 This still shall flourish in immortal bloom,
 Purg'd from all earthly dross, for ever rove
 Thro' all th' unbounded tracts of happiness above.

When drowsy slumbers o'er the spirits creep,
 Reflect, what Death is, from its image, Sleep!
 In airy dreams the soul then wings its way,
 Freed from the dull impediments of clay,
 Holds converse sweet with every kindred power,
 In myrtle grove, or amaranthin bower;
 Thro' worlds unknown quick darts the vital flame,
 And traverses all heaven, from whence it came.

But yet if, with the body, rigid Fate
 The soul's existence should annihilate,
 (How, when fond thoughts the pleasing theme pursue,
 Does anxious † Doubt thus terminate the view!)
 Yet still to God let pure devotion rise,
 All-powerful, just, all-merciful and wise;
 Whose piercing eye each secret fraud detects;
 Whose wisdom governs, and whose care directs;
 That Time, nor Fate hath in confusion hurl'd
 The beauty, order, grandeur of the world,

† The notions of the wisest heathens concerning a future state were mixed with such doubts and uncertainties, that the strongest expressions of their philosophers upon this subject are little better than mere scepticism, when compared to the discoveries of the gospel, which alone has brought life and immortality to their fullest light.

Hence,

Hence, where some ^u mountain, awful to the sight,
 Rears its rude summit to yon realms of light,
 Let humble prayer, propitiating the sky,
 The body prostrate, or uplift the eye;
 There glad thanksgiving grateful altars raise!
 There choral Pæans swell the song of praise!

Let no Corruption near thy palace spread,
 Nor dire Oppression rear her iron head.
 There heaven-born virtues shall attract the sight,
 Peace, Love, and Charity, divinely bright;
 There Bounty, guided by * Discretion's hand,
 Shall deal her favours to a grateful land:
 There Truth shall smile, in awful state enshrined,
 The fair resemblance of th' eternal mind,
 There Mercy shall vouchsafe her milder word;
 There Justice brandish her impartial sword,
 Shall right the injur'd, and the weak defend,
 Each orphan's guardian, and each widow's friend.

Pursue, great prince, pursue th' important plan;
 Be fear'd, as monarch; but be lov'd, as man.

And when my soul, fair tenant, flies away
 From this frail mansion mouldering to decay,

^u The Persians generally performed their religious exercises in the open air, on high places; as thinking it derogatory from the majesty of the deity, to shut that God up within walls, who should have the earth for his altar, and the whole world for his temple.

* It is a fine compliment, that Pliny pays to the munificence of the emperor Trajan, — *Augeo principis munus, quum ostendo liberalitati ejus inesse rationem.* Plin. Paneg. Traj.

No costly pile with funeral grandeur burn,
 Nor cull my ashes for the pompous urn;
 Far other honours let these relics have,
 The low-delv'd chamber of some silent grave:
 Where, when our gloomy long abode we fix,
 The human particles with earthly mix,
 Whilst beyond fate, and fortune's farthest line,
 For ever lives the particle divine.

Yet make my ^y tomb to future ages known,
 And with a modest verse inscribe the stone:
 The verse shall preach some moral truth to man—
 “ That fortune's various, or that life's a span;
 “ That vain the pomp and pageantry of state,
 “ That weak the mighty, and that frail the great;
 “ Grandeur a bubble! honours empty all!
 “ That heroes perish, and that monarchs fall.”

And now, my friends, receive the parting view!
 Press my chill'd hand, and bid the last adieu!
 Call my dear Persians round the solemn bier,
 And you, my ^z fellow-soldiers, you be there!

^y Plutarch tells us, that Alexander, upon his first coming into Asia, found the sepulchre of Cyrus inscribed with an epitaph; and was exceedingly affected with so serious a lesson upon the instability of all human affairs.

Plut. Life of Alex.

^z Cyrus's remarkable humanity, munificence, and affability to his soldiery, are frequently mentioned by Xenophon; his harangues to them, before any military enterprize, are particularly fine; himself and his whole army went to prayers, sung an hymn, and performed other duties to heaven, before and after battle, and always made the first onset in the name of *Ξεῦς, Σωτήρ καὶ ἡγούμενος*, that is, his country god, the protector and leader.

With me who brav'd Arabia's pathless lands,
 Bleak Scythia's coasts, and India's burning sands;
 While strew'd on heaps around the foaming steed,
 Or groan'd th' Assyrian, or expir'd the Mede.
 Brave troops! by whom, as heaven protecting led,
 Great Cræsus fell, and proud Belshazzar bled.

But now, frail Health, how wan thy roses seem!
 In slower currents flows the purple stream:
 No more this breast with martial rage shall glow,
 Nor rush all vengeance on the adverse foe;
 No more this arm the flaming faulchion wield,
 Or gather laurels from the well-fought field;
 No more—for see the dire disease prevail,
 My nerves all tremble, all my spirits fail!
 —Ah, why those cries? see lovely Reason near
 To calm the soul, and wipe off every tear,
 O! rather all your wonted joys renew!
 If life I leave, I leave its troubles too:
 For, if my happy soul to God ascends,
 Or in mere nothing if my being ends,
 Death soon shall waft me to some unknown shore,
 Where labours end, and sorrows are no more:
 Where patriot heroes in the peaceful shade
 No factions threaten, and no foes invade;
 Where long oblivion, ending anxious strife,
 Stills the wild hurry of a noisy life;
 Or where all joys with heart-felt ease abound,
 Whilst youthful spring for ever blooms around.

Come then, dear pledges of connubial joy,
 Come, give the fond embrace, and let me die;

Next,

Next, to your ^a mother all this scene impart;
 How will it wound, sad tale! her tender heart!
 Her heart by grief too delicately mov'd,
 For ever loving, and for ever lov'd.
 Ah! now what ease employs her softer hours,
 Near murmuring fountains, or in cooling bowers
 At Susa's royal court? what princely care
 Far from her dying lord detains my fair?
 Where now that tongue, that never ceas'd to charm?
 Where the soft smile, that sickness could disarm?
 Or where the hands my weary eyes to close,
 The last kind office in my last repose?
 How oft I nam'd her with my latest breath,
 How blest'd her absent, in the midst of death,
 Ye conscious skies, ye lights celestial, tell!
 Farewel, O loveliest of thy sex, farewel!
 Farewel, my chiefs! in my example see
 What monarch, general, patriot, friend, should be.

^a Cyrus married the daughter of Cyaxares; who was a very beautiful young princess, and had the kingdom of Media for her portion.



E L E G Y.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF SPRING:

BY JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

STERN Winter hence with all his train removes;
And chearful skies and limpid streams are seen;
Thick-sprouting foliage decorates the groves;
Reviving herbage robes the fields in green.

Yet lovelier scenes shall crown th' advancing year;
When blooming Spring's full bounty is display'd;
The smile of beauty every vale shall wear;
The voice of song enliven every shade.

O Fancy, paint not coming days too fair!
Oft for the prospects sprightly May should yield,
Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
Or snows untimely whiten'd o'er the field:

But should kind Spring her wonted bounty shower,
The smile of beauty and the voice of song;
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpower,
Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I shun

I shun the scenes where maddening Passion raves;
 Where Pride and Folly high dominion hold,
 And unrelenting Avarice drives her slaves
 O'er prostrate Virtue in pursuit of gold:

The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,
 The rude stone-fence with fragrant wall-flowers gay;
 The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield
 Than all the pomp imperial domes display;

And yet ev'n here amid these secret shades,
 These simple scenes of unprov'd delight,
 Affliction's iron hand my breast invades,
 And Death's dread dart is ever in my sight.

While genial suns to genial showers succeed;
 (The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom)
 While herds and flocks range sportive o'er the mead;
 Crop the sweet herb, and snuff the rich perfume;

O why alone to hapless man deny'd
 To taste the bliss inferior beings boast!
 O why this fate that fear and pain divide
 His few short hours on earth's delightful coast!

Ah cease—no more of Providence complain!
 'Tis sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
 Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
 And palls each joy by heaven indulg'd below:

Why

Why else the smiling infant train so blest,
 Ere dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within,
 Or wild desire inflames the youthful breast,
 Or ill propension ripens into sin?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
 As to the sportive warblers on the trees,
 To them their joys sincere the seasons yield,
 And all their days and all their prospects please;

Such joys were mine when from the peopled streets,
 Where on Thames' banks I liv'd immur'd,
 The new blown fields that breath'd a thousand sweets,
 To Surry's wood-crown'd hills my steps allur'd:

O happy hours, beyond recovery fled!
 What share I now "that can your loss repay,"
 While o'er my mind these glooms of thought are spread,
 And veil the light of life's meridian ray?

Is there no power this darkness to remove?
 The long-lost joys of Eden to restore,
 Or raise our views to happier seats above,
 Where Fear, and Pain, and Death shall be no more?

Yes, those there are who know a Saviour's love
 The long-lost joys of Eden can restore,
 And raise their views to happier seats above,
 Where Fear, and Pain, and Death shall be no more:

These

These grateful share the gift of Nature's hand;
 And in the varied scenes that round them shine;
 (The Fair, the Rich, the Awful, and the Grand)
 Admire th' amazing workmanship divine.

Blows not a flow'ret in th' enamel'd vale,
 Shines not a pebble where the rivulet strays;
 Sports not an insect on the spicy gale;
 But claims their wonder and excites their praise.

For them ev'n vernal nature looks more gay,
 For them more lively hues the fields adorn;
 To them more fair the fairest smile of day,
 To them more sweet the sweetest breath of morn.

They feel the bliss that hope and faith supply;
 They pass serene th' appointed hours that bring
 The day that wafts them to the realms on high;
 The day that centers in eternal spring.





E L E G Y.

WRITTEN IN THE HOT WEATHER, JULY MDCCLVII.

BY THE SAME.

THREE hours from noon the passing shadow shows,
The sultry breeze glides faintly o'er the plains,
The dazzling æther fierce and fiercer glows,
And human nature scarce its rage sustains.

Now still and vacant is the dusty street,
And still and vacant where yon fields extend,
Save where those swains, oppress'd with toil and heat,
The grassy harvest of the mead attend.

Loft is the lively aspect of the ground,
Low are the springs, the reedy ditches dry;
No verdant spot in all the vale is found,
Save what yon stream's unfailing stores supply.

Where are the flowers that made the garden gay?
Where is their beauty, where their fragrance fled?
Their stems relax, fast fall their leaves away,
They fade and mingle with their dusty bed:

VOL. I.

S

ALL

All but the natives of the torrid zone,
 What Afric's wilds, 'or Peru's fields display,
 Pleas'd with a clime that imitates their own,
 They lovelier bloom beneath the parching ray.

Where is wild nature's heart-reviving song,
 That fill'd in genial Spring the verdant bowers?
 Silent in gloomy woods the feather'd throng
 Pine thro' this long, long course of sultry hours.

Where is the dream of bliss by Summer brought?
 The walk along the riv'let-water'd vale?
 The field with verdure clad, with fragrance fraught,
 The sun mild-beaming, and the fanning gale?

The weary soul Imagination hears,
 Her pleasing colours paint the future gay;
 Time passes on, the truth itself appears,
 The pleasing colours instant fade away:

In different seasons different joys we place,
 And these shall Spring supply, and Summer these;
 Yet frequent storms the bloom of Spring deface,
 And Summer scarcely brings a day to please.

O for some secret shady cool recess!
 Some Gothic dome o'erhung with darksome trees,
 Where thick damp walls this raging heat repress;
 Where the long isle invites the lazy breeze:

But

But why these plaints?—amid his wastes of sand,
 Far more than this the wandering Arab feels;
 Far more the Indian in Columbus' land,
 While Phœbus o'er him rolls his fiery wheels:

Far more the sensible of mind sustains,
 Rack'd with the poignant pangs of fear or shame:
 The hopeless lover, bound in beauty's chains,
 And he, whom envy robs of hard-earn'd fame:

He, who a father or a mother mourns,
 Or lovely comfort lost in early bloom,
 He, whom the dreaded rage of fever burns,
 Or slow disease leads lingering to the tomb.—

Lest man should sink beneath the present pain;
 Lest man should triumph in the present joy;
 For him th' unvarying "Laws of heaven ordain,"
 Hope in his ills, and to his bliss alloy.

Fierce and oppressive is the sun we share,
 Yet not unuseful to our humid soil;
 Hence shall our fruits a richer flavour bear,
 Hence shall our plains with riper harvests smile:

Reflect and be content—for mankind's good
 Heaven gives the due degrees of drought or rain;
 To-morrow ceaseless showers may swell the flood,
 Nor soon yon sun rise blazing fierce again:

Ev'n now behold the grateful change at hand,
Hark, in the east loud blustering gales arise;
Wide and more wide the darkening clouds expand,
And distant lightnings flash along the skies:

O in the awful concert of the storm,
While hail and rain, and wind and thunder join!
Let the great Ruler's praise my song inform,
Let wonder, reverence, gratitude be mine.



E . L E G Y.

WRITTEN IN THE HARVEST.

BY THE SAME.

FAREWEL the pleasant violet-scented shade;
The primros'd-hill, and daisy-mantled mead;
The furrow'd land, with springing corn array'd;
The sunny wall, with bloomy branches spread:

Farewel the bower with blushing roses gay;
Farewel the fragrant trefoil-purple'd field;
Farewel the walk thro' rows of new-mown hay,
When evening breezes mingled odours yield!

Farewel

Farewel to these—now round the lonely farms,
 Where jocund Plenty deigns to fix her feat;
 Th' autumnal landscape opening all its charms,
 Declares kind Nature's annual work compleat.

In different parts what different views delight,
 Where on neat ridges waves the golden grain;
 Or where the bearded barley dazzling white,
 Spreads o'er the steepy slope or wide champain.

The smile of Morning gleams along the hills;
 And wakeful Labour calls her sons abroad;
 They leave with chearful look their lowly vills,
 And bid the fields resign their ripen'd load.

To various tasks address the rustic band,
 And here the scythe, and there the fickle wield;
 Or rear the new-bound sheaves along the land;
 Or range in heaps the produce of the field.

Some build the flocks, some load the spacious wains,
 Some lead to sheltering barns the fragrant corn,
 Some form tall ricks that towering o'er the plains,
 For many a mile the rural yards adorn.—

Th' inclosure gates thrown open all around,
 The stubble's peopled by the gleaning throng,
 The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,
 And joyful swains that raise the clamorous song,

Soon mark glad harvest o'er—Ye rural lords,
Whose wild domains o'er Albion's isle extend;
Think whose kind hand your annual wealth affords,
And bid to heaven your grateful praise ascend.

For tho' no gift spontaneous of the ground
Rose these fair crops that made your vallies smile,
Tho' the blithe youth of every hamlet round
Pursued for these thro' many a day their toil.

Yet what avail your labours or your cares?
Can all your labours, all your cares supply
Bright suns, or softening showers, or tepid airs,
Or one indulgent influence of the sky?

For Providence decrees that we obtain
With toil each blessing destin'd to our use;
But means to teach us that our toil is vain,
If he the bounty of his hand refuse.

Yet Albion, blame not what thy crime demands,
While this sad truth the blushing muse betrays,
More frequent echoes o'er thy harvest lands
The voice of riot than the voice of praise.

Prolific tho' thy fields and mild thy clime,
Know realms once fam'd for fields and climes as fair,
Have fell the prey of famine, war, and time,
And now no semblance of their glory bear.

Ask Palestine, proud Asia's early boast,

Where now the groves that pour'd her wine and oil,
Where the fair towns that crown'd her wealthy coast,
Where the glad swains that till'd her fertile soil?

Ask, and behold, and mourn her hapless fall!

Where rose fair towns, where wav'd the golden grain,
Thron'd on the naked rock and mouldering wall,
Pale Want and Ruin hold their dreary reign.

Where Jordan's vallies smil'd in living green,

Where Sharon's flowers disclos'd their varied hues;
The wandering pilgrim views the alter'd scene,
And drops the tear of pity as he views.

Ask Grecia, mourning o'er her ruin'd towers;

Where now the prospects charm'd her bards of old,
Her corn-clad mountains and Elyfian bowers,
And silver streams thro' fragrant meadows roll'd?

Where Freedom's praise along the vale was heard,

And town to town return'd the favourite sound;
Where patriot War her awful standard rear'd,
And brav'd the millions Persia pour'd around?

There Freedom's praise no more the valley cheers,

There patriot War no more her banner waves;
Nor bard, nor sage, nor martial chief appears,
But stern barbarians rule a land of slaves.

Of mighty realms are such the poor remains?
 Of mighty realms that fell when mad with power,
 They lur'd each vice to revel on their plains;
 Each monster doom'd their offspring to devour!

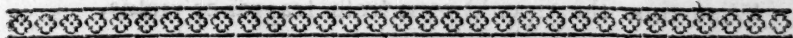
O Albion! would'st thou shun their mournful fates,
 To shun their follies and their crimes be thine;
 And woo to linger in thy fair retreats,
 The radiant virtues, progeny divine!

Bright Truth, the noblest of the sacred band,
 Sweet Peace whose brow no ruffling frown deforms,
 Fair Charity with ever open hand,
 And Courage smiling 'midst a thousand storms.

O haste to grace our isle, ye lovely train!
 So may the power whose hand all blessing yields,
 Give her fam'd glories ever to remain,
 And crown with annual wealth her laughing fields,



ELEGY.



E L E G Y.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

BY THE SAME.

THE sun far southward bends his annual way,
The bleak north-east wind lays the forest bare,
The fruit ungather'd quits the naked spray,
And dreary Winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;
Save the dark leaves of some rude ever-green,
Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall,

Where are the sprightly scenes by Spring supply'd,
The May-flower'd hedges scenting every breeze;
The white flocks scattering o'er the mountain side,
The woodlarks warbling on the blooming trees?

Where is gay Summer's sportive insect train,
That in green fields on painted pinions play'd;
The herd at morn wide-pasturing o'er the plain,
Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow shade?

Where

Where is brown Autumn's evening mild and still,
What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance yields,
What time the village peoples all the hill,
And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest fields?

To former scenes our fancy thus returns,
To former scenes that little pleas'd when here!
Our Winter chills us, and our Summer burns;
Yet we dislike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then restless fancy flies,
Where Indian streams thro' green Savannahs flow;
Where brighter suns and ever tranquil skies
Bid new fruits ripen and new flowrets blow.

Let Truth these fairer happier lands survey,
There half the year descends in watry storms;
Or Nature sickens in the blaze of day,
And one brown hue the sun-burnt plain deforms.

There oft as toiling in the mazy fields,
Or homeward passing on the shadeless way,
His joyless life the weary labourer yields,
And instant drops beneath the deathful ray.

Who dreams of nature free from nature's strife?
Who dreams of constant happiness below?
The hope-flush'd enterer on the stage of life;
The youth to knowledge unchastis'd by woe.

For

For me, long toil'd on many a weary road,
Led by false hope in search of many a joy;
I find in earth's bleak clime no blest abode,
No place, no season sacred from annoy:

For me, while Winter rages round the plains,
With his dark days I'll human life compare;
Not those who fraught with clouds and winds and rains,
Than this with pining pain and anxious care.

O whence this wonderous turn of mind our fate!
Whate'er the season or the place posselt,
We ever murmur at our present state,
And yet the thought of parting breaks our rest:

Why else, when heard in evening's solemn gloom,
Does the sad knell, that founding o'er the plain
Tolls some poor lifeless body to the tomb,
Thus thrill my breast with melancholy pain?

The voice of Reason echoes in my ear,
Thus thou ere long must join thy kindred clay;
No more these "nostrils breathe the vital air,"
No more these eyelids open on the day.

O Winter, round me spread thy joyless reign,
Thy threatening skies in dusky horrors drest;
Of thy dread rage no longer I'll complain,
Nor ask an Eden for a transient guest.

Enough

Enough has heaven indulg'd of joy below,
To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat;
Enough has heaven ordain'd of useful woe,
To make us languish for a happier seat.

There is, who deems all climes, all seasons fair,
There is, who knows no restless passion's strife;
Contentment smiling at each idle care;
Contentment thankful for the gift of life;

She finds in Winter many a scene to please;
The morning landscape fring'd with frost-work gay,
The sun at noon seen thro' the leafless trees,
The clear calm æther at the close of day:

She marks th' advantage storms and clouds bestow,
When blustering Caurus purifies the air,
When moist Aquarius pours the fleecy snow,
That makes th' impregnate glebe a richer harvest bear;

She bids for all our grateful praise arise,
To him whose mandate spake the world to form;
Gave Spring's gay bloom, and Summer's chearful skies,
And Autumn's corn-clad field, and Winter's founding storm



HYMN FROM PSALM VIII.

BY THE SAME.

Almighty Power! amazing are thy ways,
 Above our knowledge, and above our praise!
 How all thy works thine excellence display!
 How fair, how great, how wonderful are they!
 Thy hand yon wide-extended heaven uprais'd,
 Yon wide-extended heaven with stars emblaz'd,
 Where each bright orb, since Time his course begun,
 Has roll'd a mighty world, or shin'd a sun:
 Stupendous thought! how sinks all human race,
 A point, an atom in the field of space!
 Yet ev'n to us, O Lord! thy care extends,
 Thy bounty feeds us, and thy power defends;
 Yet ev'n to us, as delegates of thee,
 Thou giv'st dominion over land and sea:
 Whate'er or walks on earth, or flits in air,
 Whate'er of life the watry regions bear:
 All these are ours, and for th' extensive claim
 We owe due homage to thy sacred name!
 Almighty Power! how wonderful are thy ways,
 How far above our knowledge and our praise!

ODE ON THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

BY ———.

HENCE, iron-scepter'd Winter, haste
 To bleak Siberian waste!
 Haste to thy polar solitude;
 Mid cataracts of ice,
 Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments rude;
 From many an airy precipice,
 Where, ever beat by fleety showers,
 Thy gloomy Gothic castle towers;
 Amid whose howling iles and halls,
 Where no gay sunbeam paints the walls;
 On ebon throne thou lov'st to shroud
 Thy brows in many a murky cloud.
 Ev'n now, before the vernal heat,
 Sullen I see thy train retreat:
 Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,
 That on a ravenous tyger rides,
 Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shewn
 Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown:
 Grim Auster, dropping all with dew,
 In mantle clad of watchet hue:
 And Cold, like Zemblan savage seen,
 Still threatning with his arrows keen;

And

And next, in furry coat emboss
With icicles, his brother Frost.

Winter, farewell! thy forests hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more;
Farewel the fields, so bare and wild!
But come thou rose-cheek cherub mild,
Sweetest Summer! haste thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.
Thee April blithe, as long of yore,
Bermudas' lawns he frolick'd o'er,
With muskye nectar-trickling wing,
(In the new world's first dawning spring)
To gather balm of choicest dew,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint in changeful dye,
The youthful earth's embroidery;
To cull the essence of rich smells,
In which to dip his new-born bells;
Thee, as he skimm'd with pinions fleet,
He found an infant, smiling sweet;
Where a tall citron's shade imbrown'd
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.
There on an amaranthine bed,
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed;
Till soon beneath his forming care,
You look'd a goddess debonair;
And then he gave the blessed isle,
Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile:
There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,
With myrtle bower'd and jessamine:

And

And to thy care the task assign'd
 With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
 His roseate infant-births to rear,
 Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.

Haste thee, nymph! and hand in hand
 With thee lead a buxom band;
 Bring fantastic-footed Joy,
 With Sport, that yellow-tressed boy.
 Leisure, that thro' the balmy sky
 Chases a crimson butterfly.

Bring Health, that loves in early dawn
 To meet the milk-maid on the lawn;
 Bring Pleasure, rural nymph, and Peace,
 Meek, cottage-loving shepherdes!

And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,
 Light, and for ever on the wing.

Bring the dear Muse, that loves to lean
 On river margins, mossy green.

But who is she that bears thy train,
 Pacing light the velvet plain?

The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
 Her tresses flow with pastoral air;

'Tis May, the grace—confest she stands
 By branch of hawthorn in her hands:

Lo! near her trip the lightsome dews,

Their wings all ting'd in iris-hues;

With whom the powers of Flora play,

And paint with pansies all the way..

Oft when thy season, sweetest Queen,
 Has dress'd the groves in livery green,

When

When in each fair and fertile field
 Beauty begins her bower to build;
 While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,
 Puts her matron-mantle on,
 And mists in spreading steams convey
 More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay;
 Then, Goddess, guide my pilgrim feet
 Contemplation hoar to meet,
 As slow lie winds in museful mood,
 Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood;
 Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,
 Whence Shakespeare cull'd the spiky sedge,
 All playful yet, in years unripe,
 To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
 There thro' the dusk but dimly seen,
 Sweet evening objects intervene:
 His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
 Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants.
 The woodman, speeding home, awhile
 Rests him at a shady stile.
 Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
 Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;
 Nor tangled woodbines balmy bloom,
 Nor grass besprent, to breathe perfume!
 Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet
 To bathe in dew my roving feet:
 Nor wants there note of Philomel,
 Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell:
 Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
 Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cott:

Rustle the breezes lightly borne
 Or deep-embattled ears of corn :
 Round ancient elm with humming noise,
 Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.
 Meantime a thousand dies invest
 The ruby chambers of the west !
 That all assant the village tower
 A mild reflected radiance pour,
 While, with the level-streaming rays
 Far seen its arched windows blaze :
 And the tall grove's green top is dight
 In russet tints, and gleams of light :
 So that the gay scene by degrees
 Bathes my blithe heart in extasies ;
 And Fancy to my ravish'd sight
 Pourtrays her kindred visions bright.
 At length the parting light subdues
 My soften'd soul to calmer views,
 And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
 As twilight dawns, my mind employ,
 Till from the path I fondly stray
 In musings lapt, nor heed the way ;
 Wandering thro' the landscape still,
 Till Melancholy has her fill ;
 And on each moss-wove border damp,
 The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.
 But when the sun, at noon-tide hour,
 Sits throned in his highest tower ;
 Me, heart-rejoicing Goddes, lead
 To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead :

To mix in rural mood among
 The nymphs and swains, a busy throng;
 Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
 The russet piles to lean beneath:
 There as my listless limbs are thrown
 On couch more soft than palace down,
 I listen to the busy sound
 Of mirth and toil that hums around;
 And see the team shrill-tinkling pass
 Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.

But ever, after summer-shower,
 When the bright sun's returning power,
 With laughing beam has chas'd the storm;
 And cheer'd reviving Nature's form;
 By sweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,
 Let me my wholesome path pursue;
 There issuing forth the frequent snail,
 Wears the dank way with slimy trail;
 While as I walk, from pearled bush
 The sunny sparkling drop I brush;
 And all the landscape fair I view
 Clad in robe of fresher hue:
 And so loud the black-bird sings,
 That far and near the valley rings.
 From shelter deep of shaggy rock
 The shepherd drives his joyful flock;
 From bowering beech the mower blithe
 With new-born vigour grasps the scythe;
 While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
 His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever, against restless heat,
 Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
 O'er whose dim mouth an ivy'd oak
 Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock;
 Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
 Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone;
 Which, as they gush upon the ground,
 Still scatter misty dews around:
 A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
 Its side with mantling woodbines wove;
 Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
 Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells;
 Or noon-tide grott where Sylvan sleeps
 In hoar Lycæum's piny sleeps.

Me, Goddess, in such cavern lay,
 While all without is scorch'd in day;
 Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath
 His withering hawthorn on the heath;
 The drooping hedger wishes eve,
 In vain, of labour short reprieve!
 Meantime, on Afric's glowing sands,
 Smote with keen heat, the traveller stands:
 Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
 Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
 Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
 Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
 How does he wish some cooling wave
 To slake his lips, or limbs to lave!
 And thinks, in every whisper low,
 He hears a burbling fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon antique wood,
 Dim temple of sage Solitude!
 But still in Fancy's mirror sees
 Some more romantic scene would please,
 There within a nook most dark,
 Where none my musing mood may mark,
 Let me, in many a whisper'd rite,
 The Genius old of Greece invite,
 With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
 Which for his chosen imps he twin'd,
 Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
 On clear Ilissus' laureat shore—
 Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
 The raven wakes my tranced mind!

Or to the forest-fringed vale
 Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
 Where cowslips clad in mantle meek,
 Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:
 In the midst, with sedges grey
 Crown'd, a scant rivulet winds its way,
 And trembling thro' the weedy wreaths,
 Around an oozy freshness breathes.
 O'er the solitary green,
 Nor cott, nor loitering hind is seen:
 Nor aught alarms the mute repose,
 Save that by fits an heifer lows:
 A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
 To rear him a lone hermitage;
 Fit place his pensive eld might chuse
 On Virtue's holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon t' appease
 Some more romantic scene might please;
 Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
 By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn;
 Or bower in Vallambrosa's shade,
 By legendary pens pourtray'd.
 Haste let me shroud from painful light,
 On that hoar hill's ærial height,
 In solemn state, where waving wide,
 Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide
 The rugged vaults, and riven towers
 Of that proud castle's painted bowers,
 Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,
 In Scotland's martial days of old,
 Descended from the stately feast,
 Begirt with many a warrior-guest,
 'To quell the pride of Norway's king,
 With quivering lance and twanging string,
 As thro' the caverns dim I wind,
 Might I that holy legend find,
 By fairies spelt in mystic rhymes,
 To teach enquiring later times,
 What open force, or secret guile,
 Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.

But when mild Morn in saffron stole
 First issues from her eastern goal;
 Let not my due feet fail to climb
 Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
 Whence Nature's universal face
 Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace;

The

The misty streams that wind below,
 With silver-sparkling lustre glow;
 The groves, and castled cliffs appear
 Invested all in radiance clear;
 O! every village-charm beneath!
 The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
 O beauteous, rural interchange!
 The simple spire, and elmy grange!
 Content, indulging blissful hours,
 Whistles o'er the fragrant flowers,
 And cattle rous'd to pasture new,
 Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou alone, O Summer mild,
 Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild:
 Whene'er I view thy genial scenes,
 Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens,
 What fires within my bosom wake,
 How glows my mind the reed to take!
 What charms like thine the muse can call,
 With whom 'tis youth and laughter all;
 With whom each field's a paradise,
 And all the globe a bower of bliss!
 With thee conversing, all the day,
 I meditate my lightsome lay.
 These pedant cloisters let me leave
 To breathe my votive song at eve,
 In valleys where mild whispers use;
 Of shade and stream to court the muse;
 While wandering o'er the brook's dim verge,
 I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,
 And age shall give the tresses hoar,
 I'd fly soft Luxury's marble dome,
 And make an humble thatch my home,
 Which sloping hills around enclose,
 Where many a beech and brown oak grows ;
 Beneath whose dark and branching bowers
 Its tides a far-fam'd river pours :
 By Nature's beauties taught to please,
 Sweet Tusculane of rural ease !
 Still grot of Peace ! in lowly shed
 Who loves to rest her gentle head.
 For not the scenes of Attic art
 Can comfort care, or soothe the heart :
 Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
 For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.
 Thither, kind heaven, in pity lent,
 Send me a little and content ;
 The faithful friend, and chearful night,
 The social scene of dear delight :
 The conscience pure, the temper gay,
 The musing eve, and idle day.
 Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
 Rapt with the charms of classic wit :
 To catch the bold heroic flame,
 That built immortal Græcia's fame.
 Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise
 The solemn song to Britain's praise :
 To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds,
 And vaunt heroic ancient deeds :

To

To chant fam'd Arthur's magic tale,
 And Edward, stern in fable mail.
 Or wandering Brutus' lawless doom,
 Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome;
 O ever to sweet poesie,
 Let me live true votary!
 She shall lead me by the hand,
 Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland!
 She from her precious stores shall shed
 Ambrosial flowrets o'er my head:
 She, from my tender youthful cheek
 Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
 The secret and unpitied tear,
 Which still I drop in darkness drear.
 She shall be my blooming bride,
 With her, as years successive glide,
 I'll hold divinest dalliance,
 For ever held in holy trance.



TRUE BEAUTY.

BY DR. FORDYCE.

THE diamond's and the ruby's blaze
 Disputes the palm with Beauty's queen:
 Not Beauty's queen commands such praise,
 Devoid of virtue if she's seen.

But

But the soft tear in Pity's eye
Outshines the diamond's brightest beams ;
But the sweet blush of Modesty
More beauteous than the ruby seems.



ARISTOTLE'S PÆAN TO VIRTUE
IMITATED.

BY MR. SHEPHERD.

VIRTUE, stern Tutress, hail!
Hail thou, whose guidance trains
In life's rough paths the delegated youth ;
Each thought, each enterprising deed arraigns
At the tribunal of impartial Truth :
What charms attractive grace thy modest mien,
Or in Religion's snow-white veil,
Or unstain'd robes of Honour drest ;
Thy eye how bold, yet mild ; how rigid, yet serene !
Thine, virgin, was the genial fire
That glow'd in each heroic breast ;
And prompted to aspire,
On Merit's field to win an honour'd name
In the bright annals of distinguish'd fame :

Bade

Bade them the deathless crown of Glory seize;
 The crown, that, cull'd from Labour's arduous grove,
 The sister graces for his temples wove,
 Who dar'd, amidst a loose and venal state,
 Look down superior to th' alluring bait,
 And spurn the sluggard bed of downy ease.

II.

O say, what soul-supporting thought
 In that dread hour inspir'd th' Athenian sage;
 When, victim to a faction's rage,
 Unmov'd he quaff'd the fatal bowl:
 Thy influence fortified his soul,
 And tempered to his taste the bitter draught.
 Robed in Religion's purer vest,
 Whilst every heighten'd charm more fair appeared,
 Martyrs thy consecrated form confessed.
 Hail'd Truth's bright dictates, and thy power revered.
 Nor lure, nor threats their fixt resolves could shake,
 For thee they soared above the narrow views,
 The scenes that more contracted minds amuse,
 And smil'd amidst the tortures of the stake.

III.

Estrang'd from Pleasure's soft embrace,
 Whoe'er aspires in Glory's race
 By proof of many a noble deed
 To win the prize for him decreed
 Who Virtue's height attains;
 His name the Muse, chaste Virtue's friend,

Shall

Shall bid, emblaz'd in purest strains,
 To the bold arch of heaven ascend:
 And whilst the golden numbers flow,
 Where all the graces all their influence breathe;
 Fair Fame with never-fading wreath
 Shall deck his laurell'd brow.



ODE TO AMBITION.

BY THE SAME.

O'E R midnight glass, or by the fair
 In dalliance soft carest;
 Without a thought, without a care
 To discompose their rest,
 The meaner herd exulting pant to rove
 The flowery paths of Pleasure's fairy grove:

While more determin'd bosoms glow
 With high Ambition's fires;
 Source of whate'er is great below,
 The grave of mean desires:
 Adieu for them the pleasure-winged hour,
 Adieu the bed of ease, the Paphian bower!

The'

Tho' rough the paths that lead to Fame;
Their steps no toils dismay;
Ambition aids the generous aim,
And smooths the rugged way:
With all its lustre bids bright Virtue shine,
And into action wakes the big design.

What breaks th' aspiring statesman's rest?
What gives the Muse to sing?
Ambition wakes his anxious breast,
And plumes her towering wing:
Instructs the feeble Monarch how to bear
The crown, and all the thorns that fasten there.

The General's wakeful bosom fires,
And guards the jealous camp;
The Scholar's flattering hope inspires,
And trims the midnight lamp;
The pride of arts from fair Ambition springs,
And blooms secure beneath her fostering wings.

Oft, Goddess, as thy genial ray
Pervades the feeling heart,
Love trembling quits his sensual sway,
And drops his feeble dart:
The flowers, that in the Paphian garden grow,
Fade in the wreath that rounds the hero's brow.

Pleasure

Pleasure retreats with wanton smiles,
 And Strength-unnerving eyes ;
 Hoping in vain by Parthian wiles
 To conquer as she flies :
 Sloth with reluctance quits her foul embrace,
 Rough Care and manly Toil assume her place.

Virtue with firm quaternion band
 His eager steps precedes ;
 A flambeau grasping in her hand,
 To light to glorious deeds :
 The sifter-train his toils with glory crown,
 And point the arduous paths to fair renown.

By these inspir'd young Scipio trod
 To Fame th' adventurous way ;
 " By Love, he cry'd, let Paphos' god
 The softer soul betray ;
 A nobler quarry lures the hero's eye :"
 He spoke, and bade th' unconquer'd eagle fly.

Hence then, ye Slaves, whom Ease delights,
 To yon lone cloyster stray,
 Where monkish apathy invites
 To dose tame life away :
 True Worth, that spurns the hermit's sluggard cell,
 In Glory's active courts delights to dwell.



ODE TO THE ATHEIST.

BY THE SAME.

EXPATiate long in nice debate,
On Chance, Necessity, and Fate;
With learn'd Lucretius stray
In Epicurus' magic grove,
Where the self-motion'd atoms rove
In mazy mystic play.

Some vain hypothesis admit,
The specious cobweb-work of wit;
And daringly deny
What every object round avows,
What every act of Reason shews,
An All-wise Deity.

The clearest evidence contest,
Divinely stamp'd on every breast,
Since Time was taught to roll;
In Error's gloomy coverts stray,
From Truth's indisputable ray
Remote, as pole from pole.

So

So shuts the moping bird of night
 Her feeble eyes against the light,
 That glads the chearful day;
 And when prevailing darkness reigns;
 Thro' groves obscene, or dreary plains,
 She wings her dubious way.

Consult the blue expanse on high,
 The blush that paints the morning sky;
 The cloud that nimbly rides,
 The orbs that mark with lustre bright
 The spangled mantle of the night,
 Who there supreme resides.

Question the gaudy flowers around,
 That scent the air, or paint the ground,
 Whose influence they obey;
 Whose hand imparts the various dyes;
 At whose command they bud and rise;
 At whose command decay.

Say ye, on down, or mountain steep,
 That stately tread, or lowly creep;
 And ye ærial throng,
 That cheer the woodland scene and fields
 With vocal strains; whose bounty yields,
 Or sustenance or song:

Who,

Who, in the ocean's waste domain,
'The tenants of the watry plain
 With liberal hand supplies?
The floods in icy fetters binds,
Smooths the rough surge, and lulls the winds,
 Or bids the tempest rise?

Nature in every mystic scene
Declares a plastic Author's reign:
 Above the morning's wings,
Beyond the sea's remotest tides,
Beneath the Dædal earth resides
 Th' Almighty King of Kings.



ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

BY THE SAME.

REMOTE from those enchanting bowers,
Where dance the nimble-footed hours,
 Where revels frantic Folly;
To thee I bring the tribute tear,
Visits the muse thy mansions drear,
 Heart-searching Melancholy.

VOL. I.

U

By

By thee inspir'd, by Fancy led,
 Thy hallowed ground I seem to tread,
 Where o'er the joyless plain
 The æther sheds its blackest hue,
 And here and there a lonely yew
 Marks Melancholy's reign.

Where chearful gales forget to blow,
 Pellucid currents cease to flow,
 The cloud-capt mountain's height
 All avenues of the dreary way
 Secures from each pervading ray
 Of soul-enlivening light.

Where Grief sad social solace seeks,
 The rose has fled her meagre cheeks,
 And hollow is her eye ;
 Care on her lap reclines his head,
 Whilst hovering round the restless bed
 The wing'd chimeras fly.

Rack'd with ideal tortures Spleen
 A thousand fiends unknown, unseen,
 With shadowy faulchions scare ;
 This rends her breast, that goads her sides,
 And every hag of Fancy rides
 The phantom thro' the air.

Hark,

Hark, softly stealing on the ear
 The hollow sigh, the dropping tear,
 The music of Despair;
 Not lovers sorrow-mocking sighs,
 Or mimic Grief that melts the eyes
 Of youthful widowed fair.

Sorrows that orphan bosoms pierce,
 Pour'd o'er a tender parent's hearse,
 Snatch'd by un pitying fate;
 No fostering hand's kind solace nigh,
 Each summer friend with wayward eye
 Surveys their helpless state.

Thus the vague group of vernal flies,
 While Titan gilds the cloudless skies,
 Sport in the glistening ray:
 The splendid scene once overcast
 By lowering cloud, or adverse blast,
 Each insect veers away.

When Pleasure's madding tide o'er swells
 The rapt breast, to those doleful cells
 Of misery let me stray;
 There shall thought-fostering Solitude,
 Whilst no fantastic joys intrude,
 Each devious step recal to Virtue's rugged way.

O D E O N E N V Y.

BY THE SAME.

I.

BENEATH yon chain of barren rocks,
 Where niggard Nature ne'er unlocks
 One hoard of chearful green;
 The brown yew forms a gloomy shade,
 The blasted oak erects its head,
 A dreary wasteful scene.
 O haste, O fly th' accursed cell,
 Where Envy's fiendly faction dwell!
 Else shall her glance, malignant cast,
 The fairest shoots of Merit blast:
 He risks his ease, who ventures nigh
 The baleful witchcraft of her eye.

II.

Ev'n now from her infernal dark abyss,
 At Merit's name she lifts her head,
 At Merit's name prepar'd to shed
 Their influence all her snaky tresses hiss.
 Ev'n now the languid mind oppress'd,
 Droops under horrors damp and chill,
 Whilst heaves the sigh from the distended breast,
 Slow winds the tide of life along each azure rill.

Arise,

Arise, my Muse, the chorded shell prepare,
 Awake the drowsy string;
 For thou canst lull the gathering storms of Care,
 Thou canst disarm dire Envy of her sting,
 And smoothe the haggard brow of fell Despair.

III.

Ah strange reverse of honest joys!
 The pale-ey'd fiend elate
 Smiles, if Adversity annoys
 Her neighbour's hapless state.
 Yet Spleen oppressive marring her cheer,
 And signs the bitter day:
 For Envy drops the scalding tear,
 When all the world is gay.
 The tenant of some narrow mind,
 She bids Suspicion launch the dart;
 Whilst all her secret powers combin'd
 Excite the poignant smart.
 Slow halts Ill-nature in the rear,
 That poisons as she probes the wound,
 And Rumour's noisome breath is near,
 To waft the poison round.

I. 1.

Say, Theron, yet shall torpid Fear
 Obstruct thy virtue's high career,
 Shall Envy's menace wrest
 Thy merit's well-directed aim,
 And quench the noble thirst of fame
 That warms thy youthful breast?

O no! pursue the glorious road
 A Bacon, Hide, and Osborne trod:
 Her snaky head tho' Envy rear,
 Fame's eagle wing thy name shall bear
 O'er black Oblivion's frozen sea,
 Rank'd with great chiefs of old in immortality.



O D E T O H E A L T H.

BY THE SAME.

HENCE meagre pale Disease,
 From the crude banquets of Intemperance bred;
 Nurs'd in the sluggard bed,
 And folded in the arms of pamper'd Ease:
 Hence to Bœotian bogs;
 Whence humid Auster on his dropping wings
 Gross exhalations brings,
 Where rank effluvia from the marshy brake,
 Or murky stagnate lake
 Pregnant with ills arise in misty fogs.
 And come, Hygeia, bland and fair,
 Flush'd with the glow of morning air;
 With coral lip and sparkling eye,
 Complexion of ensanguin'd dye;

With

With chearful smile, and open brow,
 Where Care could ne'er one furrow plow;
 With steady step, and aspect sleek,
 The rose that glows on Stella's cheek,
 And snowy bosom, whence exhales
 The sweetness of Etesian gales.

In sylvan scenes is thy delight,
 To climb the towering mountain's height,
 Or blithely on thy native plain
 To gambol with the Dryad train.
 Those plains, where in unguarded hour
 Far from the ken of her chaste bower,
 As o'er the dew-bespangled glade
 Rov'd Temperance the mountain maid;
 She stopt, in fixt attention viewing
 Lusty Exercise pursuing,
 With missive shaft and beechen spear,
 Thro' opening lawns the trembling deer.
 The God surveys the musing dame,
 The lover quits his flying game:
 His tresses dropp'd with morning dew,
 While to the wood-nymph's arms he flew;
 And from their hale embraces sprung
 Hygeia, ever fair and young.

Long, virgin, may thy genial fire
 Each late exhausted vein inspire,
 The crimson tide of life renew,
 And give to glide in channels blue.
 Thee Wit and Mirth spontaneous serve,
 That give a tone to every nerve,

Invoke thee, Harmony's bright Queen,
 To tune the disarrang'd machine.
 The glow of Titan's orient ray
 Thy happy pencil shall pourtray
 With grace more exquisite than lies
 In Guido's air, or Titian's dyes;
 Hence the pale hue of Sickneſs chafe,
 And call up each reviving grace.
 O'er which as late with haggard hand
 Conſumption ſhook her magic wand;
 Nature's laſt debt prepar'd to pay
 Youth's drooping flowers 'gan fade away:
 No crimſon hue was ſeen to glow,
 The ſtagnate blood forgot to flow;
 Their luſtre fled, the languid eyes
 Stood fixt in motionleſs ſurpriſe;
 Each ſenſe ſeem'd loſt in endleſs night,
 The trembling ſoul was wing'd for flight:
 Which Death's rude ſhaft had half ſet free
 In unconceiv'd eternity.

Then, Varus, was the power diſplay'd
 Of medicine's heaven-directed aid.
 Verſ'd in each drug's baſfamic uſe
 The Dædal ſoils of earth produce,
 In every flower of every hue,
 And herb that drinks the morning dew,
 Thy lenient hand allay'd each throw,
 And gave a milder face to Woe;
 Bade the bold pulſe eluſtic play,
 The eye emit its vivid ray,

Call'd

Call'd back the flitting life again,
And Health inspir'd thro' every vein.

Again thrills with her genial zest
Each nerve; again my languid breast
Visits the cherub Joy. For this
May thy auspicious heart ne'er miss,
Oft as the fair for charms decay'd
Implores thy salutary aid,
To smooth the lovely mourner's brow,
And bid reviving beauties glow;
To soothe the tender parent's cries,
And wipe the tears from infant eyes.

But chief, my Muse, with reverent awe
To Him, whose will is Nature's law,
Thy hymns of gratulation pay,
To Him direct the tribute lay,
From whom derives the balmy pill
Its virtues, the physician skill:
That o'er each act and thought presides,
Directs his hand, his counsel guides:
Else medicine's unavailing store
Shall vainly glide thro' every pore,
Thro' every pore the mineral rill
In vain its gifted powers instill.

Father Divine, Eternal King,
To thee I wake the trembling string;
If mad Ambition ne'er misled
In paths where Virtue dares not tread,
My vagrant step; if sordid views
Ne'er won the prostituted Muse;

For others let Pætolus flow,
Let Honour wreathe another's brow:
Health I intreat; whose jocund throng
Wantons each laughing grace among;
With Health the dancing minutes crown'd,
The field of all my wishes bound.



PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

BY MRS. GREVILLE.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary:
For once I'll seek my wish to gain
Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy Being, wanton Spright,
Who liv'st in woods unseen;
And oft by Cynthia's silver light
Trip'st gaily o'er the green;

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd
As ancient stories tell;
And for ^a th' Athenian maid who lov'd,
Thou sought'st a wondrous spell,

^a See Midsummer night's dream.

O! deign once more t' exert thy power!
Haply some herb or tree,
Sovereign as juice from western flower *,
Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return in love,
No tempting charm to please;
Far from the heart such gifts remove,
That sighs for peace and ease!

Nor ease, nor peace, that heart can know,
That, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe;
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree:
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound—
Beyond—is agony.

Then take this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to smart;
Which pleasure can to pain refine;
To pain new pangs impart.

O! haste to shed the sovereign balm,
My shatter'd nerves new-string:
And for my guest, serenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring!

* Ibid.

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
See Expectation fly!
And Disappointment in the rear,
That blasts the purpos'd joy.

The tears, which Pity taught to flow,
My eyes shall then disown;
The heart, that throb'd at others woe,
Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close;
And tranquil days shall still succeed
To nights of sweet repose.

O fairy-elf! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort send!
And so may never-fading bliss
Thy flowery paths attend!

So may the glow-worm's glimmering light,
Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread!

And by thy acorn goblet fill'd
With heaven's ambrosial dew,
From sweetest, freshest flowers distill'd,
That shed fresh sweets for you!

And

And what of life remains for me,
I'll pass in sober ease;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
Content—but half to please.

THE FAIRY'S ANSWER TO
MRS. GREVILLE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF C——.

WITHOUT preamble, to my friend,
These hasty lines I'm bid to send,
Or give, if I am able;
I dare not hesitate to say,
Tho' I have trembled all the day—
It looks so like a fable.

Last night's adventure is my theme,
And should it strike you as a dream,
Yet soon its high import
Must make you own the matter such,
So delicate, it were too much,
To be compos'd in sport.

The

The moon did shine serenely bright,
And every star did deck the night,
While Zephyr fann'd the trees,
No more assail'd my mind's repose,
Save, that yon stream, which murmuring flows,
Did echo to the breeze.

Enwrap in solemn thoughts, I fate,
Revolving o'er the turns of fate,
Yet void of hope, or fear;
When lo! behold an æry throng,
With lightest steps, and jocund song,
Surpriz'd my eye and ear.

A form, superior to the rest,
His little voice to me address'd,
And gently thus began,
" I've heard strange things from one of you,
" Pray tell me if you think 'tis true,
" Explain it if you can.

" Such incense has perfum'd my throne!
" Such eloquence my heart has won!
" I think I guess the hand;
" I know her wit and beauty too,
" But why she sends a prayer so new,
" I cannot understand.

" To

“ To light some flames, and some revive,
“ To keep some others just alive,
“ Full oft I am implor’d;
“ But, with peculiar power to please,
“ To supplicate for nought but ease—
“ ’Tis odd, upon my word!

“ Tell her, with fruitless care I’ve fought,
“ And tho’ my realms, with wonders fraught,
“ In remedies abound,
“ No grain of cold Indifference
“ Was ever yet ally’d to Sense,
“ In all my fairy round.

“ The regions of the sky I’d trace,
“ I’d ransack every earthly place,
“ Each leaf, each herb, each flower,
“ To mitigate the pangs of Fear,
“ Dispel the clouds of black Despair,
“ Or lull the restless hour.

“ I would be generous, as I’m just,
“ But I obey, as others must,
“ Those laws which Fate has made.
“ My tiny kingdom how defend,
“ And what might be the horrid end
“ Should Man my state invade?

“ ’Twould put your mind into a rage,
“ And such unequal war to wage
“ Suits not my regal duty!
“ I dare not change a first decree,
“ She’s doom’d to please, nor can be free,
“ Such is the lot of Beauty! ”

This said, he darted o’er the plain,
And after follow’d all his train;
No glimpse of him I find;
But sure I am, the little spright
These words, before he took his flight,
Imprinted on my mind.



THE MAN OF SORROW.

BY MR. GREVILLE.

AH! what avails the lengthening mead,
By Nature's kindest bounty spread
Along the vale of flowers!
Ah! what avails the darkening grove,
Or Philomel's melodious love,
That glads the midnight hours!

For me (alas!) the god of day
Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,
Nor night her comfort brings:
I have no pleasure in the rose:
For me no vernal beauty blows,
Nor Philomela sings.

See, how the sturdy peasants stride,
Adown yon hillock's verdant side,
In chearful ignorance blest!
Alike to them the rose or thorn,
Alike arises every morn,
By gay Contentment drest,

Content, fair daughter of the skies,
 Or gives spontaneous, or denies,
 Her choice divinely free,
 She visits oft the hamlet-cot,
 When Want and Sorrow are the lot
 Of Avarice and me.

But see—or is it Fancy's dream?
 Methought a bright celestial gleam
 Shot sudden thro' the groves,
 Behold, behold, in loose array;
 Euphrosyne more bright than day,
 More mild than Paphian doves!

Welcome, O! welcome, Pleasure's queen!
 And see, along the velvet green,
 The jocund train advance:
 With scatter'd flowers they fill the air;
 The wood-nymph's dew-bespangled hair
 Plays in the sportive dance.

Ah! baneful grant of angry heaven,
 When to the feeling wretch is given
 A soul alive to joy!
 Joys fly with every hour away,
 And leave th' unguarded heart a prey
 To cares, that Peace destroy.

And

And see, with visionary haste,
(Too soon the gay delusion past)

Reality remains!

Despair has seiz'd my captive soul,
And Horror drives without controul,
And slackens still the reins.

Ten thousand beauties round me throng,
What beauties, say, ye nymphs, belong

To the distemper'd soul?

I see the lawn of hideous dye,
The towering elm nods misery,
With groans the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,
Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,

Ye were for misery made—

'Twas thus the Man of Sorrow spoke,
His wayward step then pensive took
Along th' unhallow'd shade.





THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

BY THE SAME.

YES, to the Sages be it told,
 However great, or wise, or old—
 Fair Pleasure's my pursuit;
 For her I breathe the joyful day,
 For her thro' Nature's wilds I stray,
 And cull the flowers and fruit.

Sweep, sweep the lute's enchanting string,
 And all thy sweets lov'd Luxury bring!

“ To enjoy is to obey; ”

The heavenly mandate still prevail,
 And let each unwise wretch bewail
 The dire neglected day.

Ah! graceless wretch! to disobey,
 And devious quit the flowery way,
 And slight the gods decree!
 Still, still, ye gods, the blessings send!
 If e'er my guilty hands offend,
 Indeed my heart is free.

In Pleasure's ray see Nature shine,
How dull, alas! at Wisdom's shrine!

“ 'Tis Folly to be wise :”

Collusive term, poor vain pretence,
Enjoyment sure is real Sense
In philosophic eyes.

I love the carol of the hound,
Enraptur'd on the living ground,
In dashing ecstasy ;
I love the aukward courser's stride,
The courser that has been well tried,
And with him eager fly.

And yes, I love, ye sneering wife!—
Fair Honour, spurning still at lies,
As courting Liberty ;
Still hand in hand great Nature goes,
With joys to honour never foes,
And all those joys are free.

And welcome thrice to British land,
From Italy's voluptuous strand,
Ye destin'd men of art ;
Breathe on the thrilling meaning sound,
Each grace shall still be faithful found,
At your admirer's heart.

Avert, ye gods! that curse of fools,
 The pride of theoretic rules;
 That dupery of sense:
 I ne'er refuse the proffer'd joy,
 With every good—that can annoy—
 Most easily dispense.

I catch each rapture as it flies,
 Each happy loss a gain supplies,
 And boon still follows boon:
 The smile of beauty gilds my day,
 Regardless of her frowns I stray;—
 Thus thro' my hours I run!

But let me not for idle rhyme
 Neglect, ungrateful, good old Time:
 Dear watch! thou art obey'd—
 'Twas thus the Man of Pleasure spoke,
 His jovial step then careless took
 To Celia—or her maid.



V E R S E S

SENT BY LORD MELCOMBE TO DR. YOUNG, NOT LONG
BEFORE HIS LORDSHIP'S DEATH.

KIND companion of my youth,
Lov'd for genius, worth, and truth!
Take what friendship can impart,
Tribute of a feeling heart;
Take the muse's latest spark,
Ere we drop into the dark.
He, who parts and virtue gave,
Bade thee look beyond the grave:
Genius soars, and virtue guides,
Where the love of God presides.
There's a gulph 'twixt us and God;
Let the gloomy path be trod:
Why stand shivering on the shore;
Why not boldly venture o'er;
Where unerring virtue guides
Let us brave the winds and tides:
Safe, thro' seas of doubts and fears,
Rides the bark which virtue steers.



VERSES UNDER THE BUSTO OF COMUS IN A
BUFFET AT HAMMERSMITH.

E AUGUST MDCCL.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE rosy wreaths the goblet deck,
Thus Comus spoke, or seem'd to speak;
" This place for social hours design'd,
" May Care and Business never find.
" Come, every Muse, without restraint,
" Let Genius prompt, and Fancy paint;
" Let Wit and Mirth, with friendly strife,
" Chase the dull gloom that saddens life:
" True Wit, that firm to Virtue's cause
" Respects religion and the laws;
" True Mirth, that chearfulness supplies
" To modest ears and decent eyes;
" Let these indulge their liveliest sallies,
" Both scorn the canker'd help of Malice;
" True to their country and their friend,
" Both scorn to flatter or offend."

P R O-



P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, APRIL V. MDCCL. BEFORE
THE MASQUE OF COMUS, ACTED AT DRURY-LANE,
FOR THE BENEFIT OF MILTON'S GRAND-DAUGHTER.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

YE patriot crowds, who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs, whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,
Whose generous zeal, unbought by flattering rhymes,
Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise!
Let Wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With close Malevolence, or public Rage;
Let Study, worn with Virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, distinguish'd by your smile, shall tell,
That never Briton can in vain excel;
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.

At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled Spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to Renown the centuries to come.

With ardent haste, each candidate of Fame
 Ambitious catches at his towering name:
 He sees, and pitying sees, vain Wealth bestow
 Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below.
 While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,
 Or trace his form on circulating gold,
 Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,
 And Want hung threatening o'er her slow decay.
 What tho' she shine with no Miltonian fire,
 No favouring muse her morning dreams inspire?
 Yet softer claims the melting heart engage;
 Her youth laborious, and her blameless age:
 Her's the mild merits of domestic life;
 The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
 Thus grac'd with humble Virtue's native charms,
 Her grandfire leaves her in Britannia's arms,
 Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,
 While tutelary nations guard her cell.
 Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!
 'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave!





THE 'SQUIRE AND THE PARSON.

AN ECLOGUE.

BY S. J. ESQ.

BY his hall chimney, where in rusty grate
 Green faggots wept their own untimely fate,
 In elbow-chair the pensive 'Squire reclin'd,
 Revolving debts and taxes in his mind;
 A pipe just fill'd, upon a table near
 Lay by the London Evening stain'd with beer,
 With half a bible, on whose remnants torn
 Each parish round was annually forsworn.
 The gate now claps, as Evening just grew dark,
 Tray starts, and with a growl prepares to bark;
 But soon discerning with sagacious nose
 The well known flavour of the Parson's toes,
 Lays down his head, and sinks in soft repose:
 The Doctor entering, to the tankard ran,
 Takes a good hearty pull, and thus began:

PARSON.

Why sit'st thou, thus forlorn and dull, my friend,
 Now War's rapacious reign is at an end?
 Hark, how the distant bells inspire delight!
 See bonfires spangle o'er the veil of night!

'SQUIRE.

'SQUIRE.

What's Peace, alas! in foreign parts to me?

At home, nor peace, nor plenty can I see;
 Joyless, I hear drums, bells, and fiddles sound,
 'Tis all the same—Four shillings in the pound.
 My wheels, tho' old, are clogg'd with a new tax;
 My oaks, tho' young, must groan beneath the axe:
 My barns are half unthatch'd, until'd my house,
 Lost by this fatal sickness all my cows:
 See, there's the bill my late damn'd lawsuit cost!
 Long as the land contended for—and lost:
 Ev'n Ormond's Head I can frequent no more,
 So short my pocket is, so long the score;
 At shops all round I owe for fifty things.—
 This comes of fetching Hanoverian kings.

PARSON.

I must confess the times are bad indeed,
 No wonder; when we scarce believe our creed;
 When purblind Reason's deem'd the surest guide,
 And heaven-born Faith at her tribunal try'd;
 When all church-power is thought to make men slaves,
 Saints, martyrs, fathers, all call'd fools, and knaves.

'SQUIRE.

Come, preach no more, but drink and hold your tongue:
 I'm for the church:—but think the parsons wrong.

PARSON.

See there! Free-thinking now so rank is grown,
 It spreads infection thro' each country town;

Deistic

Deistic scoffs fly round at rural boards,
'Squires, and their tenants too, profane as lords,
Vent impious jokes on every sacred thing;

'SQUIRE.

Come, drink;—

PARSON.

—Here's to you then, to church and king:

'SQUIRE.

Here's church and king, I hate the glass should stand,
Tho' one takes tithes, and t'other taxes land.

PARSON.

Heaven with new plagues will scourge this sinful nation,
Unless we soon repeal the toleration,
And to the church restore the convocation :

'SQUIRE.

Plagues we should feel sufficient, on my word,
Starv'd by two houses, priest-rid by a third.
For better days we lately had a chance,
Had not the honest Plaids been trick'd by France.

PARSON.

Is not most gracious George our faith's defender?
You love the church, yet wish for the pretender!

'SQUIRE.

Preferment, I suppose, is what you mean,
Turn Whig, and you, perhaps, may be a Dean:
But you must first learn how to treat your betters.
What's here? sure some strange news, a boy with letters;

O ho!

O ho! here's one I see, from Parson Sly:

" My reverend neighbour Squab being like to die,

" I hope, if heaven should please to take him hence,

" To ask the living would be no offence.

PARSON.

Have you not sworn, that I should Squab succeed?
Think how for this I taught your sons to read;
How oft discover'd pufs on new-plow'd land,
How oft supported you with friendly hand,
When I could scarcely go, nor could your worship stand.

'SQUIRE.

'Twas yours, had you been honest, wise, or civil;
Now ev'n go court the Bishops—or the Devil.

PARSON.

If I meant any thing, now let me die,
I'm blunt, and cannot fawn and cant, not I,
Like that old presbyterian rascal Sly.
I am, you know; a right true-hearted Tory,
Love a good glass, a merry song, or story.

'SQUIRE.

Thou art an honest dog, that's truth indeed—
Talk no more nonsense then about the creed;
I can't, I think, deny thy first request;
'Tis thine; but first a bumper to the best.

PARSON.

Most noble 'Squire, more generous than your wine,
How pleasing's the condition you assign?

Give

Give me the sparkling glass, and here, d'ye see,
 With joy I drink it on my bended knee:
 Great Queen! who governest this earthly ball,
 And mak'st both kings, and kingdoms, rise and fall:
 Whose wondrous power in secret all things rules,
 Makes fools of mighty peers, and peers of fools:
 Dispenses mitres, coronets, and stars;
 Involves far distant realms in bloody wars,
 Then bids the snaky tresses cease to hiss,
 And gives them peace again—^b nay, gav'st us this:
 Whose health does health to all mankind impart,
 Here's to thy much-lov'd health:

'sQUIRE, rubbing his hands.

—With all my heart.

^b Madam de P—mp—dour.



ALLEN

ALLEN AND ELLA. A FRAGMENT.

BY ———.

ON the banks of that crySTALLINE stream
Where Thames, oft, his current delays;
And charms, more than poets can dream,
In his Richmond's bright villa surveys;

Fair Ella! of all the gay throng
The fairest that Nature had seen,
Now, drew every village, along,
From the day she first danc'd on the green.

Ah! boast not of beauty's fond power,
For short is the triumph, ye fair!
Not fleeter the bloom of each flower;
And hope is but gilded despair.

His affection each swain now, behold,
By riches endeavours to prove!
But Ella still cries, what is gold,
Or wealth, when compar'd to his love?

Yes!

Yes! Allen, together we'll wield
Our sickles in summer's bright day;
Together we'll leave o'er the field,
And smile all our labours away:

In winter! I'll winnow the wheat
As it falls from thy flail on the ground;
That flail will be music as sweet
When thy voice in the labour is drown'd.

How oft would he speak of his bliss!
How oft would he call her his maid!
And Allen would seal with a kiss
Every promise and vow that he said.

But, hark! o'er the grass-level'd land,
The village bells sound on the plain;
False Allen! this morn'g gave his hand,
And Ella's fond tears are in vain.

Sad Ella, too soon, heard the tale!
Too soon the sad cause she was told!
That his was a nymph of the vale:
That he broke his fond promise for gold.

As she walk'd by the margin so green,
Which befringes the sweet river's side,

* The village of Petersham.

How oft' was she languishing seen!
How oft' would she gaze on the tide!

By the clear river, then, as she fate,
Which reflected herself and the mead;
Awhile! she bewept her sad fate,
And the green turf, still, pillow'd her head.

There, there! is it Ella, I see?
'Tis Ella, the lost, undone maid!
Ah! no, 'tis some Ella, like me,
Some hapless young virgin betray'd!

Like me! she has sorrow'd and wept;
Like me! she has, fondly, believ'd;
Like me! her true promise she kept,
And, like me, too, is justly deceiv'd.

I come, dear companion in grief!
Gay scenes and fond pleasures, adieu!
I come! and we'll gather relief
From bosoms so chaste and so true!

Like you! I have mourn'd the long night,
And wept out the day in despair!
Like you! I have banish'd delight,
And bosom'd a friend in my care.

Ye meadows! so lovely, farewell,
 Your velvet, still, Allen shall tread!
 All deaf to the found of that knell
 Which tolls for his Ella when dead.

Your wish will, too sure! be obey'd;
 Nor Allen her loss shall bemoan!
 Soon, soon! shall poor Ella be laid
 Where her heart shall be cold as your own.

Then, twin'd in the arms of that fair,
 Whose wealth has been Ella's sad fate:
 As, together, ye draw the free air,
 And a thousand dear pleasures relate:

If chance, o'er my turf, as ye tread,
 Ye dare to affect a fond sigh!
 The primrose will shrink her pale head,
 And the violet languish and die.

Ah! weep not, fond maid! 'tis in vain;
 Like the tears which you lend to the stream;
 Tears! are lost in that watery plain;
 And your sighs are still lost upon him.

Scarce! echo had gather'd the found,
 But she plung'd from her grass-springing bed:
 The liquid stream parts to the ground,
 And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The swains of the village at eve,
Oft meet at the dark-spreading yew;
There wonder how man could deceive
A bosom so chaste and so true.

With garlands, of every flower,
(Which Ella herself should have made)
They raise up a short-living bower;
And, sighing! cry, "Peace to her shade."

Then! hand-lock'd-in-hand, as they move
The green-platting hillock, around:
They talk of poor Ella, and love;
And freshen, with tears, the fair ground.

Nay, wish! they had never been born,
Or liv'd the sad moment to view!
When her Allen could thus be forsworn,
And his Ella could still be so true.

I N D E X

TO THE

F I R S T V O L U M E.

	Page.
<i>A</i> BELARD to Eloisa. By Mr. Cawthorne. —	1
Death. By Charles Emily, Esq; —	13
<i>A Descriptive Poem, addressed to Two Ladies at their Return from viewing the Mines near Whitehaven.</i> By Dr. Dalton.	23
<i>Epistle to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Beauchamp, written in the Year 1738.</i> By the same. —	43
<i>Epistle to the Right Hon. the Countess of Hertford, at Percy-Lodge.</i> By the same. —	54
<i>Some Thoughts on Building and Planting, to Sir James Lowther, Bart.</i> By the same. —	64
<i>The Hymn of Cleanthes.</i> By Gilbert West, Esq; —	68
<i>Inscription in a Summer-House belonging to Gilbert West, Esq; at Wickham, in Kent.</i> By the same. —	71
<i>The House of Superstition, a Vision.</i> By Mr. Denton.	1b.
<i>Elegies.</i> By Mr. Delap. <i>Elegy the First.</i> —	77
<i>To Sicknefs; Elegy the Second.</i> —	81
<i>Ode to Liberty.</i> By Mr. Hudson. —	84
<i>Ode to Fancy.</i> By the same. —	88
<i>Ode on True Greatness.</i> By the same. —	91
<i>Ode to Concord.</i> By the same. —	94
<i>A Fragment.</i> By Mr. Mallett. —	97
<i>On the Death of Lady Anson.</i> By the same. —	101
<i>Edwin and Emma.</i> By the same. —	104
	An

I N D E X.

	Page.
<i>An Elegy on a Pile of Ruins.</i> By J. Cunningham.	108
<i>Ode to Sleep.</i> By Mr. H——.	115
<i>Ode on Beauty.</i> By the same.	120
<i>Ode to Taste.</i> By the same.	124
<i>Ode to the Right Hon. Lady ****, on the Death of her Son.</i>	
By the same.	133
<i>Slander; or the Witch of Wokey.</i>	139
<i>The Ignorance of Man.</i> By James Merrick, M. A.	142
<i>The Trials of Virtue.</i> By the same.	144
<i>Verses written originally in the Persic Language.</i> By the same.	147
<i>A Hymn.</i> By the same.	148
<i>The Lord's Prayer paraphrased.</i> By the same.	152
<i>An Epistle to a Friend in Town.</i> By Mr. Dyer.	16
<i>Ode to Melancholy.</i> By Miss Carter.	154
<i>Ode.</i> By the same.	158
<i>Written at Midnight in a Thunder-Storm.</i> By the same.	160
<i>To ———.</i> By the same.	162
<i>Written Extempore on the Sea Shore.</i> By the same.	164
<i>To Mrs. ———.</i> By the same.	165
<i>To ———, occasioned by an Ode written by Mrs. Phillips.</i>	
By the same.	167
<i>A Night-Piece.</i> By the same.	170
<i>The Power of Beauty.</i> By ———.	172
<i>Il Pacifico, written on the Conclusion of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748.</i> By Mr. Mason.	190
<i>On the Death of his Wife.</i> By the same.	196
<i>Elegy to a Young Nobleman leaving the University, 1753.</i>	
By the same.	197
<i>Isis, an Elegy, written in 1748.</i> By the same.	200
<i>Th:</i>	Th:

I N D E X.

	Page.
<i>The Triumph of Isis, occasioned by the foregoing Poem.</i> By	
Dr. Thomas Warton. — —	205
<i>Newmarket, a Satire.</i> By the same. —	214
<i>On the Death of King George II. and Accession of King</i>	
George III. By the same. — —	223
<i>On the Marriage of King George III. and Queen Charlotte.</i>	
By the same. — —	227
<i>On the Birth of George Prince of Wales.</i> By the same.	231
<i>Ode for Music, performed at the Theatre in Oxford for the</i>	
<i>Commemoration of Benefactors to the University.</i> By the	
same. — —	235
<i>The Charge of Cyrus the Great.</i> By Richard Onely, M. A.	242
<i>Elegy written at the Approach of Spring.</i> By J. Scott, Esq;	253
<i>Elegy written in the hot Weather, July 1757.</i> By the same.	257
<i>Elegy written in the Harvest.</i> By the same. —	260
<i>Elegy written at the Approach of Winter.</i> By the same.	265
<i>Hymn from Psalm viii.</i> By the same. —	269
<i>Ode written at the Approach of Summer.</i> By — —.	270
<i>True Beauty.</i> By Dr. Fordyce. — —	281
<i>Aristotle's Pæan to Virtue imitated.</i> By Mr. Shepperd.	282
<i>Ode to Ambition.</i> By the same. — —	284
<i>Ode to the Atheist.</i> By the same. —	287
<i>Ode to Melancholy.</i> By the same. — —	289
<i>Ode to Envy.</i> By the same. — —	292
<i>Ode to Health.</i> By the same. — —	294
<i>Prayer for Indifference.</i> By Mrs. Greville. —	298
<i>The Fairy's Answer to Mrs. Greville.</i> By the Countess	
of C — —. — —	301
<i>The Man of Sorrow.</i> By Mr. Greville. —	305
<i>The Man of Pleasure.</i> By the same. —	308
	<i>Verses</i>

I N D E X.

	Page.
<i>Verses sent by Lord Melcombe to Dr. Young, not long before his Lordship's Death</i> —————	311
<i>Verses under the Bust of Comus in a Buffet at Hammer- smith, e August 1750. By the same.</i> ———	312
<i>Prologue spoken by Mr. Garrick, April 5, 1750, before the Masque of Comus, acted at Drury-Lane for the Benefit of Milton's Grand-Daughter. By Samuel Johnson, LL.D.</i>	313
<i>The 'Squire and the Parson, an Eclogue. By S. J. Esq;</i>	315
<i>Allen and Ella, a Fragment. By ———.</i> ———	320

